A BOOK OF FAMOUS FAIRY TALES

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REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

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TWENTY VOLUMES *RICHLY ILLUSTRATED*

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THE LORE OF FAIRYLAND

BY

ROSWELL M. FIELD.

In "The Story Teller," the first volume in this library, a glimpse into Fairy Land, and of the wonders of that illimitable region which it would require a whole library to describe, has been already given to the reader. But the Young Folk would assuredly not be satisfied with a glimpse only, and would expect a much more substantial contribution from the gnomes, the elves, the nixies, the trolls, and the other wonderful people from the realm of enchantment. This expectation is the cause of no small perplexity, for an embarrassment of riches presents itself. It is not so much a matter of what shall be put in as what must be left out. For many hundreds of years the lore of fairy land has been accumulating; and from the frozen North to Egypt, from the Orient to the New World, the records have been steadily expanding. In such an emergency the compiler has felt that he must narrow the limits to a few well-considered principles; and if it is impossible within the space afforded to take all "the

best," to content himself with selecting from "the best."

Not a few men and women who have reached eminence in literature have testified to the value of the fairy tale in stimulating the fancy, developing the imagination, quickening intellectual apprehension, and making more alert the mental faculties. To a degree, perhaps not so pronounced, this beneficial result has been reached by others. The fairy tale is replete with living interest; it attracts the attention of the child through his love of the adventurous, keeps him interested through its employment of the mysterious, and attains a good purpose in the vigor of its moral — a little strenuously and jerkily drawn possibly, but eminently suited to the childish intellect. Of course some fairy stories, thoughtlessly conceived and carelessly written, are bad for all children, as in specific instances nearly all fairy tales may be bad for some children; but to the child of normal impulses, healthy mind and ordinary vigor, the romance of fairy land is as productive of good mental results as it is full of unequivocal delight.

Naturally Hans Christian Andersen, the master writer of fairy tales, the best and gentlest and sweetest of them all, has been largely drawn upon. No volume of such description as this could fail to include "The Ugly Duckling," "Thumbelina," "The Fir Tree," "The Hardy Tin Soldier," and "The Silver Shilling."

A BOOK OF FAMOUS FAIRY TALES

THE SNOW QUEEN

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

CHAPTER I.

LET us sit by our Christmas fire, children, and watch the bright, flickering flames, whilst I tell you of what happened once long ago.

In a very large town, where there were so many houses and people, and such little room for them that there was no chance of their having gardens, and so that the most of them had to be contented with flower-pots in their windows, two little children lived, who were, however, better off than most folk. They were not brother and sister, though they were as fond of one another as if they had been.

The parents of these two children lived at the bottom of a court. Their houses were opposite one another, and quite at the end, where the blank wall of a neighboring house joined the two together. The children and their parents lived right on the top floor, and from a little window in each house they could actually step

out and cross over to each other's homes, because the gutter pipe which ran across the blank wall was so broad that they could walk upon it; and the windows were quite close, the houses being so funnily built—like those old houses at Chester, where each floor comes farther out than the one underneath it.

Each house had a large wooden box, in which grew a little rose tree, mustard and cress, and other little plants. The parents fixed the boxes close to the gutter, so that they nearly reached from one window to another, and looked like banks of flowers. Pretty everlasting peas grew over the edge of the boxes, and the rose trees twined their long sprigs about the windows, and grew so well that they touched each other with their branches.

In the beautiful summer weather the children could fix their stools on to the gutter, and sit under the rose trees. It was heavenly to sit in the bright sun and play together; but when the winter came these pleasures were impossible, for the windows were closed up with the frost. So they warmed some pennies on the stove and laid them on the frozen pane, which gave them a nice little round peephole, and then a soft bright eye beamed from each window, and Karl and Gerda could look at one another. But if they wanted to talk, they had many stairs to go up and down before they could meet, and now the snowflakes were flying all around.

But to understand our story properly, we must leave Karl and Gerda, and tell what had happened ages before.

Once there lived a wicked Goblin (the Evil One), so wicked that his greatest happiness was to do harm to other people. And one day when he was at his very

happiest, and therefore wickedest, he made a looking-glass, which possessed the power of making everything good and beautiful that was reflected on its surface smaller, while all that was worthless and bad-looking was made larger. Seen in this glass, the most lovely landscapes looked like cooked spinach, and the best amongst mankind looked horribly ugly as if standing on his head. Faces were so distorted that friends could not know them; and if one had a single freckle, it looked as if it went over one's nose and mouth. The Evil One thought this looked charming; but, worst of all, if a good, pious thought came into a human being's mind, a flaw appeared in the looking-glass. All who went to the Evil One's school — for he kept a school — spread the fame of the wonderful glass, and declared that people might now for the first time see how the world and its inhabitants really looked. The devil's scholars carried the glass about everywhere, till at last there was not a human being left who had not been seen distorted on its surface. Now they wanted to fly with it to the regions of the blessed; but the higher they flew with the glass, the more it cracked, and they could scarcely hold it; but they flew higher and higher, and nearer and nearer the sun, till the glass got so hot that it slipped out of their hands, and fell upon the earth, where it broke into millions and millions of pieces. But this was a greater misfortune than ever, for some of the bits of glass were hardly so large as a grain of sand, and these flew about the world, and when they lodged in anybody's eye, they remained there, and the person thenceforth saw everything upside down, and only approved wicked things; for every tiny piece of

glass possessed the qualities that had belonged to the whole. Some human beings got a piece right through the heart, and this was shocking, for their hearts became as cold as a lump of ice, and the poor things became wicked and bad. Other pieces were set as spectacles, and it was very hard for those who wore them to be good or true; and that Evil Spirit laughed till he shook his sides, so delighted was he with his mischief, whilst, alas! alas! the little bits of glass flew everywhere.

CHAPTER II.

NOW we will go back to Karl and Gerda, who were standing beside the grandmother one winter's day watching the snowflakes. "The white bees are swarming," said the grandmother.

"Have they a Queen Bee?" said the little boy, for he knew all about the bees. "To be sure," said the grandmother, "she is flying in the thickest of the swarm; she is the largest of them all, and never stays upon the ground, but flutters up again to the black clouds. She often flies through the streets of the town at midnight, and peeps into the windows, and then the snowflakes freeze into such odd shapes like flowers."

"Yes, I have seen that," said both of the children. And now they knew it was true.

"Can the Snow Queen come in here?" asked the little girl.

"Let her come," said the little boy; "I will put her on the warm stove, and then she must melt."

In the evening, when little Karl went home, and had half undressed, he climbed on a chair up to the window, peeped through the little hole, and saw some snowflakes falling, the largest amongst which alighted on the edge of one of the flower boxes, and kept increasing and increasing till it became a full-grown

woman, dressed in the softest white gauze, which seemed to consist of millions of star flakes fastened together. She was so beautiful; but though made of ice, dazzling, glittering ice, she was alive. Her eyes sparkled like two bright stars, but there was neither rest nor calmness in them. She nodded towards the window, and moved her hand. The little boy was frightened, and jumped down from the chair, and then he thought he saw a large bird fly past the window.

The next day was frosty; after that came a thaw; but by and by the spring came, the sun shone, the earth was clothed in green, the swallows built their nests, the windows were opened, and the little children once more sat under the rose trees high above all the other stories. The roses bloomed most beautifully that summer. The little girl had learned a song in which roses were mentioned. She sang it to the little boy, and he joined her singing:

> "The roses flourish and pass away,
> But the Christ-child cometh again some day."

And the little ones clasped each other's hands, kissed the roses, and looked up into God's bright sunshine, telling each other that the Christ-child was up there. Oh, those happy summer days! It was so delightful there by the fresh rose trees.

Karl and Greda sat looking in a picture-book of birds and animals, when, just as the great church clock struck five, Karl said, "Oh, Gerda, something pricks my heart, and something has flown into my eye!" The little girl put her arm round his neck, and Karl blinked his eyelids, but there was nothing to be seen in

them. "I think it is gone," said he. But it was not so. It was one of those bits of magic glass, no bigger than a grain of sand, that nasty glass which made everything great and good look small and ugly, whilst everything bad and disagreeable, and every fault, became much more plainly seen. Poor unhappy Karl! He had likewise received a grain right through his heart, which was soon to grow as hard as a lump of ice. He now ceased to feel pain, but the glass was there. "Why do you cry?" he said. "You look so ugly; nothing has happened to me. Fie!" he said suddenly, "there is a great worm-hole in that rose, and look how crooked the other one is. What nasty roses they are; they are as horrid as the boxes in which they grow!" And then he kicked the boxes and tore off the roses.

"Karl, what are you doing?" cried the little girl. And when he saw how frightened she was, he tore off another rose, and then leaped in at his window away from sweet little Gerda.

The next time she brought out the picture-book, he said it was only fit for children in swaddling-clothes; and when his grandmother related a story, he was sure to interrupt her with some "ifs" and "buts"; and whenever he could manage it, he would place himself behind her, put on a pair of spectacles, and speak just like her, and he mimicked her so that everybody laughed. He could soon mimic every one, but he was sure to imitate the most disagreeable things he saw. People said, "That boy will surely be a genius." But it was the bit of glass that had stuck in his eye and in his heart, and which made him tease even little Gerda, who loved him so dearly. He played now in quite a different fash-

ion from what he had done before. He amused himself more as a grown person would; and one winter's day when it had snowed he came with a burning glass, and held out the skirt of his blue coat to catch some flakes of snow. "Now look in the glass, Gerda," said he. And every snowflake was magnified, and looked like a beautiful flower, or a ten-pointed star, and very pretty it was to see. "Now," said Karl, "this is scientific, and much more interesting than real flowers; there is not a fault in them."

Soon after Karl appeared with thick gloves on his hands and his sleigh at his back, and he whispered in Gerda's ear, "I have leave to go to the great square where the other boys are playing." And away he went. The strongest of the boys who played in the square often fastened their sleighs to the carts of the country people who passed by, and went a good way with them. This was great fun. In the middle of the game there came along a large sleigh, painted white, in which sat some one huddled up in a rough white skin, and wearing a rough white cap. The sleigh went twice round the square, and Karl quickly bound his little sleigh to it, and drove away with it. It went faster and faster, right down the next street. The driver turned round, and gave Karl a friendly nod, as if he knew him, and every time Karl wanted to unfasten his little sleigh the driver nodded again, and Karl sat still, and so they drove right through one of the gates of the town.

Then it began to snow so heavily that the little boy could not see his little hand before him; but on they went, and though he let go the string in order to get loose from the sleigh, it was of no use, for his little

craft still clung fast to the other, and they went with the speed of the wind. He shouted loudly, but nobody heard him. The snow kept fluttering about, the sleigh kept flying, and presently there was a violent bump as if they were leaping over a hedge. Karl was very frightened, and tried to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but he could only think of the multiplication table. The snowflakes grew larger and larger, and at last looked like great white birds. Suddenly these jumped on one side, the sleigh stopped, the person who had driven it rose up: the skin and cap were of snow, but there stood a tall and slender lady of dazzling whiteness — the Snow Queen!

"We have come along at a good pace," said she; "but if you don't wish to freeze, creep into my bear-skin," and she placed him beside her in the sleigh, and wrapped the skin around him, and he felt as if he were sinking into a snowdrift. "Are you still cold?" she said, as she kissed his forehead. Oh, that kiss was

colder than ice! It seemed to shoot right through his heart, half of which was already a lump of ice, and he felt as if he were going to die. But in a second he felt better than ever, and was no longer cold. "My sleigh — don't forget my sleigh!" that was his first thought. So one of the white fowls who flew behind took the sleigh on its back. Then the Snow Queen kissed Karl once more, and he clean forgot everything and everybody, even little Gerda and the grandmother. "Now you shall have no more kisses," said the Snow Queen, "or I should kiss you to death."

Karl looked at her, and she was very lovely — oh, so lovely! She no longer seemed to him to be made of ice as when she sat outside the window and nodded to him. No longer did he fear her. He told her he could reckon by heart, and knew how many square miles there were in the land, and the number of the people; and she continued smiling. And then he thought he didn't know enough. So they went on and on, over forests and lakes and across the sea. Under them blew the cold wind, the wolves howled, the crows were hovering about; but high above shone the clear full moon, and so on, through the night; and in the day time he slept at the feet of the Snow Queen.

CHAPTER III.

UT how did little Gerda get on when Karl did not return? Where could he be? Nobody knew; nothing did they hear. The boys had seen him fasten his sleigh to a large and strange one, but that was all. Many tears were shed for him.

Little Gerda cried bitterly and long. By and by people said he must be dead; he must have got drowned in the river that flowed past the school. Oh, what days those were! Then the spring returned, and brought warm sunshine. "Karl is dead," said little Gerda. "I don't believe it," said the sunshine. "He is dead," she said to the swallows. "We don't believe it," they said; nor did Gerda.

"I will put on my new red shoes," she said one morning, "and I will go to the river and ask after him." It was quite early. She kissed the old grandmother, who was still asleep, put on the red shoes, and went out all alone through the town gate to the river. "Is it true that you have taken away my playfellow?" she said. "I will give you my red shoes if you will give him back to me." And it seemed to her as if the ripples nodded in a wonderful way. So she took off her beloved red shoes, and threw them into the water, but they fell near the bank, and the little waves brought them back to land, just as if the river would

not accept them, as it could not give her Karl in exchange. Now she fancied she had not thrown the shoes out far enough. So she crept into a boat that lay amongst the rushes, and went to the far end of it, and flung the shoes out into the water.

The boat was not fastened, and her quick movement set it gliding away from the shore. Seeing this, she made haste to get out of the boat, but before she could do so it was quite a long way from the land, and was floating faster and faster. Gerda was very frightened, and began to cry. Only the sparrows heard her, and they couldn't carry her ashore; but they flew along the banks as if to comfort her, singing, "Here we are — here we are." Little Gerda sat still, with only her stockings on her feet, the little red shoes floated behind, but did not reach the boat, it went so fast. The river banks were very pretty — lovely flowers, fine old trees, beautiful grass, and sheep and cows, but not a solitary human being.

"Perhaps the river will carry me to little Karl," thought Gerda. Then she grew more cheerful, stood up, and watched the beautiful green banks for hours, until at last she came to a great cherry garden, in which was a little house with wonderful red and blue windows, a thatched roof, and in front of it two wooden soldiers presenting arms. Gerda called to them, thinking they were alive, but they did not answer, and the tide drove the boat straight to the shore. Gerda called in a still louder voice, and a very old woman, leaning on a crutch, came out of the house. She wore a large hat, to shelter her from the sun, and pretty flowers were painted on it.

"You poor little child!" said the old woman. "To think of your coming out into the world on this broad stream!" and she pulled the boat ashore with her crutch, and helped little Gerda out. "Come and tell us who you are, and how you came hither," said she. Then Gerda told her about poor little Karl and her search for him, but the old woman shook her head and said, "Hum, hum." Gerda asked if she had seen Karl. "No," said the old woman, "but he may come still; so take heart and taste my cherries, and look at my flowers, which are prettier than any picture-book, for every one of them can tell a story." She then took Gerda by the hand, and led her into the house and shut the door. The windows were very high, and the red, blue, and yellow panes gave a strange light; but on the table were the finest cherries, and Gerda was allowed to eat as many as she chose. While she was eating, the old woman combed her hair with a golden comb, and her curling locks looked beautifully glossy round her cheerful little face, which was as round and fresh as a rose.

"I have not seen so sweet a maiden for a long time," said the old woman. "Now we will live together." And while she was combing little Gerda's hair the child quite forgot about Karl, for the old woman had magic powers, though she was not wicked, but she wished very much to keep little Gerda with her. So she went into the garden, and extending her crutch over the rose trees, they sank into the dark ground, without leaving a trace behind. The old woman did this because she was afraid the rose trees would remind Gerda of little Karl.

Now she took Gerda into the garden. How sweet it

smelt! Every flower of every season was there in full bloom. Gerda jumped for joy, and played till the sun sank behind the tall cherry trees, and then she went to bed in a lovely room with red silk curtains, and her pillow being stuffed with violets, she slept and dreamt as a queen would on her wedding day. Next morning she played again with the flowers in the warm sunshine, and so the days flew by. Gerda knew every flower, but there seemed to be one missing, though she could not tell which. One day, however, she noticed the garden hat with its painted roses. The old woman had forgotten about her hat. "Why, it's the roses that are wanting," said Gerda, jumping amongst the flower beds, and looking for what was not to be found.

Then she sat down and cried; but her tears fell just on the spot where one of the rose trees had sunk into the ground. The warm tears watered the earth, and the rose tree shot up more blooming than ever. Gerda kissed the roses, and thought of little Karl. "Oh, how I have been wasting my time!" said the little girl. "I wanted to look for Karl. Do you know where he is?" she asked the roses. "Do you think he is dead?"

"Dead he is not," said the roses. "We have been into the earth where the dead lie, and Karl wasn't there." So Gerda went to the other flowers, and, peeping into each little cup, asked, "Do you know where Karl is?" but each flower stood dreaming in the sun, and thinking of its own story. And Gerda heard a great many of these, but none of the flowers knew anything about Karl.

The bine-weed said, "An old castle hangs over the narrow crossway, house-leek is climbing leaf by leaf

over its red walls, and there on the balcony stands a fair maiden, who bends over the parapet and looks into the road below. 'Is he not yet coming?' she says." "Does she mean Karl?" asked little Gerda. "I'm talking of *my* story," said the bine-weed.

Then Gerda questioned the little snowdrop. "Between the trees hangs a plant fastened by ropes. It is a swing, and two little girls in snow-white dresses and long green ribbons fluttering from their hats sit swinging. Their brother, who is bigger than they, stands on the swing. He has put his arm round the rope to steady himself, for in one hand he holds a little bowl, and in the other a clay pipe: he is blowing soap-bubbles. The swing keeps going, and the pretty bubbles fly about, while the last still clings to the stem of the pipe, and rocks in the wind. The swing keeps going. A little black dog as light as the bubbles balances himself on his hind paws, and will get into the swing amongst the rest. Off goes the swing, the dog falls, barks, and is angry, the children tease him, and the bubbles burst. That is my song."

"It may be all very pretty," said Gerda; "but you tell it so sorrowfully, and you don't even mention little Karl."

Then Gerda went up to the buttercup. "You are a little bright sun," said Gerda. "Do you know where I can find my playfellow?" The buttercup sparkled so prettily, and looked at Gerda and said, "The bright sunshine shone warmly upon a little courtyard. The old grandmother sat out in the air on her chair, and her grand-daughter, a poor and pretty maidservant, was returning after a short visit. She kissed her grand-

mother. There was gold — the gold of the heart — in that blessed kiss. There was gold in the sunbeams that morning, and she was worth her weight in gold, That's my little story," said the buttercup.

"My dear old grandmother!" sighed Gerda. "Yes, she is always thinking about me, and troubling about me, as she did about little Karl. But I will soon go home and take Karl with me. It is no use asking the flowers, who know nothing but their own songs." And then she tucked up her frock that she might run the faster. But the narcissus caught her foot as she was jumping over it, so she stopped short, and, looking at the tall flower, said, "Perhaps you know something." And what did the narcissus say?

"I can see myself to the life. Oh, how beautiful I smell! Up there is a little dancer, who stands sometimes on one leg, and sometimes on another." "What do I care about that?" interrupted Gerda, who ran to the far end of the garden. The gates were shut, but she pressed the rusty latch, and it gave way; they flew open, and Gerda ran out with bare feet into the wide world. She looked back two or three times, but nobody came after her. So at last, when she could run no longer, she sat down on a big stone, and, looking around her, found that summer was over, and the autumn nearly over, though she had been unable to see it in the beautiful garden, where there were flowers and sunshine all the year round.

"Dear me! how long I have stayed," said poor little Gerda, and she got up to go on. Her poor little feet were tired and sore, and everything looked so bleak and cheerless: the willow leaves were quite yellow, the

dew trickled down like water, the leaves kept falling from the trees; and though the sloe tree had some fruit on it, it was so sour that one could not eat it without making a wry face. Oh, how gray and dreary the whole world seemed!

CHAPTER IV.

GERDA went on and on, but was obliged to rest again; and now it began to snow. Just then a black crow hopped to where she was sitting, and after looking at her awhile, and wagging his head, said, "Caw, caw." He felt kindly towards the little girl, and asked her where she was going all alone in the wide world. The word "alone" went straight to Gerda's heart; so she told the crow her whole story, and asked him if he had seen Karl. The crow nodded her head thoughtfully, and said, "Maybe, maybe." "No — have you, though?" cried the little girl, and she nearly hugged the crow to death, she kissed him so fondly. "Steady, steady," said the crow. "I think — I believe — it may be little Karl, but he has certainly forgotten you by this time, for the princess —" "Is he living with a princess?" said Gerda. "Yes, listen," said the crow. "I do find it so hard to speak your language. If you understood crow language I should be able to tell you better." "I never learnt it," said Gerda, "but my grandmother knows it; I wish I had learnt." "Never mind," said the crow, "I'll tell you as well as I can.

"In the kingdom where we now are lives a princess, who is desperately clever. She has read and forgotten all the newspapers in the world, so clever is she. A while ago, as she was sitting on her throne, she thought

she would like to marry, if she could find a husband who knew how to answer when he was spoken to, instead of merely standing and looking grand. So she assembled all her ladies-in-waiting by the beating of a drum, and when they heard of her intention they were much pleased. 'We are glad of it,' said they.

"You may believe every word I tell you," said the crow, "for I have a tame sweetheart who hops about the palace and tells me all that passes." (Of course, his sweetheart was a crow.) "The newspapers immediately published the news that every good-looking young man was at liberty to go to the palace and speak to the princess. He who could say anything worth hearing would be welcome to stay at the palace, while he who spoke the best would be chosen by the princess to be her husband.

"The newspapers looked very smart; they were decorated with a border of hearts, with the princess's initials. Well, the young men all rushed helter-skelter to the palace. — You may believe me," said the crow, "it's as true as I am sitting here. — But not one of the young men succeeded either the first or the second day. They could all speak well enough while they were outside in the street, but when they had passed through the palace gates, and beheld the body-guard in silver, and the footmen all over gold standing along the staircase, and the large rooms so finely lighted up, they were quite confounded. And when they approached the throne on which the princess sat they found nothing to say, and could only repeat the last word she uttered, which was not very amusing for her. It was exactly as if the young men had taken a

sleeping-powder directly they got inside, and remained quite sleepy until they got back into the street. There was a whole row of them, reaching from the palace to the town gate. I went to see them," said the crow, "they were hungry and thirsty, but they did not get as much as a glass of water. Some of the wisest had taken slices of bread and butter with them, but they did not share it with their next neighbor, for each thought, 'Let him look hungry, and then the princess won't have him.'"

"But Karl, my Karl," said Gerda, "was he amongst the crowd?"

"Stop a bit, we are coming to him presently.

"On the third day there came marching cheerfully along a little person who had neither horse nor coach; his eyes sparkled like yours, and he had beautiful long hair, but was shabbily dressed." "That was Karl!" cried Gerda, in high delight. "Oh, then I have found him!" and she clapped her hands for joy.

"He had a little knapsack on his back," said the crow.

"Surely it must have been his sleigh," said Gerda, "for he went away with his sleigh."

"That is very possible," said the crow. "I may not have looked very closely, but this I know, from my tame sweetheart, that when he came through the palace gate, and saw all the body-guard all over silver, and the footmen on the stairs in their smart clothes, he was not in the least put out, but nodded to them, saying, 'It must be very tiresome to stand on the staircase, I would rather go inside.'

"All the rooms were in a blaze of light, members

of Parliament and Excellencies were walking about barefooted and bearing golden vases; it was enough to inspire one with respect. The little person's boots creaked dreadfully, but he did not care a bit about it."

"It must be Karl," said Gerda. "I know he had new boots on, I have heard them creak in grandmother's room."

"Well," said the crow, "he went boldly up to the princess, whose throne was one huge pearl. All the Court ladies with their maids and their ladies' maids, and all the great lords with their gentlemen and pages stood around, and the nearer they were to the door, the prouder they appeared; indeed, one could hardly venture to look at a gentleman's page, who always wore slippers, so important an air did each one assume as he stood in the door."

"It must be quite awful," said little Gerda. "But did Karl marry the princess?"

"If I had not been a crow," was the answer, "I would have taken her myself, although I'm engaged. The young man spoke just as well as I do when I am speaking the crow language, so I heard from my tame sweetheart. He was cheerful and pleasant, said he had not come to woo her, but because he had heard how clever she was, and he was pleased with her, and she with him."

"It certainly must be Karl," said Gerda; "he was so clever, he could reckon by heart, even fractions. Oh, will you not take me to the palace?"

"That is easily said, but not so easily done," said the crow. "However, I will speak to my tame sweetheart

about it; for I must tell you candidly, a little girl like you would never get leave to enter the palace."

"Ah! but I shall," said Gerda; "when Karl hears that I am here, he will come out directly to fetch me."

"Well, wait for me over there," said the crow, nodding his head as he flew away.

It was not till quite late in the evening that the crow returned. "Caw, caw," he said, "my sweetheart sends her love to you, and here is a little roll which she took in the kitchen for you. There is plenty of bread, and you must be very hungry. It is not possible for you to enter the palace: you are barefoot, and the guards in silver would not let you pass. But don't cry, we will manage to get you in. My sweetheart knows a small back staircase that leads to the bedroom, and she knows where she can find the key."

And they went through the long alley into the garden, and when the lights in the palace were put out, the crow led little Gerda to a back door that was only fastened with a latch. Oh, how Gerda's heart beat with longing! She felt as though she was going to do something wrong, yet she only wanted to know whether it was little Karl. "It must be he," she thought, as she pictured to herself his clear bright eyes and long hair, and the smile he used to have before the splinters of glass had wounded him. Surely he would be glad to see her, to hear what a long way she had come for his sake, and to know how sorry they were at home when he did not come back. Her heart thrilled with fear and joy. They were now on the stairs, and a small lamp was burning in the closet. In the middle of the floor stood the tame crow, twisting her head

from side to side as she gazed at Gerda, who made a courtesy as her grandmother had taught her.

"My betrothed has spoken highly of you," said the tame crow, "and the story is very touching. If you will carry the lamp I will go in front of you. If we go this way we shall not meet any one."

"But it seems as if some one were behind us," said Gerda, and then a rustling noise went past her, and horses with flying manes and thin legs, whippers in, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback all appeared like shadows on the wall.

"Those are only dreams," said the crow, "which have gone to fetch the thoughts of the royal people who will go a-hunting in their dreams. That is all the better, for now you can look at them in their beds quite safely." They entered the first room, which was hung with rose-colored satin embroidered with flowers. Each room was more magnificent than the last, quite enough to bewilder one. Presently they came to a bedroom. The ceiling was like a large palm tree whose leaves were of costly crystal. In the middle of the floor two beds, shaped like lilies, hung from golden stems; one was white — in that was the princess; the other was like a yellow lily. It was in this that Gerda was to look for little Karl.

She pushed one of the yellow leaves aside, saw a brown neck, called out "Karl! Karl!" and held the lamp over him. He woke, turned round his head, and — oh, misery, it was not Karl!

At Gerda's cry of sorrow the princess woke too, peeped out of the white lily, and asked what was the matter.

Poor little Gerda began to tell her story, interrupted many times by bitter sobs. She told, too, how the crow had helped her.

"Poor child!" said the princess, and then turning to the crows, assured them that she was not angry, though they were not to make a practice of bringing people into her bedroom.

Then the princess asked if they would like to be made court crows, and be fed from the kitchen. The two crows bowed, but begged leave to have a fixed appointment; it would be so comfortable to have a certain provision for old age.

The kind prince got out of his bed, and gave it up to Gerda; more he could scarcely do.

She folded her little hands, and thought, "How kind all are to me, people and animals as well," and then she closed her eyes and fell into a sweet sleep. All the dreams came flying back into the room, but now they looked like angels, and drew a little sleigh in which sat Karl, who nodded to her. The next day she was dressed in silk and velvet from head to foot, and the princess offered to let her stay in the palace and have a good time. But all she asked for was a little coach and a horse and a pair of little boots, so that she might go into the wide world again to look for Karl.

So they gave her clothes, and boots, and a muff, and at the door she found a new coach of pure gold, with coachmen, and footmen, and postillions wearing gold crowns on their heads. The prince and princess helped her themselves into the coach, and wished her good fortune. The wild crow, who was now married, went with her for the first three miles, and sat by her

side, for he could not bear riding backwards. The tame crow stood in the doorway flapping her wings, because she had been suffering from headache ever since she had had a fixed appointment and too much to eat. The coach had a good store of sweet cakes, fruit, and gingerbread nuts under the seat. "Farewell, farewell," cried the prince and princess. Little Gerda could not help crying, and the crow cried too. Then, after the first few miles, the wild crow had to leave her, and his leave-taking was very sad. He perched upon a tree, and flapped his black wings as long as he could see the coach.

CHAPTER V.

NOW Gerda was driven through a gloomy forest, but the coach lit up the road like a torch, and some robbers who were in the forest saw it and came rushing out. "Gold! gold!" they shrieked, and, seizing the horses, they struck postillions, coachmen, and footmen all dead, and then dragged little Gerda out of the coach. "How nice and fat she is!" said an old robber-woman, who had a long bristly beard and great eyebrows. "She has been fed with the kernels of nuts, and will taste as good as a little fat lamb." As she spoke she drew forth a shining knife, which glittered frightfully. "Oh! oh!" screamed the woman, whose ear had been badly bitten by her very own daughter, who was hanging on her back.

"You ugly thing!" cried the mother, forgetting to kill Gerda. "Let her alone!" said the little robber-girl. "She shall play with me, and sleep with me in my bed, and give me her muff and her pretty dress." And she bit her mother again till she jumped in the air and twirled round, and all the robbers laughed and said, "see how she is dancing with her cub!" "Now I will have a ride in the coach," said the little robber-girl, who was obstinate and spoiled. Then she and Gerda got in and went away into the wood. The little robber-girl was as big as Gerda, but stronger, with broader

shoulders and a darker skin. Her eyes were quite black, and she looked sadly out of them. She said to Gerda, "They sha'n't kill you as long as I don't wish you ill. I suppose you are a princess?"

"No," said little Gerda, who then told her story, and why she was going through the wide world to look for little Karl. The robber-girl looked at her earnestly, nodded her head, and said, "They sha'n't kill you, even if I wished you ill, for then I'll do it myself," and she wiped Gerda's eyes, and put both her hands into the handsome muff that was so soft and warm.

The coach now stopped. They were in the middle of a courtyard belonging to a robber's castle, which was rather ruinous. Crows and ravens flew out of the holes, and great bulldogs, every one of which looked as if it could swallow a man, were jumping about, though they did not bark, because it was not allowed.

In a large old smoky hall a bright fire was burning on the stone floor; the smoke went up to the ceiling and found an outlet as best it might. In a large caldron soup was boiling, and hares and rabbits were roasting in front of the fire. "You shall sleep with me to-night, with my little animals," said the little robber-girl. They then had something to eat and drink, after which they went into a corner where lay some straw and some carpets. Above, perched on poles, were quite a hundred doves, apparently asleep, though they turned round slightly when the two little girls approached. "They all belong to me," said the little robber-girl, and seizing the one nearest to her, she held it by the feet and shook it till it flapped its wings.

"Kiss it!" she cried, flapping it in Gerda's face.

"There are a whole crowd of them," she said, pointing to a hole high up in the wall; "and here stands my dear old baa-baa." So saying, she took by the horn a reindeer, who wore a bright brass collar round his neck, and was tied up. "We have to keep him tight, or he would run away. I tickle him every night with my sharp knife, which he is very much afraid of;" and the little girl took out a long knife from the hole in the wall and drew it gently across the reindeer's neck. The poor animal began to kick, and the little robber-girl laughed, and drew Gerda into bed with her.

"Do you mean to keep the knife with you when you are asleep?" said Gerda, with some alarm.

"I always sleep with the knife," said the little girl; "one never knows what might happen. But tell me over again all about Karl, and why you went out into the wide world." And Gerda told again what she had told before. Then the little robber-girl put her arm round Gerda's neck, and held the knife in her other hand, and snored aloud; but Gerda could not close her eyes, not knowing whether she was to live or die. The robbers sat round the fire singing and drinking, and the robber-woman became quite tipsy. Oh, it was horrible for a little girl to see such things!

Then the wild doves began to "coo, coo," and they whispered, "We have seen little Karl. A white fowl carried his sleigh. He sat in the Snow Queen's carriage, which drove right over the forest as we lay in our nests. She blew upon us, and all died except our two selves. Coo, coo."

"What are you saying up there?" cried Gerda. "Where was the Snow Queen going?"

"Most likely to Lapland, where there is always snow and ice. Ask the reindeer that is fastened to the rope."

"Yes," said the reindeer, "there is ice and snow. And what a delightful place it is! One can leap about in freedom in the great shining valleys. There it is that the Snow Queen pitches her summer tent; but her strong castle lies near the North Pole, on an island called Spitzbergen."

"Oh, my dear, dear Karl!" sighed Gerda.

"Lie still," said the robber-girl, "or I'll run the knife through your body."

The next morning Gerda told her all that the wild doves had said. The little robber-girl looked very serious, though she nodded her head, saying, "That's nothing to trouble about."

"Do you know where Lapland lies?" she asked the reindeer.

"Who better than I?" said the animal, with brightening eyes. "I was born and brought up there, and frisked about on its snow-fields."

"Listen," said the robber-girl to Gerda. "You see that all our men are gone, and only mother remains at home. About noon she drinks out of the large bottle, and takes a sleep afterwards, and then I'll do something for you."

She jumped out of bed, took her mother by the neck, pulled her beard, and said, "Good morning, you old stupid! good morning." The mother in return pinched her nose until it was red and blue — and all this was out of love!

When the mother had drunk freely out of her bottle, and had gone to sleep, the robber-girl went to the rein-

deer and said, "I should much like to tickle you many more times with the sharp knife, for you look so ridiculous. But, never mind, I will untie your rope and help you out, so that you may run off to Lapland; but you must put your best leg foremost, and carry this little girl to the Snow Queen's palace, where she will find her playfellow. You have heard all she said, for she spoke loud enough and you were listening."

The reindeer jumped for joy; the robber-girl lifted little Gerda on to the animal's back, even took care to bind her fast, and gave her a little cushion to sit upon. "There are your fur boots," she said, "for it is getting cold; but as to the muff, I shall keep that, because it is so pretty. But you shall not be frozen with the cold; I will give you mother's large mittens, that will reach to your elbows."

Gerda wept for joy.

"I can't stand whimpering," said the little robber-girl, "you ought now to look pleased. Here are a couple of loaves and a ham, so now you won't starve." These were fastened to the reindeer, and then the little robber-girl opened the doors, enticed the dogs into the house, and cut with her sharp knife the rope

that bound the reindeer. "Now you may go, but take good care of the little girl." Gerda stretched forth her hands in the large mittens towards the robber-girl and bade her farewell.

Then away flew the reindeer, through thick and thin, across the wide forest, over bogs and plains, as quick as he could fly. The wolves howled and the ravens shrieked, while the sky was bright red as if it were in flames. "That is my old friend, the Aurora Borealis," cried the reindeer; "see how it shines;" and he ran still faster both day and night. The loaves were eaten, the ham too, by the time they reached Lapland.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY stopped in front of a miserable-looking house, the roof of which reached down to the ground, and the door was so low that the family were obliged to creep on all fours when they wanted to go in or out. Nobody was at home just then but an old Laplandish woman, who was cooking fish over an oil-lamp, and the reindeer told her Gerda's story — when he had told his own, which, of course, seemed to him far more important; but Gerda was so benumbed with the cold that she could not speak a word.

"Oh, you poor creature!" said the Laplander. "You have such a long way to run yet; it is a hundred miles into Finland, where the Snow Queen lives in the summer, and burns Bengal lights every evening. I will write a few words on a dried stock fish, because I have no paper, and will give it you for the Finnish woman up there, who will direct you better than I can."

And when Gerda was warmed, and had eaten and drunk, the Lap woman wrote a few words on a dried stock fish, tied her once more on the reindeer, who made off with great speed. "Whizz, whizz," said the air, and throughout the whole night the heavenly blue northern lights streamed. And now they reached Finland, and knocked at the chimney of the Finlander, for door she had none. It was so terribly hot within

that their hostess could scarcely wear any clothes. She was small and rather dirty. She loosened little Gerda's frock directly, and took off her boots and mittens, it was so hot, then she put a lump of ice on the reindeer's head, and read what was written on the stock fish. After reading it through three times she knew its contents by heart, and put the stock fish into the saucepan where the broth was cooking, for she never wasted anything.

The reindeer now related first his own story and then little Gerda's, and the Finnish woman's eyes twinkled, though she said nothing. "You are so wise," said the reindeer, "you can bind all the winds in the world with a bit of thread. Can you not give this little girl a portion, to endow her with the power of twelve men, so that she could conquer the Snow Queen?"

"Twelve men!" said the Finnish woman. "Much use that would be!" But the reindeer begged so hard for little Gerda, and she looked at the Finnish woman with such entreating eyes, that the eyes of the latter began to twinkle, and, taking the reindeer into a corner, she whispered into his ear as she laid a fresh lump of ice on his head, "Karl is sure enough with the Snow Queen, and finds everything delightful; he thinks it the finest place in the world, but this is because he has a little splinter of glass in his heart, and a grain of glass in his eye. These will have to be removed, or he'll never again be a human being, and the Snow Queen will keep him."

"Can't you help Gerda a little?"

"Indeed I can't give her greater power than she has already. Do you not see how men and animals all

serve her, and how even with bare feet she gets on? Her power is in her heart, and is there because she is such a dear, innocent child. You will find the Snow Queen's garden about two miles from here. Carry the little girl thither, and set her down near the large bush which stands covered with red berries amidst the snow. Don't stay gossiping, but make haste and come back here." And then the Finnish woman lifted little Gerda on the reindeer's back, who tore off as fast as he could.

"Oh, I haven't my boots and my mittens!" Gerda cried, for the cold was biting, but she dared not stop the reindeer, who ran till he reached the bush with the red berries, where he set Gerda down, and kissed her mouth, while large bright tears trickled down the animal's cheeks. Then away he ran. Gerda ran forward as quickly as she could. She was met by a whole regiment of snowflakes, which, instead of falling from the sky, ran along the ground, and grew bigger as they came nearer. They looked most alarming, for they were alive. They were the Queen's outposts, and were of the oddest shapes. Some looked like great porcupines, others like knots of serpents, still others like bears with bristly hairs, but all were dazzling white.

Gerda repeated the Lord's Prayer, while the cold was so intense that she could see her own breath. These clouds of breath became thicker, and took the shape of tiny angels, who grew larger as they touched the earth. All wore helmets and carried spears and shields. Their numbers kept increasing, and by the time Gerda had finished her prayer, a whole host of them surrounded

her, and they pierced the frightful snowflakes with their spears till they shivered them into a hundred pieces; and so little Gerda went safely on, and the angels stroked her hands and feet so that she felt the cold less, and hastened on to the Snow Queen's castle.

CHAPTER VII.

THE walls of the castle were made of drifted snow, and the windows and doors of biting winds. There were more than a hundred rooms in it, just as the snow had blown them together; the largest stretched for several miles. They were all lit up by the bright northern light; but they were so large, empty, glittering, and icy cold. No parties were ever given here, not even a little ball for the bears, where the storm would have been useful for tunes, and the bears might have danced on their hind legs. Empty, wide, and cold was it in the halls of the Snow Queen.

In the middle lay a frozen lake that had been broken into a thousand pieces, and in the centre of the lake sat the Snow Queen when she was at home. But just now she was away, for she had gone, according to her own account, to look into the black kettles, as she called Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius. So little Karl was there all alone in the large ice hall that was so many miles long. He was quite blue — nay, almost black with the cold; but he did not perceive it, for the Snow Queen had kissed away his shiverings, and his heart was like a lump of ice. He was dragging about some sharp flat pieces of ice, and placing them in all sorts of

ways, for he wanted to make something out of them. Karl was making figures, and clever ones, too: this was the ice game of Reason. In his eyes the figures were very remarkable, and of the greatest importance, owing to the little glass splinter that still stuck in his eye. He composed complete figures, but he never could manage to form the word he wanted, which was Eternity. And the Snow Queen had said, "If you can find out this figure, you shall then be your own master, and I'll give you the whole world and a new pair of skates."

He was still vainly trying as little Gerda came through the large gate into the castle. Cutting winds were raging within, but she said an evening prayer, and the winds stopped as if they were going to sleep. On she went into the large, empty, cold rooms — and there in front of her was Karl. She flew towards him, put her arms round his neck, and held him tight as she cried, "Karl! Karl! I have found you at last!" But he sat quite still, stiff and cold. Then at last the hot tears poured from Gerda's eyes, and, falling upon his breast, went right through to his heart and melted the lump of ice, washing away the little fragment of glass. He looked at her whilst she sang:

> "The roses flourish and pass away,
> But the Christ-child cometh again some day."

Then Karl burst into tears, and he cried so much that the little bit of glass swam out of his eye. At once he recognized Gerda, and cried joyfully, "Gerda! dear Gerda! where have you been so long? Where am I?" He looked around astonished. "Oh, how cold it is!" and he clung to Gerda, who laughed and cried for

joy; and the scene was so touching that even the pieces of ice jumped for joy, too. And when they were tired and laid down again they formed themselves into the very word Eternity that the Snow Queen said he must find out. Then Gerda kissed his cheeks, and they became blooming; she kissed his eyes, and they beamed like hers; she kissed his hands and feet, and they became healthy.

So they took each other by the hand, and walked out of the castle, and talked of grandmamma and the roses; and as they walked the winds were laid to rest, and the sun shone forth, and when they reached the red-berry bush, they found the reindeer waiting for them, and also a young reindeer whose udders were full of milk, which she gave the children to drink. The reindeer then carried Karl and Gerda to the Finnish woman, in whose hot room they warmed themselves, then on to the Laplander, who had made new clothes for them and put their sleigh right. The reindeer and his companion ran beside them, and followed them until the country began to be green, when they said farewell to the children.

When the first little birds began to twitter the forest was full of green buds. Out of it came a beautiful horse that had belonged to the golden coach. On it was a girl wearing a shining red cap, with pistols in her belt. This was the little robber-girl, who was tired of staying at home, and she meant first to go to the north, and, perhaps, on to some other part of the world. Gerda and she were delighted to meet. "You are a nice fellow to have gone wandering like this!" said the robber-girl to Karl. "I should very much like

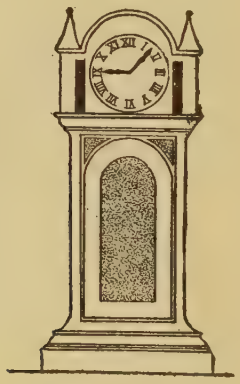
to know whether you are worth going to the end of the world for." But Gerda stroked her cheek, and asked after the prince and princess. "They are travelling in foreign lands." "And what about the crow?" said Gerda. "He is dead," she said. "His tame sweetheart has become a widow, and wears a bit of black woollen thread round her leg. Now tell me all about yourself."

Then Gerda and Karl told all that had happened. "Snip, snap, snorum!" said the robber-girl, who shook hands and promised that if she could she would pay them a visit some day. Then away she rode, whilst Karl and Gerda walked on hand in hand. And the farther they went, the lovelier the spring appeared with its greenness. Soon they recognized the tall steeples of their own town. The church bells were ringing gaily. On they went into the town, on to the grandmother's door, up the stairs, and into the room, where all looked as it used to do. The clock still said "tick, tock," and the hands were pointing to the hour; but

as they passed through the doorway, they noticed that they had grown up, and were no longer boy and girl, but young man and maiden. The roses on the roof were in full bloom, peeping in at the window, and there stood the little stools they had used as children. Karl and Gerda sat down, holding each other's hand, and the cold, empty splendor of the Snow Queen's palace passed from their minds as a dream. The grandmother sat in God's bright sunshine, and read aloud from her Bible, "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And Karl and Gerda exchanged looks. They now understood the meaning of the old hymn:

> "The roses flourish and pass away,
> But the Christ-child cometh again some day."

There they both sat, grown up, yet with childlike hearts. And it was summer, warm, heavenly summer.



THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands: the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this Soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in

it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and

the pencil amused itself on the table: there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve — and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was no snuff in it, but a little black Goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and stuck with helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down into a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

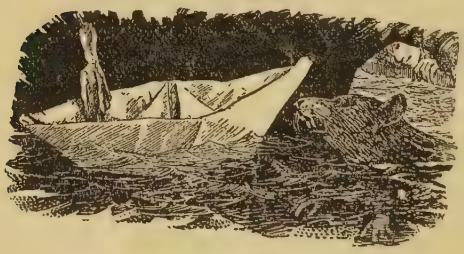
"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.



"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood.

"Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll — he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think — just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge — it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in the Soldier's ears:

Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning.

The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both her hands and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had travelled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there — no! What curious things may happen in the world. The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! he saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was hardy too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and she was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

THE FIR-TREE

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

OUT in the forest stood a pretty little Fir Tree. It had a good place; it could have sunlight, air there was in plenty, and all around grew many larger comrades—pines as well as firs. But the little Fir Tree wished ardently to become greater. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air; it took no notice of the peasant children, who went about talking together, when they had come out to look for strawberries and raspberries. Often they came with a whole pot-full, or had strung berries on a straw; then they would sit down by the little Fir Tree and say, "How pretty and small that one is!" and the Fir Tree did not like to hear that at all.

Next year he had grown a great joint, and the following year he was longer still, for in fir trees one can always tell by the number of rings they have how many years they have been growing.

"Oh, if I were only as great a tree as the other!" sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches far around, and look out from my crown into the wide world. The birds would then build nests in my

boughs, and when the wind blew I could nod just as grandly as the others yonder."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, in the birds, and in the red clouds that went sailing over him morning and evening.

When it was winter, and the snow lay all around, white and sparkling, a hare would often come jumping along, and spring right over the little Fir Tree. Oh! this made him so angry. But two winters went by, and when the third came the little Tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it.

"Oh! to grow, to grow, and become old; that's the only fine thing in the world," thought the Tree.

In the autumn woodcutters always came and felled a few of the largest trees; that was done this year too, and the little Fir Tree, that was now quite well grown, shuddered with fear, for the great stately trees fell to the ground with a crash, and their branches were cut off, so that the trees looked quite naked, long, and slender — they could hardly be recognized. But then they were laid upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood. Where were they going? What destiny awaited them?

In the spring, when the Swallows and the Stork came, the Tree asked them, "Do you know where they were taken? Did you not meet them?"

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but the Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said:

"Yes, I think so. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt; on the ships were stately masts; I fancy these were the trees. They smelt like fir. I can assure you they're stately — very stately."

"Oh that I were only big enough to go over the sea! What kind of thing is this sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the Stork, and he went away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the Sunbeams; "rejoice in thy fresh growth, and in the young life that is within thee."

And the wind kissed the Tree, and the dew wept tears upon it; but the Fir Tree did not understand that.

When Christmas-time approached, quite young trees were felled, sometimes trees which were neither so old nor so large as this Fir Tree, that never rested, but always wanted to go away. These young trees, which were always the most beautiful, kept all their branches; they were put upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not greater than I — indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know that! We know that!" chirped the Sparrows. "Yonder in the town we looked in at the windows. We know where they go. Oh! they are dressed up in the greatest pomp and splendor that can be imagined. We have looked in at the windows, and have perceived that they are planted in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with the most beautiful things — gilt apples, honey-cakes, playthings, and many hundred of candles."

"And then?" asked the Fir Tree, and trembled

through all its branches. "And then? What happens then?"

"Why, we have not seen anything more. But it was incomparable."

"Perhaps I may be destined to tread this glorious path one day!" cried the Fir Tree, rejoicingly. "That is even better than travelling across the sea. How painfully I long for it! If it were only Christmas now! Now I am great and grown up, like the rest who were led away last year. Oh, if I were only on the carriage! If I were only in the warm room, among all the pomp and splendor! And then? Yes, then something even better will come, something far more charming, or else why should they adorn me so? There must be something grander, something greater still to come; but what? Oh! I'm suffering, I'm longing! I don't know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in us," said Air and Sunshine. "Rejoice in thy fresh youth here in the woodland."

But the Fir Tree did not rejoice at all, but it grew and grew; winter and summer it stood there, green, dark green. The people who saw it said, "That's a handsome tree!" and at Christmas time it was felled before any one of the others. The axe cut deep into its marrow, and the tree fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt a pain, a sensation of faintness, and could not think at all of happiness, for it was sad at parting from its home, from the place where it had grown up; it knew that it should never again see the dear old companions, the little bushes and flowers all around — perhaps not even the birds. The parting was not at all agreeable.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard, with other trees, and heard a man say:

"This one is famous; we only want this one!"

Now two servants came in gay liveries, and carried the Fir Tree into a large, beautiful *salon*. All around the walls hung pictures, and by the great stove stood large Chinese vases with lions on the covers; there were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars, at least the children said so. And the Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a large, many-colored carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants, and the young ladies also, decked it out. On one branch they hung little nets, cut out of colored paper; every net was filled with sweetmeats; golden apples and walnuts hung down, as if they grew there, and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. Dolls that looked exactly like real people — the tree had never seen such before — swung among the foliage, and high on the summit of the tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, particularly splendid.

"This evening," said all, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the Tree, "that it were evening already! Oh, that the lights may be soon lit up! When may that be done? I wonder if trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and stand adorned in summer and winter?"

Yes, he did not guess badly. But he had a complete backache from mere longing, and the backache is just as bad for a Tree as the headache for a person.

At last the candles were lighted. What a brilliance, what splendor! The Tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig, and it was scorched.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the young ladies; and they hastily put the fire out.

Now the Tree might not even tremble. Oh, that was terrible! It was so afraid of setting fire to some of its ornaments, and it was quite bewildered with all the brilliance. And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a number of children rushed in as if they would have overturned the whole Tree; the older people followed more deliberately. The little ones stood quite silent, but only for a minute; then they shouted till the room rang: they danced gleefully round the Tree, and one present after another was plucked from it.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree. "What's going to be done?"

And the candles burned down to the twigs, and as they burned down they were extinguished, and then the children received permission to plunder the Tree. Oh! they rushed in upon it, so that every branch cracked again: if it had not been fastened by the top and by the golden star to the ceiling, it would have fallen down.

The children danced about with their pretty toys. No one looked at the Tree except one old man, who came up and peeped among the branches, but only to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

"A story! A story!" shouted the children; and they drew a little fat man toward the tree; and he sat down just beneath it — "for then we shall be in the green wood," said he, "and the tree may have the advantage of listening to my tale. But I can only tell one. Will you hear the story of Ivede-Avede, or of Klumpey-Dumpey, who fell downstairs, and still was raised up to honor and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some, "Klumpey-Dumpey!" cried others, and there was a great crying and shouting. Only the Fir Tree was quite silent, and thought, "Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But he had been in the evening's amusement, and had done what was required of him.

And the fat man told about Klumpey-Dumpey who fell downstairs, and yet was raised to honor and married the Princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried, "Tell another! tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede; but they only got the story of Klumpey-Dumpey. The Fir Tree stood quite silent and thoughtful; never had the birds in the

wood told such a story as that. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married the Princess!

"Yes, so it happens in the world!" thought the Fir Tree, and believed it must be true, because that was such a nice man who told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I shall fall downstairs, too, and marry a Princess!" And it looked forward with pleasure to being adorned again, the next evening, with candles and toys, gold and fruit. "To-morrow I shall not tremble," it thought.

"I will rejoice in all my splendor. To-morrow I shall hear the story of Klumpey-Dumpey again, and perhaps that of Ivede-Avede, too."

And the Tree stood all night quiet and thoughtful.

In the morning the servants and the chambermaid came in.

"Now my splendor will begin afresh," thought the Tree. But they dragged him out of the room, and upstairs to the garret, and here they put him in a dark corner where no daylight shone.

"What's the meaning of this?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought, and thought. And he had time enough, for days and nights went by, and nobody came up; and when at length some one came, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree stood quite hidden away, and the supposition is that it was quite forgotten.

"Now it's winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; therefore I suppose I'm to be sheltered

here until spring comes. How considerate that is! How good people are! If it were only not so dark here, and so terribly solitary! — not even a little hare? That was pretty out there in the wood, when the snow lay thick and the hare sprang past; yes, even when he jumped over me; but then I did not like it. It is terribly lonely up here!"

"Piep! piep!" said a little Mouse, and crept forward, and then came another little one. They smelt at the Fir Tree, and then slipped among the branches.

"It's horribly cold," said the two little Mice, "or else it would be comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I'm not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice. "And what do you know?" They were dreadfully inquisitive. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the store room, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from the ceiling, where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the Tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

And the little Mice had never heard anything of the kind; and they listened and said:

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the Fir Tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes, those were really quite happy

times." But then he told of the Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little Mice, "how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the Tree. "I only came out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little Mice.

And next night they came with four other little Mice, to hear what the Tree had to relate; and the more it said, the more clearly did it remember everything, and thought, "Those were quite merry days! But they may come again. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs and yet he married the Princess. Perhaps I may marry a Princess too?" And then the Fir Tree thought of a pretty little Birch Tree that grew out in the forest: for the Fir Tree, that Birch was a real Princess.

"Who's Klumpey-Dumpey?" asked the little Mice.

And then the Fir Tree told the whole story. It could remember every single word; and the little Mice were ready to leap to the very top of the tree with pleasure. Next night a great many more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats even appeared; but these thought the story was not pretty, and the little Mice were sorry for that, for now they also did not like it so much as before.

"Do you only know one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," replied the Tree. "I heard that on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That's a very miserable story. Don't you know any about bacon and tallow candles — a store-room story?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the Rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little Mice at last stayed away also; and then the Tree sighed and said:

"It was very nice when they sat round me, the merry little Mice, and listened when I spoke to them. Now that's past too. But I shall remember to be pleased when they take me out."

But when did that happen? Why, it was one morning that people came and rummaged in the garret; the boxes were put away, and the Tree brought out; they certainly threw him rather roughly on the floor, but a servant dragged him away at once to the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now life is beginning again!" thought the Tree.

It felt the fresh air and the first sunbeams, and now it was out in the courtyard. Everything passed so quickly that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself, there was so much to look at all round. The courtyard was close to a garden, and here everything was blooming; the roses hung fresh and fragrant over the little paling, the linden trees were in blossom, and the swallows cried, "Quinze-wit! quinze-wit! my husband's come!" But it was not the Fir Tree that they meant.

"Now I shall live!" said the Tree, rejoicingly, and spread its branches far out; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow; and it lay in the corner among

nettles and weeds. The tinsel star was still upon it, and shone in the bright sunshine.

In the courtyard a couple of the merry children were playing who had danced round the tree at Christmas time, and had rejoiced over it. One of the youngest ran up and tore off the golden star.

"Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree!" said the child, and he trod upon the branches till they cracked again under his boots.

And the Tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the splendor of the garden, and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret; it thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little Mice which had listened so pleasantly to the story of Klumpey-Dumpey.

"Past! past!" said the old Tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! past!"

And the servant came and chopped the Tree into little pieces; a whole bundle lay there; it blazed brightly under the great brewing copper, and it sighed deeply, and each sigh was like a little shot; and the children who were at play there ran up and seated themselves at the fire, looked into it, and cried "Puff! puff!" But at each explosion, which was a deep sigh, the Tree thought of a summer day in the woods, or of a winter night there, when the stars beamed; he thought of Christmas Eve and of Klumpey-Dumpey, the only story he had ever heard or knew how to tell; and then the Tree was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest had on his breast a golden star, which the Tree

had worn on its happiest evening. Now that was past, and the Tree's life was past, and the story is past too: past! past! — and that's the way with all stories.

THE STORKS

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IN the last house in a little village stood a Stork's nest. The Mother-Stork sat in it with her four young ones, who stretched out their heads with the pointed black beaks, for their beaks had not yet turned red. A little way off stood the Father-Stork, all alone on the ridge of the roof, quite upright and stiff; he had drawn up one of his legs, so as not to be quite idle while he stood sentry. One would have thought he had been carved out of wood, so still did he stand. He thought, "It must look very grand, that my wife has a sentry standing by her nest. They can't tell that it is her husband. They certainly think I have been commanded to stand here. That looks so aristocratic!" And he went on standing on one leg.

Below in the street a whole crowd of children were playing; and when they caught sight of the Storks, one of the boldest of the boys, and afterward all of them, sang the old verse about the storks. But they only sang it just as he could remember it:

"Stork, stork, fly away!
Stand not on one leg to-day.
Thy dear wife is in the nest,
Where she rocks her young to rest.

The first, he will be hanged,
The second will be hit,
The third, he will be shot,
And the fourth put on the spit."

"Just hear what those boys are saying!" said the little Stork-children. "They say we are to be hanged and killed."

"You're not to care for that!" said the Mother-Stork. "Don't listen to it, and then it won't matter."

But the boys went on singing, and pointed at the Storks mockingly with their fingers; only one boy, whose name was Peter, declared that it was a sin to make a jest of animals, and he would not join in it at all.

The Mother-Stork comforted her children. "Don't you mind it at all," she said; "see how quiet your father stands, though it's only on one leg."

"We are very much afraid," said the young Storks; and they drew their heads far back into the nest.

Now to-day, when the children came out again to play, and saw the Storks, they sang their song:

"The first, he will be hanged,
The second will be hit ——"

"Shall we be hanged and beaten?" asked the young Storks.

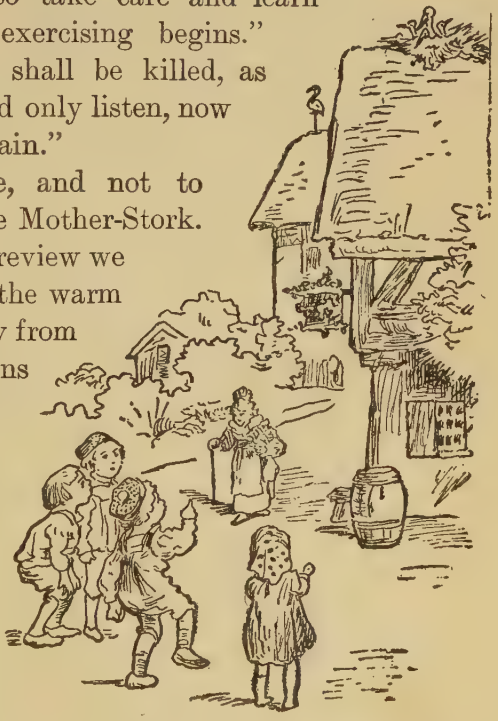
"No, certainly not," replied the mother. "You shall learn to fly; I'll exercise you; then we shall fly out into the meadows and pay a visit to the frogs; they will bow before us in the water, and sing 'Coax! and then coax!' we shall eat them up. That will be a real pleasure."

"And what then?" asked the young Storks.

"Then all the Storks will assemble, all that are here in the whole country, and the autumn exercises begin; then one must fly well, for that is highly important, for whoever cannot fly properly will be thrust dead by the general's beak; so take care and learn well when the exercising begins."

"But then we shall be killed, as the boy says — and only listen, now they're singing again."

"Listen to me, and not to them," replied the Mother-Stork. "After the great review we shall fly away to the warm countries, far away from here, over mountains and forests. We shall fly to Egypt, where there are three covered houses of stone, which curl in a point and tower above the clouds; they are called pyramids, and are older than a stork can imagine. There is a river in that country, which runs out of its bed, and then all the land is turned to mud. One walks about in the mud, and eats frogs."



"Oh-h!" cried the young ones.

"Yes! It is glorious there! One does nothing all day long but eat; and while we are so comfortable over

there, here there is not a green leaf on the trees; here it is so cold that the clouds freeze to pieces, and fall down in little white rags!"

It was snow that she meant, but she could not explain it in any other way.

"And do the naughty boys freeze to pieces?" asked the young Storks.

"No, they do not freeze to pieces; but they are not far from it, and must sit in a dark room and cower. You, on the other hand, can fly about in foreign lands, where there are flowers, and the sun shines warm."

Now some time had elapsed, and the nestlings had grown so large that they could stand upright in the nest and look far around; and the Father-Stork came every day with delicious frogs, little snakes, and all kinds of stork-dainties as he found them. Oh! it looked funny when he performed feats before them! He laid his head quite back upon his tail, and clapped with his beak as if he had been a little clapper; and then he told them stories, all about the marshes.

"Listen! now you must learn to fly," said the Mother-Stork, one day; and all the four young ones had to go out on the ridge of the roof. Oh, how they tottered! how they balanced themselves with their wings, and yet they were nearly falling down.

"Only look at me," said the mother. "Thus you must hold your heads! Thus you must pitch your feet! One, two! one, two! That's what will help you on in the world."

Then she flew a little way, and the young ones made

a little clumsy leap. Bump! — there they lay, for their bodies were too heavy.

"I will not fly!" said one of the young Storks, and crept back into the nest; "I don't care about getting to the warm countries."

"Do you want to freeze to death here when the winter comes? Are the boys to come and hang you, and singe you, and roast you? Now I'll call them."

"Oh, no!" cried the young Stork, and hopped out on to the roof again like the rest.

On the third day they could actually fly a little, and then they thought they could also soar and hover in the air. They tried it, but — bump! — down they tumbled, and they had to flap their wings again quickly enough. Now the boys came into the street again, and sang their song:

"Stork, stork, fly away!"

"Shall we fly down and pick their eyes out?" asked the young Storks.

"No," replied the mother, "let them alone. Only listen to me, that's far more important. One, two, three! — now we fly round to the right. One, two, three! — now to the left round the chimney. See, that was very good! the last kick with the feet was so neat and correct that you shall have permission to-morrow to fly with me to the marsh! Several nice stork families go there with their young; show them that mine are the nicest, and that you can start proudly; that looks well, and will get you consideration."

"But are we not to take revenge on the rude boys?" asked the young Storks.

"Let them scream as much as they like. You will fly up to the clouds, and get to the land of the pyramids, when they will have to shiver, and not have a green leaf or a sweet apple."

"Yes, but we will revenge ourselves!" they whispered to one another; and then the exercising went on.

Among all the boys down in the street, the one most bent upon singing the teasing song was he who had begun it, and he was quite a little boy. He could hardly be more than six years old. The young Storks certainly thought he was a hundred, for he was much bigger than their mother and father; and how should they know how old children and grown-up people can be? Their revenge was to come upon this boy, for it was he who had begun, and he always kept on. The young Storks were very angry; and as they grew bigger they were less inclined to bear it; at last their mother had to promise them that they should be revenged, but not till the last day of their stay.

"We must first see how you behave at the grand review. If you get through badly, so that the general stabs you through the chest with his beak, the boys will be right, at least, in one way. Let us see."

"Yes, you shall see!" cried the young Storks; and then they took all imaginable pains. They practised every day, and flew so neatly and so lightly that it was a pleasure to see them.

Now the autumn came on; all the Storks began to assemble, to fly away to the warm countries while it is winter here. That *was* a review. They had to fly

over forests and villages, to show how well they could soar, for it was a long journey they had before them. The young Storks did their part so well that they got as a mark, "Remarkably well, with frogs and snakes." That was the highest mark; and they might eat the frogs and snakes; and that is what they did.

"Now we will be revenged!" they said.

"Yes, certainly!" said the Mother-Stork. "What I have thought of will be the best. I know the pond in which all the little mortals lie till the stork comes and brings them to their parents. The pretty little babies lie there and dream so sweetly as they never dream afterward. All parents are glad to have such a child, and all children want to have a sister or a brother. Now we will fly to the pond, and bring one for each of the children who have not sung the naughty song and laughed at the storks."

"But he who began to sing — that naughty, ugly boy!" screamed the young Storks; "what shall we do with him?"

"There is a little dead child in the pond, one that has dreamed itself to death; we will bring that for him. Then he will cry because we have brought him a little dead brother. But that good boy — you have not forgotten him, the one who said, 'It is wrong to laugh at

animals!' for him we will bring a brother and a sister too. And as his name is Peter, all of you shall be called Peter, too."

And it was done as she said; all the storks were called Peter, and so they are all called even now.

THE SILVER SHILLING

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was once a Shilling. He came out quite bright from the Mint, and sprang up, and rang out, "Hurrah! now I'm off into the wide world." And into the wide world he certainly went.

The child held him with soft, warm hands; the miser clutched him in a cold, avaricious palm; the old man turned him goodness knows how many times before parting with him; while careless youth rolled him lightly away. The Shilling was of silver, and had very little copper about him; he had been now a whole year in the world — that is to say, in the country in which he had been struck. But one day he started on his foreign travels; he was the last native coin in the purse borne by his travelling master. The gentleman himself was not aware that he still had this coin until he came across it by chance.

"Why, here's a shilling from home left to me," he said. "Well, he can make the journey with me."

And the Shilling rattled and jumped for joy as it was thrust back into the purse. So here it lay among strange companions, who came and went, each making room for a successor; but the Shilling from home

always remained in the bag, which was a distinction for it.

Several weeks had gone by, and the Shilling had travelled far out into the world without exactly knowing where he was, though he learned from the other coins that they were French or Italian. One said they were in such and such a town, another that they had reached such and such a spot; but the Shilling could form no idea of all this. He who has his head in a bag sees nothing; and this was the case with the Shilling. But one day, as he lay there, he noticed that the purse was not shut, and so he crept forward to the opening, to take a look around. He ought not to have done so; but he was inquisitive, and people often have to pay for that. He slipped out into the fob; and when the purse was taken out at night the Shilling remained behind, and was sent out into the passage with the clothes. There he fell upon the floor: no one heard it, no one saw it.

Next morning the clothes were carried back into the room; the gentleman put them on, and continued his journey, while the Shilling remained behind. The coin was found, and was required to go into service again, so he was sent out with three other coins.

"It is a pleasant thing to look about one in the world," thought the Shilling, "and to get to know strange people and foreign customs."

And now began the history of the Shilling, as told by himself.

"'Away with him, he's bad — no use!' These words went through and through me," said the Shilling, "I knew I sounded well and had been properly

coined. The people were certainly mistaken. They could not mean me! but, yes, they did mean me. I was the one of whom they said, 'He's bad — he's no good.' 'I must get rid of that fellow in the dark,' said the man who had received me; and I was passed at night and abused in the daytime. 'Bad — no good,' was the cry: 'we must make haste and get rid of him.'

"And I trembled in the fingers of the holder each time I was to be passed on as a coin of the country.

"What a miserable Shilling I am! Of what use is my silver to me, my value, my coinage, if all these things are looked on as worthless? In the eyes of the world one has only the value the world chooses to put upon one. It must be terrible indeed to have a bad conscience, and to creep along on evil ways, if I, who am quite innocent, can feel so badly because I am only thought guilty.

"Each time I was brought out I shuddered at the thought of the eyes that would look at me, for I knew that I should be rejected and flung back upon the table, like an impostor and a cheat. Once I came into the hands of a poor old woman, to whom I was paid for a hard day's work, and she could not get rid of me at all. No one would accept me, and I was a perfect worry to the old dame.

"'I shall certainly be forced to deceive someone with this shilling,' she said; 'for, with the best will in the world, I can't hoard up a false shilling. The rich baker shall have him; he will be able to bear the loss — but it's wrong in me to do it, after all.'

"'And I must lie heavy on that woman's conscience,

too,' sighed I. 'Am I really so much changed in my old age?'

"And the woman went her way to the rich baker; but he knew too well what kind of shillings would pass to take me, and he threw me back at the woman, who got no bread for me. And I felt miserably low to think that I should be the cause of distress to others — I who had been in my young days so proudly conscious of my value and of the correctness of my mintage. I became as miserable as a poor shilling can be whom no one will accept; but the woman took me home again, and looked at me with a friendly, hearty face, and said:

"'No, I will not deceive any one with thee. I will bore a hole through thee, that every one may see thou art a false thing. And yet — it just occurs to me — perhaps this is a lucky shilling; and the thought comes so strongly upon me that I am sure it must be true! I will make a hole through the shilling, and pass a string through the hole, and hang the coin round the neck of my neighbor's little boy for a lucky shilling.'

"So she bored a hole through me. It is certainly not agreeable to have a hole bored through one; but many things can be borne when the intention is good. A thread was passed through the hole, and I became a kind of medal, and was hung round the neck of the little child; and the child smiled at me, and kissed me, and I slept all night on its warm, innocent neck.

"When the morning came, the child's mother took me up in her fingers and looked at me, and she had her own thoughts about me: I could feel that very well. She brought out a pair of scissors, and cut the string through.

"'A lucky shilling!' said she. 'Well, we shall soon see that.'

"And she laid me in vinegar, so that I turned quite green. Then she plugged up the hole, and carried me in the evening twilight, to the lottery collector, to buy a lottery ticket that should bring her luck.

"How miserably wretched I felt! There was a stinging feeling in me, as if I should crumble to bits. I knew that I should be called false and thrown down—and before a crowd of shillings and other coins, too, who lay there with an image and superscription of which they might be proud. But I escaped that disgrace, for there were many people in the collector's room: he had a great deal to do, and I went rattling down into the box among the other coins. Whether my ticket won anything or not I don't know; but this I do know, that the very next morning I was recognized as a bad shilling, and was sent out to deceive and deceive again. That is a very trying thing to bear when one knows one has a good character, and of that I *am* conscious.

"For a year and a day I thus wandered from house to house and from hand to hand, always abused, always unwelcome; no one trusted me; and I lost confidence in the world and in myself. It was a heavy time. At last, one day a traveller, a strange gentleman, arrived, and I was passed to him, and he was polite enough to accept me for current coin; but he wanted to pass me on, and again I heard the horrible cry, 'No use—false!'

"'I received it as a good coin,' said the man, and he looked closely at me; suddenly he smiled all over his face; and I had never seen that expression before on any face that looked at me. "Why, whatever is that?"

he said. 'That's one of our own country coins, a good, honest shilling from my home, and they've bored a hole through him, and they called him false. Now, this is a curious circumstance. I must keep him and take him home with me."

"A glow of joy thrilled through me when I heard myself called a good, honest shilling; and now I was to be taken home, where each and everyone would know me, and be sure that I was real silver and properly coined. I could have thrown out sparks for very gladness; but, after all, it's not in my nature to throw out sparks, for that's the property of steel, not of silver.

"I was wrapped up in clean white paper, so that I should not be confounded with the other coins and spent; and on festive occasions, when fellow-countrymen met together, I was shown about, and they spoke very well of me: they said I was interesting — and it is wonderful how interesting one can be without saying a single word.

"And at last I got home again. All my troubles were ended, joy came back to me, for I was good silver, and had the right stamp, and I had no more disagreeables to endure, though a hole had been bored through me, as through a false coin; but that does not matter if one is not really false. One must wait for the end, and one will be righted at last — that's my belief," said the Shilling.

THUMBELINA

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

HERE was once a woman who wished for a very little child; but she did not know where she could procure one. So she went to an old witch and said:

"I do so very much wish for a little child! can you not tell me where I can get one?"

"Oh! that could be easily managed," said the witch. "There you have a barleycorn: that is not the kind which grows in the countryman's field, and which the chickens get to eat. Put that into a flower-pot, and you shall see what you shall see."

"Thank you," said the woman; and she gave the witch twelve shillings, for that is what it cost.

Then she went home and planted the barleycorn, and immediately there grew up a great handsome flower, which looked like a tulip; but the leaves were tightly closed, as though it were still a bud.

"That is a beautiful flower," said the woman; and she kissed its yellow and red leaves. But just as she kissed it the flower opened with a *pop!* It was a real tulip, as one could now see; but in the middle of the flower there sat upon the green velvet stamens a little maiden, delicate and graceful to behold. She was

scarcely half a thumb's length in height, and, therefore, she was called Thumbelina.

A neat polished walnut-shell served Thumbelina for a cradle, blue violet-leaves were her mattresses, with a rose-leaf for a coverlet. There she slept at night; but in the day-time she played upon the table, where the woman had put a plate with a wreath of flowers around it, whose stalks stood in water; on the water swam a great tulip-leaf, and on this the little maiden could sit, and row from one side of the plate to the other, with two white horse-hairs for oars. That looked pretty indeed! She could also sing, and, indeed, so delicately and sweetly, that the like had never been heard.

Once as she lay at night in her pretty bed, there came an old Toad creeping through the window, in which one pane was broken. The Toad was very ugly, big and damp: it hopped straight down upon the table, where Thumbelina lay sleeping under the rose-leaf.

"That would be a handsome wife for my son," said the Toad; and she took the walnut-shell in which Thumbelina lay asleep, and hopped with it through the window down into the garden.

There ran a great broad brook; but the margin was swampy and soft, and here the Toad dwelt with her son. Ugh! he was ugly, and looked just like his

mother. "Croak! croak! brek-kek-kex!" that was all he could say when he saw the graceful little maiden in the walnut-shell.

"Don't speak so loud, or she will awake," said the old Toad. "She might run away from us, for she is as light as a bit of swan's-down. We will put her out in the brook upon one of the broad water-lily leaves. That will be just like an island for her, she is so small and light. Then she can't get away, while we put the stateroom under the marsh in order, where you are to live and keep house together."

Out in the brook grew many water-lilies with broad green leaves, which looked as if they were floating on the water. The leaf which lay farthest out was also the greatest of all, and to that the old Toad swam out and laid the walnut-shell upon it with Thumbelina. The little tiny Thumbelina woke early in the morning, and when she saw where she was she began to cry very bitterly; for there was water on every side of the great green leaf, and she could not get to land at all. The old Toad sat down in the marsh, decking out her room with rushes and yellow weed — it was to be made very pretty for the new daughter-in-law; then she swam out, with her ugly son, to the leaf on which Thumbelina was. They wanted to take her pretty bed, which was to be put in the bridal chamber before she went in there herself. The old Toad bowed low before her in the water, and said:

"Here is my son; he will be your husband, and you will live splendidly together in the marsh."

"Croak! croak! brek-kek-kex!" was all the son could say.

Then they took the delicate little bed, and swam away with it; but Thumbelina sat all alone upon the green leaf and wept, for she did not like to live at the nasty Toad's, and have her ugly son for a husband. The little fishes swimming in the water below had both seen the Toad, and had also heard what she said; therefore they stretched forth their heads, for they wanted to see the little girl. So soon as they saw her they considered her so pretty that they felt very sorry she should have to go down to the ugly Toad. No, that must never be! They assembled together in the water around the green stalk which held the leaf on which the little maiden stood, and with their teeth they gnawed away the stalk, and so the leaf swam down the stream; and away went Thumbelina far away, where the Toad could not get at her.

Thumbelina sailed by many cities, and the little birds which sat in the bushes saw her, and said, "What a lovely little girl!" The leaf swam away from them, farther and farther; so Thumbelina travelled out of the country.

A graceful little white Butterfly always fluttered round her, and at last alighted on the leaf. Thumbelina pleased him, and she was very glad of this, for now the Toad could not reach them; and it was so beautiful where she was floating along — the sun shone upon the water, and the water glistened like the most splendid gold. She took her girdle and bound one end of it round the Butterfly, fastening the other end of the ribbon to the leaf. The leaf now glided onward much faster and Thumbelina too, for she stood upon the leaf.

There came a big Cockchafer flying up; and he saw her, and immediately clasped his claws round her slender waist, and flew with her up into a tree. The green leaf went swimming down the brook, and the Butterfly with it; for he was fastened to the leaf, and could not get away from it.

Mercy! how frightened poor little Thumbelina was when the Cockchafer flew with her up into the tree! But especially she was sorry for the fine white Butterfly whom she had bound fast to the leaf, for, if he could not free himself from it, he would be obliged to starve. The Cockchafer, however, did not trouble himself at all about this. He seated himself with her upon the biggest green leaf of the tree, gave her the sweet part of the flowers to eat, and declared that she was very pretty, though she did not in the least resemble a cockchafer. Afterward came all the other Cockchafers who lived in the tree to pay a visit: they looked at Thumbelina, and said:

"Why, she has not even more than two legs! — that has a wretched appearance."

"She has not any feelers!" cried another.

"Her waist is quite slender — fie! she looks like a

human creature — how ugly she is!" said all the lady Cockchafers.

And yet Thumbelina was very pretty. Even the Cockchafer who had carried her off saw that; but when all the others declared she was ugly, he believed it at last, and would not have her at all — she might go whither she liked. Then they flew down with her from the tree, and set her upon a daisy, and she wept, because she was so ugly that the Cockchafers would have nothing to say to her; and yet she was the loveliest little being one could imagine, and as tender and delicate as a rose-leaf.

The whole summer through poor Thumbelina lived quite alone in the great wood. She wove herself a bed out of blades of grass, and hung it up under a shamrock, so that she was protected from the rain; she plucked the honey out of the flowers for food, and drank of the dew which stood every morning upon the leaves. Thus summer and autumn passed away; but now came winter, the cold, long winter. All the birds who had sung so sweetly before her flew away; trees and flowers shed their leaves; the great shamrock under which she had lived shrivelled up, and there remained nothing of it but a yellow, withered stalk; and she was dreadfully cold, for her clothes were torn, and she herself was so frail and delicate — poor little Thumbelina! she was nearly frozen. It began to snow, and every snowflake that fell upon her was like a whole shovelful thrown upon one of us, for we are tall, and she was only an

SHE TOOK HER GIRDLE AND BOUND ONE END OF IT ROUND THE BUTTERFLY.

inch long. Then she wrapped herself in a dry leaf, but that tore in the middle, and would not warm her — she shivered with cold.

Close to the wood into which she had now come lay a great corn-field, but the corn was gone long ago; only the naked dry stubble stood up out of the frozen ground. These were just like a great forest for her to wander through; and, oh! how she trembled with cold. Then she arrived at the door of the Field Mouse. This Mouse had a little hole under the stubble. There the Field Mouse lived, warm and comfortable, and had a whole roomful of corn — a glorious kitchen and larder. Poor Thumbelina stood at the door just like a poor beggar girl, and begged for a little bit of a barley-corn, for she had not had the smallest morsel to eat for the last two days.

"You poor little creature," said the Field Mouse — for after all she was a good old Field Mouse — "come into my warm room and dine with me."

As she was pleased with Thumbelina, she said, "If you like you may stay with me through the winter, but you must keep my room clean and neat, and tell me little stories, for I am very fond of those."

And Thumbelina did as the kind old Field Mouse bade her, and had a very good time of it.

"Now we shall soon have a visitor," said the Field Mouse. "My neighbor is in the habit of visiting me once a week. He is even better off than I am, has great rooms, and beautiful black velvety fur. If you could only get him for your husband you would be well provided for. You must tell him the prettiest stories you know."

But Thumbelina did not care about this; she thought nothing of the neighbor, for he was a Mole. He came and paid his visits in his black velvet coat. The Field Mouse told how rich and how learned he was, and how his house was more than twenty times larger than hers; that he had learning, but that he did not like the sun and beautiful flowers, for he had never seen them.

Thumbelina had to sing, and she sang "Cockchafer, fly away," and "When the parson goes afield." Then the Mole fell in love with her, because of her delicious voice; but he said nothing, for he was a sedate Mole.

A short time before he had dug a long passage through the earth from his own house to theirs; and Thumbelina and the Field Mouse obtained leave to walk in this passage as much as they wished. But he begged them not to be afraid of the dead bird which was lying in the passage. It was an entire bird, with wings and beak. It certainly must have died only a short time before, and was now buried just where the Mole had made his passage.

The Mole took a bit of decayed wood in his mouth, and it glimmered like fire in the dark; then he went

first and lighted them through the long, dark passage. When they came where the dead bird lay, the Mole thrust up his broad nose against the ceiling, so that a great hole was made, through which the daylight could shine down. In the middle of the floor lay a dead Swallow, his beautiful wings pressed close against his sides, and his head and feet drawn back under his feathers: the poor bird had certainly died of cold. Thumbelina was very sorry for this: she was very fond of all the little birds, who had sung and twittered so prettily before her through the summer; but the Mole gave him a push with his crooked legs, and said, "Now he doesn't pipe any more. It must be miserable to be born a little bird. I'm thankful that none of my children can be that: such a bird has nothing but his 'tweet-tweet,' and has to starve in the winter!"

"Yes, you may well say that, as a clever man," observed the Field Mouse. "Of what use is all this 'tweet-tweet' to a bird when the winter comes? He must starve and freeze. But they say that's very aristocratic."

Thumbelina said nothing; but when the two others turned their backs on the bird, she bent down, put the feathers aside which covered his head, and kissed him upon his closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was he who sang so prettily for me in the summer," she thought. "How much pleasure he gave me, the dear, beautiful bird!"

The Mole now closed up the hole through which the daylight shone in, and accompanied the ladies home. But at night Thumbelina could not sleep at all; so she got up out of her bed, and wove a large, beautiful car-

pet of hay, and carried it and spread it over the dead bird, and laid the thin stamens of flowers, soft as cotton, and which she had found in the Field Mouse's room, at the bird's sides, so that he might lie soft in the ground.

"Farewell, you pretty little bird!" said she. "Farewell! and thanks to you for your beautiful song in the summer, when all the trees were green, and the sun shone down warmly upon us." And then she laid the bird's head upon her heart. But the bird was not dead; he was only lying there torpid with cold; and now he had been warmed, and came to life again.

In autumn all the swallows fly away to warm countries; but if one happens to be belated, it becomes so cold that it falls down as if dead, and lies where it fell, and then the cold snow covers it.

Thumbelina fairly trembled, she was so startled; for the bird was large, very large, compared with her, who was only an inch in height. But she took courage, laid the cotton closer round the poor bird, and brought a leaf that she had used as her own coverlet, and laid it over the bird's head.

The next night she crept out to him again — and now he was alive, but quite weak; he could only open his eyes for a moment and look at Thumbelina, who stood before him with a bit of decayed wood in her hand, for she had not a lantern.

"I thank you, you pretty little child," said the sick Swallow; "I have been famously warmed. Soon I shall get my strength back again, and I shall be able to fly about in the warm sunshine."

"Oh!" she said, "it is so cold without. It snows

and freezes. Stay in your warm bed, and I will nurse you."

Then she brought the Swallow water in the petal of a flower; and the Swallow drank, and told her how he had torn one of his wings in a thorn-bush, and thus he had not been able to fly so fast as the other swallows, which had sped away, far away, to the warm countries. So at last he had fallen to the ground; but he could remember nothing more, and did not know at all how he had come where she had found him.

The whole winter the Swallow remained there, and Thumbelina nursed and tended him heartily. Neither the Field Mouse nor the Mole heard anything about it, for they did not like the poor Swallow. So soon as the spring came, and the sun warmed the earth, the Swallow bade Thumbelina farewell, and she opened the hole which the Mole had made in the ceiling. The sun shone in upon them gloriously, and the Swallow asked if Thumbelina would go with him; she could sit upon his back, and they would fly away far into the green wood. But Thumbelina knew that the old Field Mouse would be grieved if she left her.

"No, I cannot!" said Thumbelina.

"Farewell, farewell, you good, pretty girl!" said the Swallow; and he flew out into the sunshine. Thumbelina looked after him, and the tears came into her eyes, for she was heartily and sincerely fond of the poor Swallow.

"Tweet-weet! tweet-weet!" sang the bird, and flew into the green forest. Thumbelina felt very sad. She did not get permission to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn which was sown in the field over the

house of the Field Mouse grew up high into the air; it was quite a thick wood for the poor girl, who was only an inch in height.

"You are betrothed now, Thumbelina," said the Field Mouse. "My neighbor has proposed for you. What great fortune for a poor child like you! Now you must work at your outfit, woollen and linen clothes both; for you must lack nothing when you have become the Mole's wife."

Thumbelina had to turn the spindle, and the Mole hired four spiders to weave for her day and night. Every evening the Mole paid her a visit; and he was always saying that when the summer should draw to a close, the sun would not shine nearly so hot, for that now it burned the earth almost as hard as a stone. Yes, when the summer should have gone, then he would keep his wedding day with Thumbelina. But she was not glad at all, for she did not like the tiresome Mole. Every morning when the sun rose, and every evening when it went down, she crept out at the door; and

when the wind blew the corn-ears apart, so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and beautiful it was out here, and wished heartily to see her dear Swallow again. But the Swallow did not come back; he had doubtless flown far away, in the fair green forest. When autumn came on, Thumbelina had all her outfit ready.

"In four weeks you shall celebrate your wedding," said the Field Mouse to her.

But Thumbelina wept, and declared she would not have the tiresome Mole.

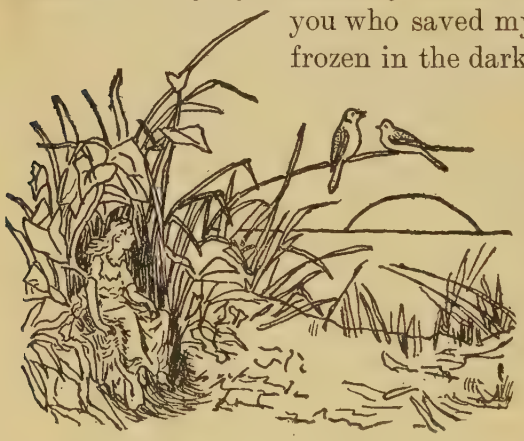
"Nonsense!" said the Field Mouse; "don't be obstinate, or I will bite you with my white teeth. He is a very fine man whom you will marry. The Queen herself has not such a black velvet fur; and his kitchen and cellar are full. Be thankful for your good fortune."

Now the wedding was to be held. The Mole had already come to fetch Thumbelina; she was to live with him, deep under the earth, and never to come out into the warm sunshine, for that he did not like. The poor little thing was very sorrowful; she was now to say farewell to the glorious sun, which, after all, she had been allowed by the Field Mouse to see from the threshold of the door.

"Farewell, thou bright sun!" she said, and stretched out her arms towards it, and walked a little way forth from the house of the Field Mouse, for now the corn had been reaped, and only the dry stubble stood in the fields. "Farewell!" she repeated, twining her arms round a little red flower which still bloomed there. "Greet the little Swallow from me, if you see him again."

"Tweet-weet! tweet-weet!" a voice suddenly sounded over her head. She looked up: it was the little Swallow, who was just flying by. When he saw Thumbelina he was very glad; and Thumbelina told him how loth she was to have the ugly Mole for her husband, and that she was to live deep under the earth, where the sun never shone. And she could not refrain from weeping.

"The cold winter is coming now," said the Swallow; "I am going to fly far away into the warm countries. Will you come with me? You can sit upon my back, then we shall fly from the ugly Mole and his dark room — away, far away, over the mountains to the warm countries, where the sun shines warmer than here, where it is always summer, and there are lovely flowers. Only fly with me, you dear little Thumbelina, you who saved my life, when I lay frozen in the dark earthy passage."



"Yes, I will go with you!" said Thumbelina; and she seated herself on the bird's back, with her feet on his outspread wing, and bound her girdle fast to one of his strongest feathers; then the Swallow flew up into the air over forest and over sea, high up over the great mountains, where the snow always lies; and Thumbelina felt cold in the bleak

air, but then she hid under the bird's warm feathers, and only put out her little head to admire all the beauties beneath her.

At last they came to the warm countries. There the sun shone far brighter than here; the sky seemed twice as high; in ditches and on the hedges grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes; lemons and oranges hung in the woods; the air was fragrant with myrtles and balsams, and on the roads the loveliest children ran about, playing with gay butterflies. But the Swallow flew still farther, and it became more and more beautiful. Under the more glorious green trees by the blue lake stood a palace of dazzling white marble, from the olden time. Vines clustered around lofty pillars; at the top were many swallows' nests, and in one of these the Swallow lived who carried Thumbelina.

"That is my house," said the Swallow; "but it is not right that you should live there. It is not yet properly arranged by a great deal, and you will not be content with it. Select for yourself one of the splendid flowers which grow down yonder, then I will put you into it, and you shall have everything as nice as you can wish."

"That is capital," cried she, and clapped her little hands.

A great marble pillar lay there, which had fallen to the ground and had been broken into three pieces; but between these pieces grew the most beautiful great white flowers. The Swallow flew down with Thumbelina, and set her upon one of the broad leaves. But what was the little maid's surprise? There sat a little

man in the midst of the flower, as white and transparent as if he had been made of glass; he wore the neatest of gold crowns on his head, and the brightest wings on his shoulders; he himself was not bigger than Thumbelina. He was the Angel of the flower. In each of the flowers dwelt such a little man or woman, but this one was King over them all.

"Heavens! how beautiful he is!" whispered Thumbelina to the Swallow.

The little Prince was very much frightened at the Swallow, for it was quite a gigantic bird to him, who was so small. But when he saw Thumbelina, he became very glad; she was the prettiest maiden he had ever seen. Therefore he took off his golden crown, and put it on her head, asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and then she should be Queen of all the flowers. Now this was truly a different kind of man to the son of the Toad, and the Mole with the black velvet fur. She therefore said "Yes" to the charming Prince. And out of every flower came a lady or lord, so pretty to behold that it was a delight; each one brought Thumbelina a present, and the best gift was a pair of beautiful wings which had belonged to a great white fly; these were fastened to Thumbelina's

back, and now she could fly from flower to flower. Then there was much rejoicing; and the little Swallow sat above them in the nest, and was to sing the marriage song, which he accordingly did as well as he could; but yet in his heart he was sad, for he was so fond, Oh! so fond of Thumbelina, and would have liked never to part from her.

"You shall not be called Thumbelina," said the Flower Angel to her; "that is an ugly name, and you are too fair for it — we will call you Maia."

THE UGLY DUCKLING

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IT was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the cornfields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood. Here sat a Duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock, and cackle with her.

At last one eggshell after another burst open.

"Piep! piep" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap! rap!" they said; and they all came rapping out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world!" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father; the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that; can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find it out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendidly bright, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and then one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and there they were, all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how upright it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite, pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you; and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarrelling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you bustle about, and bow your heads before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood — that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast. Shake yourselves — don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up Duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks and say 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other Ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly:

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And — fie —! how that Duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to anyone."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the Duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be buffeted."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure. I wish she could alter it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother-Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may even

say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong; he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an Emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or walk; it was quite melancholy, because it looked ugly and was scoffed at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by everyone; even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew no farther; thus it came out into the great moor, where the Wild Ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Toward morning the Wild Ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is very indifferent to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! It certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp-water.

Thus it lay two whole days; then came thither two Wild Geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Rap!' You've a chance to make your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Piff! paff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all round the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the

trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came — splash, splash! — into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head, and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling! His tongue hung far out of his mouth and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and — splash, splash! — on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, silence was restored; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Toward evening the Duck came to a little miserable

peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not know on which side it should fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it; and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and it did so.

Here lived a woman, with her Tom Cat and her Hen. And the Tom Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy-shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Tom Cat began to purr, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. And the Tom Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and they always said "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the Tom Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Purr or lay eggs, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling, "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure, truly," quoth the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it — he's the cleverest animal I know — ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down: I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Tom Cat and the old woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and

be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold; yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening — the sun was just setting in his beauty — there came a whole flock of great handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly little Duckling felt quite strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the

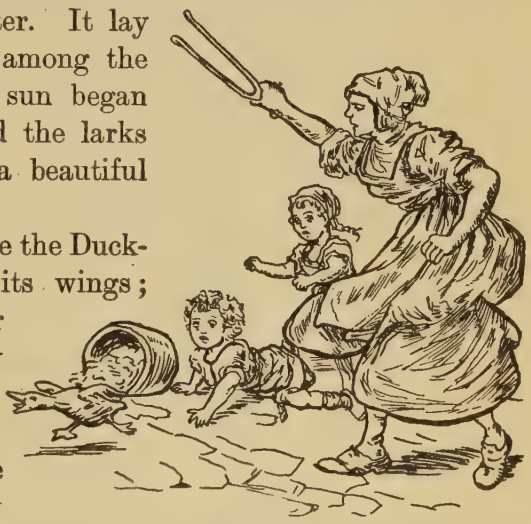
water like a wheel, stretched out its neck toward them, and uttered such a strange loud cry as frightened itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and so soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved anyone. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company — the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice-crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it; but the Duckling thought they would do it an injury, and in its terror fluttered up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clasped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal-barrel and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it

with the fire-tongs; the children tumbled over one another, in their efforts to catch the duckling; and they laughed and screamed finely! Happily the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs in the newly-fallen snow; and there it lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too melancholy if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing; it was a beautiful spring.



Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings; they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it strongly away; and before it well knew how all this had happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelt sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to

approach them. But it is of no consequence! Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry-yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam toward the beautiful swans: these looked at it, and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It beheld its own image — and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but — a swan.

It matters nothing if one was born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water; the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard

them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart:

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

THE QUERN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By P. C. ASBJORNSEN.

ONCE upon a time in the old, old days there were two brothers, one of whom was rich and the other poor. When Christmas Eve came the poor brother had not a morsel in the house, neither of meat nor bread; and so he went to his rich brother, and asked for a trifle for Christmas, in heaven's name. It was not the first time the brother had helped him, but he was always very close-fisted, and was not particularly glad to see him this time.

"If you'll do what I tell you, you shall have a whole ham," he said. The poor brother promised he would, and was very grateful into the bargain.

"There it is, and now go to the devil!" said the rich brother, and threw the ham across to him.

"Well, what I have promised I must keep," said the other one. He took the ham, and set out. He walked and walked the whole day, and as it was getting dark he came to a place where the lights were shining brightly. "This is most likely the place," thought the man with the ham.

In the woodshed stood an old man with a long white beard, cutting firewood for Christmas.

"Good-evening," said he with the ham.

"Good-evening to you," said the man. "Where are you going so late?"

"I am going to the devil — that is to say, if I am on the right way," answered the poor man.

"Yes, you are quite right; this is his place," said the old man. "When you get in they will all want to buy your ham, for ham is scarce food here; but you must not sell it unless you get the hand-quern, which stands just behind the door. When you come out again I'll teach you how to use it. You will find it useful in many ways."

The man with the ham thanked him for all the information and knocked at the door.

When he got in it happened just as the old man had said. All the imps, both big and small, flocked around him like ants in a field, and the one outbid the other for the ham.

"Well," said the man, "my good woman and I were to have it for Christmas Eve, but since you want it so badly I will let you have it. But if I am going to part with it, I want that hand-quern which stands behind the door."

The devil did not like to part with it, and higgled and haggled with the man, but he stuck to what he

had said, and in the end the devil had to part with the quern.

When the man came out he asked the old woodcutter how he was to use the quern, and when he had learned this, he thanked the old man and set out homeward, as quickly as he could; but after all he did not get home till the clock struck twelve on Christmas Eve.

"Where in all the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here have I been sitting, hour after hour, waiting and watching for you, and have not had as much as two chips to lay under the porridge pot."

"Well, I couldn't get back before," said the man.

"I have had a good many things to look after, and I've had a long way to walk as well; but now I'll show you something," said he, and he put the quern on the table. He asked it first to grind candles, then a cloth, and then food and beer, and everything else that was good for Christmas cheer; and as he spoke the quern brought them forth. The woman crossed herself time after time and wanted to know where her husband had got the quern from; but this he would not tell her.

"It does not matter where I got it from; you see the quern is good and the mill stream is not likely to freeze," said the man. So he ground food and drink and all good things during Christmas; and the third day he invited his friends, as he wanted to give them

a feast. When the rich brother saw all that was in the house he became both angry and furious, for he begrudged his brother everything.

"On Christmas Eve he was so needy that he came to me and asked for a trifle in heaven's name; and now he gives a feast, as if he were both a count and a king," said the brother. "Where did you get all your riches from?" he said to his brother.

"From just behind the door," he answered, for he did not care to tell his brother much about it. But later in the evening, when he had drank a little freely, he could no longer resist, but brought out the quern.

"There you see that which has brought me all my riches," he said, and so he let the quern grind first one thing and then another.

When the brother saw this he was determined to have the quern at all cost, and at last it was settled he should have it, but three hundred dollars was to be the price of it. The brother was, however, to keep it till the harvest began; "for if I keep it so long I can grind out food for many years to come," he thought.

During that time you may be sure the quern did not rust, and when the harvest began the rich brother got it; but the other had taken great care not to show him how to use it.

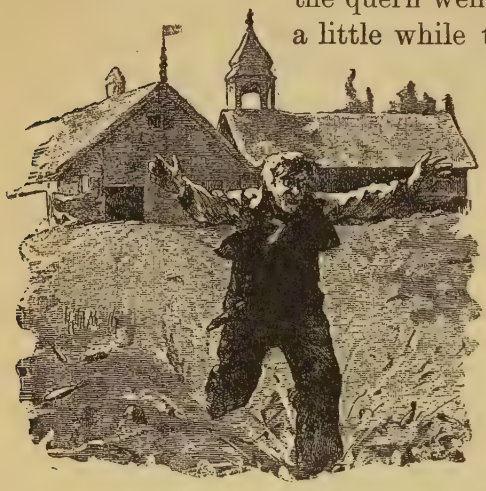
It was evening when the rich brother got the quern home, and in the morning he asked his wife to go out and help the haymakers; he would get the breakfast ready himself to-day, he said.

When it was near breakfast time he put the quern on the breakfast table.

"Grind herrings and broth, and do it quickly and

well," said the man, and the quern began to bring forth herrings and broth, and filled first all the dishes and tubs, and afterward began flooding the whole kitchen.

The man fiddled and fumbled and tried to stop the quern, but however much he twisted and fingered it, the quern went on grinding, and in a little while the broth reached so high that the man was very near drowning. He then pulled open the parlor door, but it was not long before the quern had filled the parlor also, and it was just in the very nick of time that the man put his hand down into the broth and got hold of the latch, and when he had got the door open, he was soon out of the parlor, you may be sure. He rushed out, and the herrings and the broth came pouring out after him, like a stream, down the fields and meadows.



The wife, who was out haymaking, now thought it took too long a time to get the breakfast ready.

"If my husband doesn't call us soon we must go home whether or no: I don't suppose he knows much about making broth, so I must go and help him," said the wife to the haymakers.

They began walking homeward, but when they had got a bit up the hill they met the stream of broth with

the herrings tossing about in it and the man himself running in front of it all.

"I wish all of you had a hundred stomachs each!" shouted the man; "but take care you don't get drowned." And he rushed past them as if the Evil One was at his heels, down to where his brother lived. He asked him for heaven's sake to take back the quern, and that at once; "if it goes on grinding another hour the whole parish will perish in broth and herrings," he said. But the brother would not take it back on any account before his brother had paid him three hundred dollars more, and this he had to do. The poor brother now had plenty of money, and before long he bought a farm much grander than the one on which his rich brother lived, and with the quern he ground so much gold that he covered the farmstead with gold plates, and, as it lay close to the shore, it glittered and shone far out at sea. All those who sailed past wanted to call and visit the rich man in the golden house, and everybody wanted to see the wonderful quern, for its fame had spread both far and wide, and there was no one who had not heard it spoken of.

After a long while there came a skipper who wanted to see the quern; he asked if it could grind salt. Yes, that it could, said he who owned it; and when the skipper heard this he wanted the quern by hook or by crook, cost what it might, for if he had it he thought he need not sail far away across dangerous seas for cargoes of salt.

At first the man did not want to part with it, but the skipper both begged and prayed, and at last he sold it and got many, many thousand dollars for it.

As soon as the skipper had got the quern on his back he did not stop long, for he was afraid the man would change his mind, and as for asking how to use it he had no time to do that; he made for his ship as quickly as he could, and when he had got out to sea a bit he had the quern brought up on deck.

"Grind salt, and that both quickly and well," said the skipper, and the quern began to grind out salt so that it spurted to all sides.

When the skipper had got the ship filled he wanted to stop the quern, but however much he tried and whatever he did the quern went on grinding, and the mound of salt grew higher and higher, and at last the ship sank.

There at the bottom of the sea stands the quern grinding till this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt.

LITTLE FRED AND HIS FIDDLE

By P. C. ASBJORNSEN.

ONCE upon a time there was a cottager who had an only son, and this lad was rather weak and always ailing, so he was not able to go out to work. His name was Fred, but being rather small for his age he was generally called Little Fred. At home there wasn't much to bite or to munch either, so his father went about the parish to get a place for him as a cowboy or an errand boy.

But nobody wanted a lad until the old man came to the bailiff of the parish; he would take him as he had just turned away his errand boy, and there was no one who cared to go to the bailiff, because every one said he was a stingy old miser. "Something is better than nothing," thought the father; in any case Fred would get his food, for that was all he was going to have from the bailiff. There wasn't a word said about clothes or wages.

But when the lad had been there three years he wanted to leave, and so the bailiff paid him his wages

for the time he had been with him. He was to have a penny a year. "It couldn't very well be less," said the bailiff, so he paid the lad three pennies altogether. Little Fred, however, thought it was a lot of money, because he had never owned so much before; but he asked if he wasn't going to have some more, for all that.

"You have got more than you ought to have," said the bailiff.

"Sha'n't I have anything for clothes, then?" said Little Fred. "Those I had on when I came here are now all in rags, and I haven't had any new ones from you. I have only rags and tatters flapping and dangling about me," said he.

"When you have got what you agreed upon, and the three pennies besides, I have nothing more to do with you," said the bailiff. But he might go out into the kitchen and get a little food in his knapsack, and then he started off along the road to town to buy clothes. He was both merry and glad, because he had never seen a penny before, and he couldn't help feeling in his pocket now and then to see if they were all three there.

So when he had gone far, and further than far, he came to a narrow valley with high mountains on all sides; so he didn't know which way to get on, and he began to wonder what there could be on the other side of the mountains and how he should get over them. But get over them he must, and so he started. He wasn't very strong, and had to rest now and then, and he would then count over his money to see how much he had.

When he got to the top of the mountain he found there was nothing but a great big moor. There he sat down, and was just going to see if he had his pennies all right when a beggar came up to him before he knew a thing about it; but the beggar was so tall and big that the lad began to scream when he really saw what a big and long fellow he was.

"Don't you be afraid of me," said the beggar; "I sha'n't hurt you. I only beg for a penny in heaven's name."

"God help me," said the lad; "I have only three pennies, and I was just going to town to buy some clothes with them."

"It is worse with me than with you," said the beggar; "I haven't got a penny, and I am still more ragged than you."

"Well, I suppose you must have it, then," said the lad.

When he had walked on a bit he became tired and sat down to take another rest. When he looked up there was a beggar again, but this one was much bigger and uglier than the first, and when the lad saw how big and ugly he was he began to scream.

"Don't be afraid of me; I sha'n't hurt you. I only beg for a penny in heaven's name," said the beggar.

"Well, God help me!" said the lad, "as true as I am here, I have only got two pennies, and I was just going to town to buy some clothes with them. If only I had met you sooner, I ——"

"It is worse with me than with you," said the beggar. "I haven't got a penny, and I have a much bigger body and less clothes."

"Well, I suppose you must have it then!" said the lad.

When he got a bit further he became tired and sat down to rest; but he had no sooner sat down than another beggar came to him; and he was so tall and big and ugly that when the lad was going to look up at him he had to look up to the sky, and then he could really see what a very big, ugly, ragged fellow he was. And the lad began screaming and shouting.

"Don't you be afraid of me, my lad," said the beggar; "I sha'n't hurt you, for I am only a poor beggar, who begs a penny in heaven's name."

"Well, God help me!" said the lad, "as true as I am here, I have only one penny left, and I was just going to town to buy some clothes with it. If I had only met you sooner, I——"

"Well, I haven't got a penny and I have a bigger body and less clothes, so it is worse with me than with you," said the beggar.

"Well, I suppose you must have the penny, then," said Little Fred. There was no help for it; now they had all had one each and he had none.

"Now since you have such a good heart and have given away all you had," said the beggar, "I will give you a wish for each penny." It was the same beggar who had got all the three pennies; he had only changed each time, so that the lad should not know him again.

"I have always been wishing to hear the fiddle playing, and see people so merry and happy that they had to dance," said the lad; "so if I may wish what I like

I wish I had such a fiddle as would make everything that is alive dance to its tune."

"That you may have," said the beggar; "but it is a poor wish. You must wish something better for the other pennies."

"I have always been fond of hunting and shooting," said Little Fred; "so if I may wish what I like, I wish I had a gun that would hit everything I aim at, if it were ever so far off."

"That you may have," said the beggar; "but it is a poor wish. You must wish something better for the last penny."

"I have always liked to be in company with kind and good people," said Little Fred; "so if I may wish what I like, I wish that no one can refuse me the first thing I ask."

"That wasn't such a bad wish," said the beggar, and strolled off among the hills till the lad couldn't see him any more. So the lad lay down to sleep, and the next day he came down from the mountains with his fiddle and his gun.

First he went to the storekeeper and asked for clothes, and at one farm he asked for a horse, and at another for a sledge, and at one place he asked for a fur coat, and no one could say "No" to him; even the most stingy people had to give him what he asked for. At last he travelled through the parish like a fine gentleman with his horse and sledge. When he had gone some distance he met the bailiff he had served.

"Good-day, master!" said Little Fred, as he stopped and took off his cap.

"Good-day!" said the bailiff; "have I been your master?"

"Yes, don't you recollect that I served three years with you for three pennies?" said Little Fred.

"Dear me!" said the bailiff, "how you have got on! How is it you have become such a grand fellow?"

"Ah, you think so, do you?" said the youngster.

"And you seem to be so merry that you must have a fiddle with you as well," said the bailiff.

"Yes, I always liked to see people dance," said the lad; "but the finest thing I have is this gun of mine. It hits everything I aim at, if it is ever so far off. Do you see that magpie in the fir-tree yonder? What will you wager I don't hit it from where we are now standing?"

The bailiff would willingly have staked both his horse and farm and a hundred dollars beside, that he couldn't hit it. But as it was he would stake all the money he had in his pocket, and wouldn't mind fetching the magpie when it fell down, because he never believed it was possible a gun could reach so far. Off went the gun and down fell the magpie right in the middle of a lot of brambles. The bailiff ran right in among the brambles after the magpie, picked it up and showed it to the lad. But just at that moment Little Fred took his fiddle out and began playing, and the bailiff began to dance, and danced away while the thorns were tearing his clothes; but the lad went on playing, and the bailiff danced and cried and begged for himself till the rags flew about him and till he had scarcely a thread to his back.

"Well, now, I think you are almost as ragged as I

was when I left your service," said the lad, "so now you may go." But first the bailiff had to pay the wager he had lost, that the boy couldn't hit the magpie.

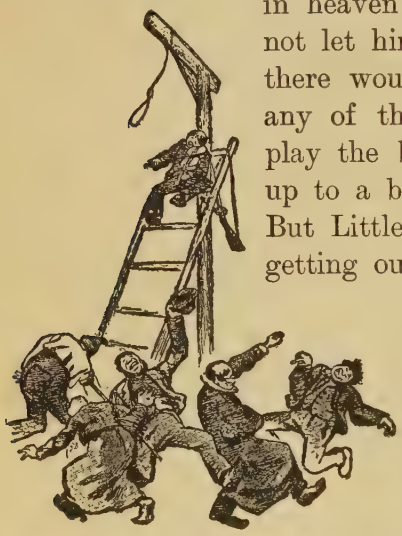
When the lad came to town he went into an inn, and began playing, and all who came there had to dance. And he lived on merrily and well, for he had no cares, since no one could say "No" to him when he asked for anything.

But just as they were in the middle of the fun the watchman came to take the lad up before the magistrate, for the bailiff had complained about him and charged him with having waylaid and robbed him and nearly taken his life; and now the lad was going to be hanged — there was no help for it.

But Little Fred had the means of getting out of all trouble, and that was the fiddle. He began to play on it, and then you should have seen how the watchmen danced away, till they fell down and gasped for breath.

So they sent soldiers and the guard, but it fared no better with them than the watchman. When Little Fred took out his fiddle, they had to dance as long as he was able to play on it, but they were done for long before he was tired. At last they came unawares upon him and took him while he was asleep at night, and when he was brought up he was sentenced to be hanged at once, and away they all went to the gallows. There was such a crowd of people to see this wonderful lad, and the bailiff was there too; he was so pleased, because he was to get amends both for his money and his skin, and see the lad hanged into the bargain; but it took a long time before they came to the gallows, because Little Fred was always weak on his legs, and

now he made himself still worse. He had brought with him his fiddle and his gun, as they could not get him to part with them, and when he came to the gallows and was going to mount the ladder, he halted and rested himself on each step. When he got to the top of the ladder he sat down and asked if they would not grant him one thing; he had such a wish to play a tune — just a little bit of a tune — on his fiddle before he was hanged. "Well," they said, "it were both sin and shame to deny him that;" for you see they could not say "No" to what he asked for. But the bailiff asked in heaven's name that they would not let him touch a string, or else there would not be much left of any of them. If the lad was to play the bailiff wanted to be tied up to a birch tree that stood there. But Little Fred was not long about getting out his fiddle and playing on it, and then all that were there began dancing, both those that went on two legs and those that went on four, both the deacon and the parson, the judge and the sheriff, men and women, dogs and swine; they danced and screamed the one louder than the other. Some danced till they dropped down dead, some danced till they fell down in fits. All had a terrible time of it, but worst of all the poor bailiff who was tied up to the birch tree, and was dancing away till he scraped great



bits of skin off his back. There was no one who thought of doing anything to Little Fred after that, and they let him go with his gun and his fiddle where he liked. He lived happy all his days, for there was no one who could say "No" to the first thing he asked for.

THE COCK AND THE FOX

By P. C. ASBJORNSEN.

THERE was once a cock who stood on a dunghill, crowing and flapping his wings.

A fox just then came strolling by.

"Good-day," said the fox; "that's a very fine crow, but can you stand on one leg and crow with your eyes shut, as your father did?"

"I can easily do that," said the cock, and stood on one leg and crowed. But he only shut one eye, and then he strutted about flapping his wings as if he had done something grand.

"That was very nice," said the fox; "almost as nice as when the parson chants in church; but can you stand on one leg and crow with both your eyes shut at the same time? I scarcely think you can," said Reynard. "No; that father of yours, he was really wonderful."

"Oh, I can do that as well," said the cock, and began to crow standing on one leg and closing both his eyes, when all of a sudden the fox made a dash at him, caught him by the neck, and slung him across his back, and before he had finished his crow Reynard

had set off with him for the forest as quickly as he could.

When they got under an old pine tree Reynard threw the cock down, put his paw on his breast, and was going to help himself to a tasty bit.

"You are not so pious as your father, Reynard," said the cock; "he always crossed himself and said grace before his meals."

Reynard thought he ought to show a little piety, so he let go his hold and was just going to say grace when up flew the cock and settled in the tree above.

"I'll get even with you yet," said the fox to himself, and went off. He soon returned with a couple of chippings which the woodcutters had left behind.

The cock kept peeping and peering to see what it could be.

"What have you got there?" he said.

"Oh, some letters I have got from the Pope in Rome," said the fox. "Won't you help me to read them, for I am getting rather shortsighted myself?"

"I would with pleasure, but I dare not just now," said the cock; "there is a man coming along with a gun; I see him from behind the tree — I see him!"

When the fox heard the cock prating about a man with a gun he took to his heels as fast as he could.

That time it was the cock who outwitted Reynard.

SYLVAIN AND JOCOSA

By THE COMTE DE CAYLUS.

NCE upon a time there lived in the same village two children, one called Sylvain and the other Jocosa, who were both remarkable for beauty and intelligence. It happened that their parents were not on terms of friendship with one another, on account of some old quarrel which had taken place so long ago that they had quite forgotten what it was all about, and only kept up the feud from force of habit. Sylvain and Jocosa for their parts were far from sharing this enmity, and indeed were never happy when apart. Day after day they fed their flocks of sheep together, and spent the long sunshiny hours in playing or resting upon some shady bank.

It happened one day that the fairy of the meadows passed by and saw them, and was so much attracted by their pretty faces and gentle manners that she took them under her protection, and the older they grew the dearer they became to her. At first she showed her interest by leaving in their favorite haunts many little gifts such as they delighted to offer one to the other, for they loved each other so much that their first

thought was always, "What will Jocosa like?" or "What will please Sylvain?" And the fairy took a great delight in their innocent enjoyment of the cakes and sweetmeats she gave them nearly every day.

When they were grown up she resolved to make herself known to them, and chose a time when they were sheltering from the noonday sun in the deep shade of a flowery hedgerow. They were startled at first by the sudden apparition of a tall and slender lady dressed all in green and crowned with a garland of flowers. But when she spoke to them sweetly and told them how she had always loved them, and that it was she who had given them all the pretty things which it had so surprised them to find, they thanked her gratefully and took pleasure in answering the questions she put to them. When she presently bade them farewell, she told them never to tell any one else that they had seen her. "You will often see me again," added she, "and I shall be with you frequently, even when you do not see me." So saying she vanished, leaving them in a state of great wonder and excitement. After this she came often, and taught them numbers of things and showed them many of the marvels of her beautiful kingdom, and at last one day she said to them:

"You know that I have always been kind to you. Now I think it is time you did something for me in your turn. You both remember the fountain I call my favorite? Promise me that every morning before the sun rises you will go to it and clear away every stone that impedes its course and every dead leaf or broken twig that sullies its clear waters. I shall take it as a proof of your gratitude to me if you neither forget nor

delay this duty, and I promise that so long as the sun's earliest rays find my favorite spring the clearest and sweetest in all my meadows you two shall not be parted from one another."

Sylvain and Jocosa willingly undertook this service, and indeed felt that it was but a very small thing in return for all that the fairy had given and promised to them. So for a long time the fountain was tended with the most scrupulous care and was the clearest and prettiest in all the country round. But one morning in the spring, long before the sun rose, they were hastening toward it from opposite directions, when, tempted by the beauty of the myriads of gay flowers which grew thickly on all sides, they paused each to gather some for the other.

"I will make Sylvain a garland," said Jocosa, and "How pretty Jocosa will look in this crown!" thought Sylvain.

Hither and thither they strayed, led ever further and further, for the brightest flowers seemed always just beyond them, until at last they were startled by the first bright rays of the rising sun. With one accord they turned and ran toward the fountain, reaching it at the same moment, though from opposite sides. But what was their horror to see its usually tranquil waters seething and bubbling, and even as they looked down rushed a mighty stream, which entirely ingulfed it, and Sylvain and Jocosa found themselves parted by a wide and swiftly rushing river.

All this had happened with such rapidity that they had only time to utter a cry and each to hold up to the other the flowers they had gathered; but this was ex-

planation enough. Twenty times did Sylvain throw himself into the turbulent waters, hoping to be able to swim to the other side, but each time an irresistible force drove him back upon the bank he had just quitted, while as for Jocosa, she even essayed to cross the flood upon a tree which came floating down torn up by the roots, but her efforts were equally useless. Then with heavy hearts they set out to follow the course of the stream, which had now grown so wide that it was only with difficulty they could distinguish each other.

Night and day, over mountains and through valleys, in cold or in heat, they struggled on, enduring fatigue and hunger and every hardship, and consoled only by the hope of meeting once more, until three years had passed, and at last they stood upon the cliffs where the river flowed into the mighty sea.

And now they seemed further apart than ever, and in despair they tried once more to throw themselves into the foaming waves. But the fairy of the meadows, who had really never ceased to watch over them, did not intend that they should be drowned at last, so she hastily waved her wand, and immediately they found themselves standing side by side upon the golden sand. You may imagine their joy and delight when they realized that their weary struggle was ended, and their utter contentment as they clasped each other by the hand. They had so much to say that they hardly knew where to begin, but they agreed in blaming themselves bitterly for the negligence which had caused all their trouble; and when she heard this the fairy immediately appeared to them. They threw themselves at her feet and implored her forgiveness, which she granted

freely, and promised at the same time that now their punishment was ended she would always befriend them.

Then she sent for her chariot of green rushes, ornamented with May dew-drops, which she particularly valued and always collected with great care; and ordered her six short-tailed moles to carry them all back to the well-known pastures, which they did in a remarkably short time; and Sylvain and Jocosa were overjoyed to see their dearly loved home once more after all their toilful wanderings. The fairy, who had set her mind upon securing their happiness, had in their absence quite made up the quarrel between their parents and gained their consent to the marriage of the faithful lovers; and now she conducted them to the most charming little cottage that can be imagined, close to the fountain, which had once more resumed its peaceful aspect and flowed gently down into the little brook which inclosed the garden and orchard and pasture which belonged to the cottage. Indeed, nothing more could have been thought of, either for Sylvain and Jocosa or for their flocks; and their delight satisfied even the fairy who had planned it all to please them. When they had explored and admired until they were tired they sat down to rest under the rose-covered porch, and the fairy said that to pass the time until the wedding-guests whom she had invited could arrive she would tell them a story. This is it:

THE YELLOW BIRD.

Once upon a time a fairy, who had somehow or other got into mischief, was condemned by the high

court of Fairyland to live for several years under the form of some creature, and at the moment of resuming her natural appearance once again to make the fortune of two men. It was left to her to choose what form she would take, and because she loved yellow she transformed herself into a lovely bird with shining golden feathers such as no one had ever seen before. When the time of her punishment was at an end the beautiful yellow bird flew to Bagdad and let herself be caught by a fowler at the precise moment when Badi-al-Zaman was walking up and down outside his magnificent summer palace. This Badi-al-Zaman — whose name means "Wonder-of-the-World" — was looked upon in Bagdad as the most fortunate creature under the sun because of his vast wealth. But really, what with anxiety about his riches and being weary of everything, and always desiring something he had not, he never knew a moment's real happiness. Even now he had come out of his palace, which was large and splendid enough for fifty kings, weary and cross because he could find nothing new to amuse him. The fowler thought that this would be a favorable opportunity for offering him the marvellous bird, which he felt certain he would buy the instant he saw it. And he was not mistaken, for when Badi-al-Zaman took the lovely prisoner into his own hands, he saw written under its right wing the words, "He who eats my head will become a king," and under its left wing, "He who eats my heart will find a hundred gold-pieces under his pillow every morning." In spite of all his wealth he at once began to desire the promised gold, and the bargain was soon completed. Then the diffi-

culty arose as to how the bird was to be cooked; for among all his army of servants not one could Badi-al-Zaman trust. At last he asked the fowler if he were married, and on hearing that he was he made him take the bird home with him and tell his wife to cook it.

"Perhaps," said he, "this will give me an appetite, which I have not had for many a long day, and if so your wife shall have a hundred pieces of silver."

The fowler with great joy ran home to his wife, who speedily made a savory stew of the yellow bird. But when Badi-al-Zaman reached the cottage and began eagerly to search in the dish for its head and its heart he could not find either of them, and turned to the fowler's wife in a furious rage. She was so terrified that she fell upon her knees before him and confessed that her two children had come in just before he arrived, and had so teased her for some of the dish she was preparing that she had presently given the head to one and the heart to the other, since these morsels are not generally much esteemed; and Badi-al-Zaman rushed from the cottage vowing vengeance against the whole family.

The wrath of a rich man is generally to be feared, so the fowler and his wife resolved to send their chil-

dren out of harm's way; but the wife, to console her husband, confided to him that she had purposely given them the head and heart of the bird because she had been able to read what was written under its wings. So, believing that their children's fortunes were made, they embraced them and sent them forth, bidding them get as far away as possible, to take different roads, and to send news of their welfare. For themselves, they remained hidden and disguised in the town, which was really rather clever of them; but very soon afterward Badi-al-Zaman died of vexation and annoyance at the loss of the promised treasure, and then they went back to their cottage to wait for news of their children.

The younger, who had eaten the heart of the yellow bird, very soon found out what it had done for him, for each morning when he awoke he found a purse containing a hundred gold-pieces under his pillow. But, as all poor people may remember for their consolation, nothing in the world causes so much trouble or requires so much care as a great treasure. Consequently, the fowler's son, who spent with reckless profusion and was supposed to be possessed of a great hoard of gold, was before very long attacked by robbers, and in trying to defend himself was so badly wounded that he died.

The elder brother, who had eaten the yellow bird's head, travelled a long way without meeting with any particular adventure, until at last he reached a large city in Asia, which was all in an uproar over the choosing of a new emir. All the principal citizens had formed themselves into two parties, and it was not

until after a prolonged squabble that they agreed that the person to whom the most singular thing happened should be emir. Our young traveller entered the town at this juncture, with his agreeable face and jaunty air, and all at once felt something alight upon his head, which proved to be a snow-white pigeon. Thereupon all the people began to stare and to run after him, so that he presently reached the palace with the pigeon upon his head and all the inhabitants of the city at his heels, and before he knew where he was they made him emir, to his great astonishment.

As there is nothing more agreeable than to command, and nothing to which people get accustomed more quickly, the young emir soon felt quite at his ease in his new position; but this did not prevent him from making every kind of mistake, and so misgoverning the kingdom that at last the whole city rose in revolt and deprived him at once of his authority and his life — a punishment which he richly deserved, for in the days of his prosperity he disowned the fowler and his wife and allowed them to die in poverty.

"I have told you this story, my dear Sylvain and Jocosa," added the fairy, "to prove to you that this little cottage and all that belongs to it is a gift more likely to bring you happiness and contentment than many things that would at first seem grander and more desirable. If you will faithfully promise me to till your fields and feed your flocks, and will keep your word better than you did before, I will see that you never lack anything that is really for your good."

Sylvain and Jocosa gave their faithful promise, and as they kept it they always enjoyed peace and prosperity. The fairy had asked all their friends and neighbors to their wedding, which took place at once with great festivities and rejoicings, and they lived to a good old age, always loving one another with all their hearts.

OH

A COSSACK FAIRY TALE.

HE olden times were not like the times we live in. In the olden times all manner of evil powers walked abroad. The world itself was not then as it is now: now there are no such evil powers among us. I'll tell you a tale of Oh, the King of the Forest, that you may know what manner of being he was.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, beyond the times that we can call to mind, ere yet our great-grandfathers or their grandfathers had been born into the world, there lived a poor man and his wife, and they had one only son, who was not as an only son ought to be to his old father and mother. So idle and lazy was that only son that heaven help him! He would do nothing, he would not even fetch water from the well, but lay on the stove all day long and rolled among the warm cinders. Although he was now twenty years old, he would sit on the stove without any trousers on, and nothing would make him come down. If they gave him anything to eat, he ate it; and if they didn't give him anything to eat, he did without. His father and mother fretted sorely because of him, and said:

"What are we to do with thee, O son? for thou art

good for nothing. Other people's children are a stay and a support to their parents, but thou art but a fool and doth consume our bread for nought."

But it was of no use at all. He would do nothing but sit on the stove and play with the cinders. So his father and his mother grieved over him for many a long day, and at last his mother said to his father:

"What is to be done with our son? Thou dost see that he has grown up and yet is of no use to us, and he is so foolish that we can do nothing with him. Look now, if we can send him away, let us send him away; if we can hire him out let us hire him out; perchance other folks may be able to do more with him than we can."

So his father and mother laid their heads together, and sent him to a tailor's to learn tailoring. There he remained three days, but then he ran away home, climbed up on the stove, and again began playing with the cinders. His father then gave him a sound drubbing and sent him to a cobbler's to learn cobbling, but again he ran away home. His father gave him another drubbing and sent him to a blacksmith to learn smith's work. But there, too, he did not remain long but ran away home again, so what was that poor father to do?

"I'll tell thee what I'll do with thee, thou son of a dog!" said he; "I'll take thee, thou lazy lout, into another kingdom. There, perchance, they will be able to teach thee better than they can here, and it will be too far to run away from."

So he took him and set out on his journey.

They went on and on, they went a short way and they went a long way, and at last they came to a forest so dark that they could see neither earth nor sky. They went through this forest, but in a short time they grew very tired, and when they came to a path leading to a clearing full of large tree-stumps, the father said:

"I am so tired out that I will rest here a little," and with that he sat down on a tree-stump and cried:

"Oh, how tired I am!"

He had no sooner said these words than out of the tree-stump, nobody could say how, sprang such a little little old man, all so wrinkled and puckered, and his beard was quite green and reached right down to his knee.

"What dost thou want of me, O man?" he asked.

The man was amazed at the strangeness of his coming to light, and said to him:

"I did not call thee; begone!"

"How canst thou say that when thou didst call me?" asked the little old man.

"Who art thou, then?" asked the father.

"I am Oh, the King of the Woods," replied the old man; "why didst thou call me, I say?"

"Away with thee, I did not call thee," said the man.

"What! thou didst not call me when thou saidst 'Oh'?"

"I was tired, and therefore I said 'Oh!'" replied the man.

"Whither art thou going?" asked Oh.

"The wide world lies before me," sighed the man. "I am taking this scurvy blockhead of mine to hire

"What dost Thou want of Me, O Man?"

him out to somebody or other. Perchance other people may be able to knock more sense into him than we can at home; but send him whither we will, he always comes running home again!"

"Hire him out to me. I'll warrant I'll teach him," said Oh.

"Yet I'll only take him on one condition. Thou shalt come back for him when a year has run, and if thou dost know him again, thou mayest take him; but if thou dost not know him again, he shall serve another year with me."

"Good!" cried the man.

So they shook hands upon it, had a right-down good drink to clinch the bargain, and the man went back to his own home, while Oh took the son away with him.

Oh took the son away with him, and they passed into the other world, the world beneath the earth, and came to a green hut woven out of rushes, and in this hut everything was green; the walls were green, and the benches were green, and Oh's wife was green, and his children were green — in fact, everything there was green. And Oh had water-nixies for serving maids, and they were all as green as rue.

"Sit down now!" said Oh to his new laborer, "and have a bit of something to eat."

The nixies then brought him some food, and that was also green, and he ate of it.

"And now," said Oh, "take my laborer into the courtyard, that he may chop wood and draw water."

So they took him into the courtyard; but instead of chopping any wood he lay down and went to sleep. Oh came out to see how he was getting on, and there he lay a-snoring. Then Oh seized him, and bade them bring wood and tied his laborer fast to the wood, and set the wood on fire till the laborer was burned to ashes. Then Oh took the ashes, and scattered them to the four winds; but a single piece of burned coal fell from out of the ashes, and this coal he sprinkled with living water, whereupon the laborer immediately stood there alive again, and somewhat handsomer and stronger than before. Oh again bade him chop wood, but again he went to sleep. Then Oh again tied him to the wood, and burned him, and scattered the ashes to the four winds, and sprinkled the remnant of the coal with living water, and instead of the loutish clown there stood up there such a handsome and stalwart Cossack that the like of him can neither be imagined nor described, but only told of in tales.

There, then, the lad remained for a year, and at the end of the year the father came for his son. He came to the self-same charred stumps in the self-same forest, sat him down, and said:

"Oh!"

Oh immediately came out of the charred stump, and said:

"Hail! O man!"

"Hail to thee, Oh!"

"And what dost thou want, O man?" asked Oh.

"I have come," said he, "for my son."

"Well, come, then! If thou dost know him again thou shalt take him away; but if thou dost not know him he shall serve with me yet another year."

So the man went with Oh. They came to his hut, and Oh took whole handfuls of millet and scattered it about, and myriads of cocks came running up and pecking it.

"Well, dost thou know thy son again?" said Oh.

The man stared and stared. There was nothing but cocks, and one cock was just like another. He could not pick out his son.

"Well," said Oh, "as thou dost not know him, go home again; this year thy son must remain in my service."

So the man went home again.

The second year passed away, and the man again went to Oh. He came to the charred stumps, and said "Oh!" and Oh popped out of the tree-stump again.

"Come!" said he, "and see if thou canst recognize him now."

Then he took him to a sheep-pen, and there were rows and rows of rams, and one ram was just like another. The man stared and stared, but he could not pick out his son.

"Thou mayest as well go home, then," said Oh; "but thy son shall live with me yet another year."

So the man went away, sad at heart.

The third year also passed away, and the man came again to find Oh. He went on and on, till there met him an old man all as white as milk, and the raiment of this old man was glistening white.

"Hail to thee, O man!" said he.

"Hail to thee also, my father!"

"Whither doth God lead thee?"

"I am going to free my son from Oh."

"How so?"

Then the man told the old white father how he had hired out his son to Oh and under what conditions.

"Ay, ay!" said the old white father, "'tis a vile pagan thou hast to deal with; he will lead thee about by the nose for a long time."

"Yes," said the man, "I perceive that he is a vile pagan; but I know not what in the world to do with him. Canst thou not tell me then, dear father, how I may recover my son?"

"Yes, I can," said the old man.

"Then prythee tell me, darling father, and I'll pray for thee to God all my life, for though he has not been much of a son to me, he is still my own flesh and blood."

"Hearken, then!" said the old man; "when thou dost go to Oh, he will let loose a multitude of doves before thee, but choose not one of these doves. The dove thou shalt choose must be the one that comes not out, but remains sitting beneath the pear tree pruning its feathers; that will be thy son." Then the man thanked the old white father and went on.

He came to the charred stumps. "Oh!" cried he, and out came Oh and led him to his sylvan realm. There Oh scattered about handfuls of wheat and called his doves, and there flew down such a multitude of them that there were no counting them, and one dove was just like another. "Dost thou recognize thy son?"

asked Oh. "An thou knowest him again, he is thine; an thou knowest him not, he is mine."

Now all the doves there were pecking at the wheat, all but one that sat alone beneath the pear tree, sticking out his breast and pruning its feathers.

"That is my son," said the man.

"Since thou hast guessed him, take him," replied Oh.

Then the father took the dove, and immediately it changed into a handsome young man, and a handsomer was not to be found in the wide world. The father rejoiced greatly and embraced and kissed him.

"Let us go home, my son!" said he. So they went.

As they went along the road together they fell a-talking, and his father asked him how he had fared at Oh's. The son told him. Then the father told the son what he had suffered, and it was the son's turn to listen. Furthermore the father said: "What shall we do now, my son? I am poor and thou art poor; hast thou served these three years and earned nothing?"

"Grieve not, dear dad, all will come right in the end. Look! there are some young nobles hunting after a fox. I will turn myself into a greyhound and catch the fox, then the young noblemen will want to buy me of thee, and thou must sell me to them for three hundred rubles — only, mind thou sell me without a chain; then we shall have lots of money at home, and will live happily together!"

They went on and on, and there, on the borders of a forest, some hounds were chasing a fox. They chased it and chased it, but the fox kept on escaping, and the hounds could not run it down. Then the son changed

himself into a greyhound, and ran down the fox and killed it. The noblemen thereupon came galloping out of the forest.

"Is that thy greyhound?"

"It is."

"'Tis a good dog; wilt sell it to us?"

"Bid for it!"

"What dost thou require?"

"Three hundred rubles without a chain."

"What do we want with thy chain, we would give him a chain of gold. Say a hundred rubles!"

"Nay!"

"Then take thy money and give us the dog." They counted down the money and took the dog and set off hunting. They sent the dog after another fox. Away he went after it and chased it right into the forest, but then he turned into a youth again and rejoined his father.

They went on and on, and his father said to him:

"What use is this money to us after all? It is barely enough to begin housekeeping with and repair our hut."

"Grieve not, dear dad, we shall get more still. Over yonder are some young noblemen hunting quails with falcons. I will change myself into a falcon, and thou must sell me to them; only sell me for three hundred rubles, and without a hood."

They went into the plain, and there were some young noblemen casting their falcon at a quail. The falcon pursued but always fell short of the quail, and the quail always eluded the falcon. The son then changed himself into a falcon and immediately struck

down its prey. The young noblemen saw it and were astonished.

"Is that thy falcon?"

"'Tis mine."

"Sell it to us, then!"

"Bid for it!"

"What dost thou want for it?"

"If ye give three hundred rubles, ye may take it, but it must be without the hood."

"As if we want thy hood! We'll make for it a hood worthy of a Czar." So they higgled and haggled, but at last they gave him the three hundred rubles. Then the young nobles sent the falcon after another quail, and it flew and flew till it beat down its prey; but then he became a youth again, and went on with his father.

"How shall we manage to live with so little?" said the father.

"Wait awhile, dad, and we shall have still more," said the son. "When we pass through the fair I'll change myself into a horse, and thou must sell me. They will give thee a thousand rubles for me, only sell me without a halter." So when they got to the next little town where they were holding a fair, the son changed himself into a horse, a horse as supple as a serpent, and so fiery that it was dangerous to approach him. The father led the horse along by the halter, it pranced about and struck sparks from the ground with its hoofs. Then the horse-dealers came together and began to bargain for it.

"A thousand rubles down," said he, "and you may have it, but without the halter."

"What do we want with thy halter? we will make for it a silver-gilt halter. Come, we'll give thee five hundred!"

"No!" said he.

Then up there came a gipsy, blind of one eye.

"O man! what dost thou want for that horse?" said he.

"A thousand rubles without the halter."

"Nay, but that is dear, little father! Wilt thou not take five hundred with the halter?"

"No, not a bit of it!"

"Take six hundred, then!"

Then the gipsy began higgling and haggling, but the man would not give way.

"Come, sell it!" said he, "with the halter."

"No, thou gipsy, I have a liking for that halter."

"But, my good man, when didst thou ever see them sell a horse without a halter? How then can one lead him off?"

"Nevertheless, the halter must remain mine."

"Look now, my father, I'll give thee five rubles extra, only I must have the halter."

The old man fell a thinking. "A halter of this kind is worth but five cents, and the gipsy offers me five rubles for it; let him have it."

So they clinched the bargain with a good drink, and the old man went home with the money, and the gipsy walked off with the horse. But it was not really a gipsy, but Oh, who had taken the shape of a gipsy.

Then Oh rode off on the horse, and the horse carried him higher than the trees of the forest, but lower than

the clouds of the sky. At last they sank down among the woods and came to Oh's hut, and Oh went into his hut and left his horse outside on the steppe.

"This son of a dog shall not escape from my hands so quickly a second time," said he to his wife.

And at dawn Oh took the horse by the bridle and led it away to the river to water it. But no sooner did the horse get to the river and bend down its head to drink than it turned into a perch and began swimming away. Oh, without more ado, turned himself into a pike and pursued the perch. But just as the pike was almost up with it, the perch gave a sudden twist and stuck out its spiky fins and turned its tail toward the pike, so that the pike could not lay hold of it. So when the pike came up to it, it said:

"Perch! perch! turn thy head toward me, I want to have a chat with thee!"

"I can hear thee very well as I am, dear cousin, if thou art inclined to chat," said the perch.

So off they set again, and again the pike overtook the perch.

"Perch! perch! turn thy head round toward me, I want to have a chat with thee!"

Then the perch stuck out its bristly fins again and said:

"If thou dost wish to have a chat, dear cousin, I can hear thee just as well as I am."

So the pike kept on pursuing the perch, but it was of no use. At last the perch swam ashore, and there was a Czarivna whittling an ash twig. The perch changed itself into a gold ring set with garnets, and the Czarivna saw it and fished up the ring out of the

water. Full of joy she took it home, and said to her father:

"Look, dear papa! what a nice ring I have found!"

The Czar kissed her, but the Czarivna did not know which finger it would suit best, it was so lovely.

About the same time they told the Czar that a certain merchant had come to the palace. It was Oh, who had changed himself into a merchant. The Czar went out to him and said:

"What dost thou want, old man?"

"I was sailing on the sea in my ship," said Oh, "and carrying to the Czar of my own land a precious garnet ring, and this ring I dropped into the water. Has any of thy servants perchance found this precious ring?"

"No, but my daughter has," said the Czar.

So they called the damsel, and Oh began to beg her to give it back to him, "for I may not live in this world if I bring not the ring," said he. But it was of no avail, she would not give it up. Then the Czar himself spoke to her.

"Nay, but, darling daughter, give it up, lest misfortune befall this man because of us; give it up, I say!"

Then Oh begged and prayed her yet more, and said:

"Take what thou wilt of me, only give me back the ring."

"Nay, then!" said the Czarivna, "it shall be neither mine nor thine," and with that she pitched the ring upon the ground, and the ring turned into a heap of millet-seed and scattered all about the floor.

Then Oh, without more ado, changed into a cock, and began pecking up all the millet-seed. He pecked and pecked till he had pecked it all up. Yet there was

one single little grain of millet which rolled right beneath the feet of the Czarivna, and that he did not see. When he had done pecking he got upon the window-sill, opened his wings, and flew right away.

But the one remaining grain of millet-seed turned into a most beauteous youth, a youth so beauteous that when the Czarivna beheld him she fell in love with him on the spot, and begged the Czar and Czaritsa right piteously to let her have him as her husband.

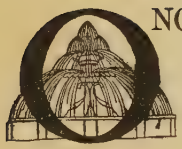
"With no other shall I ever be happy," said she, "my happiness is in him alone!"

For a long time the Czar wrinkled his brows at the thought of giving his daughter to a simple youth; but at last he gave them his blessing, and they crowned them with bridal wreaths, and all the world was bidden to the wedding feast. And I too was there, and my heart rejoiced within me.

THE ENCHANTED CANARY

By CHARLES DEULIN.

CHAPTER I.



ONCE upon a time, in the reign of King Gambrinus, there lived at Avesnes one of his lords, who was the finest man — by which I mean the fattest — in the whole country of Flanders. He ate four meals a day, slept twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and the only thing he ever did was to shoot at small birds with his bow and arrow.

Still, with all his practice he shot very badly, he was so fat and heavy, and as he grew daily fatter, he was at last obliged to give up walking, and be dragged about in a wheel-chair, and the people made fun of him, and gave him the name of my Lord Tubby.

Now, the only trouble that Lord Tubby had was about his son, whom he loved very much, although they were not in the least alike, for the young prince was as thin as a cuckoo. And what vexed him more than all was, that though the young ladies throughout all his lands did their best to make the prince fall in love with them, he would have nothing to say to any of them, and told his father he did not wish to marry.

Instead of chatting with them in the dusk, he wandered about the woods, whispering to the moon. No wonder the young ladies thought him very odd, but they liked him all the better for that; and as he had received at his birth the name of Désiré, they all called him l'Amour Désiré.

"What is the matter with you?" his father often said to him. "You have everything you can possibly wish for: a good bed, good food, and tuns full of beer. The only thing you want, in order to become as fat as a pig, is a wife that can bring you broad, rich lands. So marry, and you will be perfectly happy."

"I ask nothing better than to marry," replied Désiré, "but I have never seen a woman that pleases me. All the girls here are pink and white, and I am tired to death of their eternal lilies and roses."

"My faith!" cried Tubby; "do you want to marry a negress, and give me grandchildren as ugly as monkeys and as stupid as owls?"

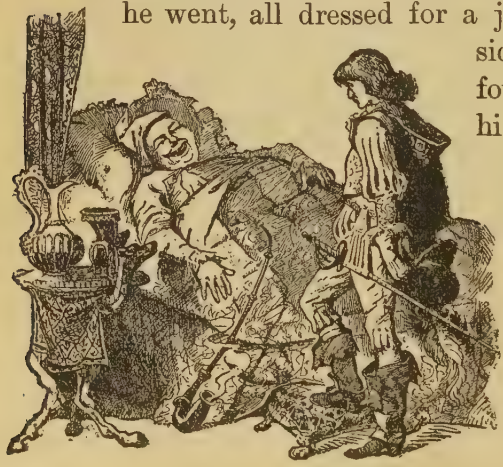
"No, father, nothing of the sort. But there must be women somewhere in the world who are neither pink nor white, and I tell you, once for all, that I will never marry until I have found one exactly to my taste."

CHAPTER II.

SOME time afterward, it happened that the prior of the Abbey of Saint Amand sent to the Lord of Avesnes a basket of oranges, with a beautifully written letter saying that these golden fruit, then unknown in Flanders, came straight from a land where the sun always shone.

That evening Tubby and his son ate the golden apples at supper, and thought them delicious.

Next morning as the day dawned, Désiré went down to the stable and saddled his pretty white horse. Then he went, all dressed for a journey, to the bedside of Tubby, and found him smoking his first pipe.



"Father," he said gravely, "I have come to bid you farewell. Last night I dreamed that I was walking in a wood, where the trees were covered with golden apples. I gathered one of them, and when I opened it there came out a lovely princess with a

golden skin. That is the wife I want, and I am going to look for her."

The Lord of Avesnes was so much astonished that he let his pipe fall to the ground; then he became so diverted at the notion of his son marrying a yellow woman, and a woman shut up inside an orange, that he burst into fits of laughter.

Désiré waited to bid him good-by until he was quiet again; but as his father went on laughing and showed no signs of stopping, the young man took his hand, kissed it tenderly, opened the door, and in the twinkling of an eye was at the bottom of the staircase. He jumped lightly on his horse, and was a mile from home before Tubby had ceased laughing.

"A yellow wife! He must be mad! fit for a strait waistcoat!" cried the good man, when he was able to speak. "Here! quick! bring him back to me."

The servants mounted their horses and rode after the prince; but as they did not know which road he had taken, they went all ways except the right one, and instead of bringing him back they returned themselves when it grew dark.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Désiré thought they could no longer catch him, he pulled his horse into a walk, like a prudent man who knows he has far to go. He travelled in this way for many weeks, passing by villages, towns, mountains, valleys, and plains, but always pushing south, where every day the sun seemed hotter and more brilliant.

At last one day at sunset Désiré felt the sun so warm that he thought he must now be near the place of his dream. He was at that moment close to the corner of a wood where stood a little hut, before the door of which his horse stopped of his own accord. An old man with a white beard was sitting on the doorstep enjoying the fresh air. The prince got down from his horse and asked leave to rest.

"Come in, my young friend," said the old man; "my house is not large, but it is big enough to hold a stranger."

The traveller entered, and his host put before him a simple meal. When his hunger was satisfied the old man said to him:

"If I do not mistake, you come from far. May I ask where you are going?"

"I will tell you," answered Désiré, "though most

likely you will laugh at me. I dreamed that in the land of the sun there was a wood full of orange-trees, and that in one of the oranges I should find a beautiful princess who is to be my wife. It is she I am seeking."

"Why should I laugh?" asked the old man. "Madness in youth is true wisdom. Go, young man, follow your dream, and if you do not find the happiness that you seek, at any rate you will have had the happiness of seeking it."

CHAPTER IV.

HE next day the prince arose early and took leave of his host.

"The wood that you saw in your dream is not far from here," said the old man. "It is in the depth of the forest, and this road will lead you there. You will come to a vast park surrounded by high walls. In the middle of the park is a castle, where dwells a horrible witch who allows no living being to enter the doors. Behind the castle is the orange grove. Follow the wall till you come to a heavy iron gate. Don't try to press it open, but oil the hinges with this," and the old man gave him a small bottle.

"The gate will open of itself," he continued, "and a huge dog which guards the castle will come to you with his mouth wide open, but just throw him this oat cake. Next, you will see a baking-woman leaning over her heated oven. Give her this brush. Lastly, you will find a well on your left; do not forget to take the cord of the bucket and spread it in the sun. When you have done this, do not enter the castle, but go round it and enter the orange grove. Then gather three oranges, and get back to the gate as fast as you can. Once out of the gate, leave the forest by the opposite side.

"Now, attend to this: whatever happens, do not open your oranges till you reach the bank of a river, or

a fountain. Out of each orange will come a princess, and you can choose which you like for your wife. Your choice once made, be very careful never to leave your bride for an instant, and remember that the danger which is most to be feared is never the danger we are most afraid of.

CHAPTER V.

DÉSIRÉ thanked his host warmly, and took the road he pointed out. In less than an hour he arrived at the wall, which was very high indeed. He sprang to the ground, fastened his horse to a tree, and soon found the iron gate. Then he took out his bottle and oiled the hinges, when the gate opened of itself, and he saw an old castle standing inside. The prince entered boldly into the court-yard.

Suddenly he heard fierce howls, and a dog as tall as a donkey, with eyes like billiard balls, came toward him, showing his teeth, which were like the prongs of a fork. Désiré flung him the oat cake, which the great dog instantly snapped up, and the young prince passed quietly on.

A few yards further he saw a huge oven, with a wide red-hot gaping mouth. A woman as tall as a giant was leaning over the oven. Désiré gave her the brush, which she took in silence.

Then he went on to the well, drew up the cord, which was half-rotten, and stretched it out in the sun.

Lastly he went round the castle, and plunged into the orange grove. There he gathered the three most

beautiful oranges he could find, and turned to go back to the gate.

But just at this moment the sun was darkened, the earth trembled, and Désiré heard a voice crying:

"Baker, baker, take him by his feet, and throw him into the oven!"

"No," replied the baker; "a long time has passed since I first began to scour this oven with my own flesh. *You* never cared to give me a brush; but he has given me one, and he shall go in peace."

"Rope, oh, rope!" cried the voice again, "twine yourself round his neck and strangle him."

"No," replied the rope; "you have left me for many years past to fall to pieces with the damp. He has stretched me out in the sun. Let him go in peace."

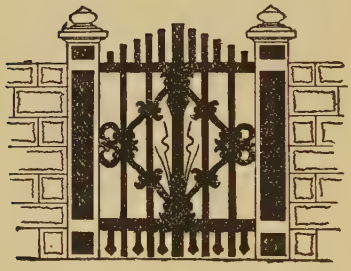
"Dog, my good dog," cried the voice, more and more angry, "jump at his throat and eat him up."

"No," replied the dog; "though I have served you long, you never gave me any bread. He has given me as much as I want. Let him go in peace."

"Iron gate, iron gate," cried the voice, growl-

ing like thunder, "fall on him and grind him to powder."

"No," replied the gate; "it is a hundred years since you left me to rust, and he has oiled me. Let him go in peace."



CHAPTER VI.

NCE outside, the young adventurer put his oranges into a bag that hung from his saddle, mounted his horse, and rode quickly out of the forest.

Now, as he was longing to see the princesses, he was very anxious to come to a river or a fountain, but, though he rode for hours, a river or fountain was nowhere to be seen. Still his heart was light, for he felt that he had got through the most difficult part of his task, and the rest was easy.

About mid-day he reached a sandy plain, scorching in the sun. Here he was seized with dreadful thirst; he took his gourd and raised it to his lips.

But the gourd was empty; in the excitement of his joy he had forgotten to fill it. He rode on, struggling with his sufferings, but at last he could bear it no longer.

He let himself slide to the earth, and lay down beside his horse, his throat burning, his chest heaving, and his head going round. Already he felt that death was near him, when his eyes fell on the bag where the oranges peeped out.

Poor Désiré, who had braved so many dangers to win the lady of his dreams, would have given at this moment all the princesses in the world, were they pink or golden, for a single drop of water.

"Ah!" he said to himself. "If only these oranges were real fruit — fruit as refreshing as what I ate in Flanders! And, after all, who knows?"

This idea put some life into him. He had the strength to lift himself up and put his hand into his bag. He drew out an orange and opened it with his knife.

Out of it flew the prettiest little female canary that ever was seen.

"Give me something to drink, I am dying of thirst," said the golden bird.

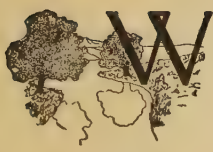
"Wait a minute," replied Désiré, so much astonished that he forgot his own sufferings; and to satisfy the bird he took a second orange, and opened it without thinking what he was doing. Out of it flew another canary, and she too began to cry:

"I am dying of thirst; give me something to drink."

Then Tubby's son saw his folly, and while the two canaries flew away he sank on the ground, where, exhausted by his last effort, he lay unconscious.

"Scarcely had the Canary drunk when She became a Beautiful Girl."

CHAPTER VII.



WHEN he came to himself, he had a pleasant feeling of freshness, all about him. It was night, the sky was sparkling with stars, and the earth was covered with a heavy dew.

The traveller having recovered, mounted his horse, and at the first streak of dawn he saw a stream dancing in front of him, and stooped down and drank his fill.

He hardly had courage to open his last orange. Then he remembered that the night before he had disobeyed the orders of the old man. Perhaps his terrible thirst was a trick of the cunning witch, and suppose, even though he opened the orange on the banks of the stream, that he did not find in it the princess that he sought?

He took his knife and cut it open. Alas! out of it flew a little canary, just like the others, who cried:

"I am thirsty; give me something to drink."

Great was the disappointment of Désiré. However, he was determined not to let this bird fly away; so he took up some water in the palm of his hand and held it to its beak.

Scarcely had the canary drunk when she became a beautiful girl, tall and straight as a poplar tree, with black eyes and a golden skin. Désiré had never seen

any one half so lovely, and he stood gazing at her in delight.

On her side she seemed quite bewildered, but she looked about her with happy eyes, and was not at all afraid of her deliverer.

He asked her name. She answered that she was called the Princess Zizi; she was about sixteen years old, and for ten years of that time the witch had kept her shut up in an orange, in the shape of a canary.

"Well, then, my charming Zizi," said the young prince, who was longing to marry her, "let us ride away quickly so as to escape from the wicked witch."

But Zizi wished to know where he meant to take her.

"To my father's castle," he said.

He mounted his horse and took her in front of him, and, holding her carefully in his arms, they began their journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERYTHING the princess saw was new to her, and in passing through mountains, valleys, and towns, she asked a thousand questions. Désiré was charmed to answer them. It is so delightful to teach those one loves!

When she inquired what the girls in his country were like, "They are pink and white," he replied, "and their eyes are blue."

"Do you like blue eyes?" said the princess; but Désiré thought it was a good opportunity to find out what was in her heart, so he did not answer. "And no doubt," went on the princess, "one of them is your intended bride?"

Still he was silent, and Zizi drew herself up proudly.

"No," he said at last. "None of the girls of my own country are beautiful in my eyes, and that is why I came to look for a wife in the land of the sun. Was I wrong, my lovely Zizi?"

This time it was Zizi's turn to be silent.

CHAPTER IX.

TALKING in this way they drew near to the castle. When they were about four stone-throws from the gates they dismounted in the forest, by the edge of a fountain.

"My dear Zizi," said Tubby's son, "we cannot present ourselves before my father like two common people who have come back from a walk. We must enter the castle with more ceremony. Wait for me here, and in an hour I will return with carriages and horses fit for a princess."

"Don't be long," replied Zizi, and she watched him go with wistful eyes.

When she was left by herself the poor girl began to feel afraid. She was alone for the first time in her life, and in the middle of a thick forest.

Suddenly she heard a noise among the trees. Fearing lest it should be a wolf, she hid herself in the hollow trunk of a willow tree which hung over the fountain. It was big enough to hold her altogether, but she peeped out, and her pretty head was reflected in the clear water.

Then there appeared, not a wolf, but a creature quite as wicked and quite as ugly. Let us see who this creature was.

CHAPTER X.

OT far from the fountain there lived a family of bricklayers. Now, fifteen years before this time, the father in walking through the forest found a little girl, who had been deserted by the gipsies. He carried her home to his wife, and the good woman was sorry for her, and brought her up with her own sons. As she grew older, the little gipsy became much more remarkable for strength and cunning than for sense or beauty. She had a low forehead, a flat nose, thick lips, coarse hair, and a skin not golden like that of Zizi, but the color of clay.

As she was always being teased about her complexion, she got as noisy and cross as a titmouse. So they used to call her Titty.

Titty was often sent by the bricklayer to fetch water from the fountain, and as she was very proud and lazy the gipsy disliked this very much.

It was she who had frightened Zizi by appearing with her pitcher on her shoulder. Just as she was stooping to fill it, she saw reflected in the water the lovely image of the princess.

"What a pretty face!" she exclaimed. "Why, it must be mine! How in the world can they call me ugly? I am certainly much too pretty to be their water-carrier!"

So saying, she broke her pitcher and went home.

"Where is your pitcher?" asked the bricklayer.

"Well, what do you expect? The pitcher may go many times to the well — "

"But at last it is broken. Well, here is a bucket that will not break."

The gipsy returned to the fountain, and addressing once more the image of Zizi, she said:

"No; I don't mean to be a beast of burden any longer."

And she flung the bucket so high in the air that it stuck in the branches of an oak.

"I met a wolf," she told the bricklayer, "and I broke the bucket across his nose."

The bricklayer asked her no more questions, but took down a broom and gave her such a beating that her pride was humbled a little.

Then he handed to her an old copper milk-can, and said:

"If you don't bring it back full, your bones shall suffer for it."

CHAPTER XI.

TITTY went off rubbing her sides; but this time she did not dare to disobey, and in a very bad temper stooped down over the well. It was not at all easy to fill the milk-can, which was large and round. It would not go down into the well, and the gipsy had to try again and again.

At last her arms grew so tired that when she did manage to get the can properly under the water she had no strength to pull it up, and it rolled to the bottom.

On seeing the can disappear, she made such a miserable face that Zizi, who had been watching her all this time, burst into fits of laughter.

Titty turned round and perceived the mistake she had made; and she felt so angry that she made up her mind to be revenged at once.

"What are you doing there, you lovely creature?" she said to Zizi.

"I am waiting for my lover," Zizi replied; and then with a simplicity quite natural in a girl who had so lately been a canary, she told all her story.

The gipsy had often seen the young prince pass by, with his gun on his shoulder, when he was going after crows. She was too ugly and ragged for him ever to have noticed her, but Titty on her side had admired him, though she thought he might well have been a little fatter.

"Dear, dear!" she said to herself. "So he likes yellow women! Why, I am yellow too, and if I could only think of a way—"

It was not long before she did think of it.

"What!" cried the sly Titty, "they are coming with great pomp to fetch you, and you are not afraid to show yourself to so many fine lords and ladies with your hair down like that? Get down at once, my poor child, and let me dress your hair for you!"

The innocent Zizi came down at once, and stood by Titty. The gipsy began to comb her long brown locks, when suddenly she drew a pin from her stays, and, just as the titmouse digs its beak into the heads of linnets and larks, Titty dug the pin into the head of Zizi.

No sooner did Zizi feel the prick of the pin than she became a bird again, and, spreading her wings, she flew away.

"That was neatly done," said the gipsy. "The prince will be clever if he finds his bride." And, arranging her dress, she seated herself on the grass to await Désiré.

CHAPTER XII.

MEANWHILE the prince was coming as fast as his horse would carry him. He was so impatient that he was always fully fifty yards in front of the lords and ladies sent by Tubby to bring back Zizi.

At the sight of the hideous gipsy he was struck dumb with surprise and horror.

"Ah, me!" said Titty, "so you don't know your poor Zizi? While you were away the wicked witch came, and turned me into this. But if you only have the courage to marry me I shall get back my beauty." And she began to cry bitterly.

Now the good-natured Désiré was as soft-hearted as he was brave. "Poor girl," he thought to himself. "It is not her fault, after all, that she has grown so ugly, it is mine. Oh! why did I not follow the old man's advice? Why did I leave her alone? And besides, it depends on me to break the spell, and I love her too much to let her remain like this."

So he presented the gipsy to the lords and ladies of the court, explaining to them the terrible misfortune which had befallen his beautiful bride.

They all pretended to believe it, and the ladies at once put on the false princess the rich dresses they had brought for Zizi.

She was then perched on the top of a magnificent ambling palfrey, and they set forth to the castle.

But unluckily the rich dress and jewels only made Titty look uglier still, and Désiré could not help feeling hot and uncomfortable when he made his entry with her into the city.

Bells were pealing chimes ringing, and the people filling the streets and standing at the doors to watch the procession go by, and they could hardly believe their eyes as they saw what a strange bride their prince had chosen.

In order to do her more honor, Tubby came to meet her at the foot of the great marble staircase. At the sight of the hideous creature he almost fell backward.

"What!" he cried. "Is this the wonderful beauty?"

"Yes, father, it is she," replied Désiré with a sheepish look. "But she has been bewitched by a wicked sorceress, and will not regain her beauty until she is my wife."

"Does she say so? Well, if you believe that, you

may drink cold water and think it bacon," the unhappy Tubby answered crossly.

But all the same, as he adored his son, he gave the gipsy his hand and led her to the great hall, where the bridal feast was spread.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE feast was excellent, but Désiré hardly touched anything. However, to make up, the other guests ate greedily, and as for Tubby, nothing ever took away his appetite.

When the moment arrived to serve the roast goose, there was a pause, and Tubby took the opportunity to lay down his knife and fork for a little. But as the goose gave no sign of appearing, he sent his head carver to find out what was the matter in the kitchen.

Now this was what had happened.

While the goose was turning on the spit, a beautiful little canary hopped on to the sill of the open window.

"Good-morning, my fine cook," she said in a silvery voice to the man who was watching the roast.

"Good-morning, lovely golden bird," replied the chief of the scullions, who had been well brought up.

"I pray that Heaven may send you to sleep," said the golden bird, "and that the goose may burn, so that there may be none left for Titty."

And instantly the chief of the scullions fell fast asleep, and the goose was burned to a cinder.

When he awoke he was horrified, and gave orders to pluck another goose, to stuff it with chestnuts, and put it on the spit.

While it was browning at the fire, Tubby inquired for his goose a second time. The master cook himself mounted to the hall to make his excuses, and to beg his lord to have a little patience. Tubby showed his patience by abusing his son.

"As if it wasn't enough," he grumbled between his teeth, "that the boy should pick up a hag without a penny, but the goose must go and burn now. It isn't a wife he has brought me, it is Famine herself."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE the master cook was upstairs, the golden bird came again to perch on the window-sill, and called in his clear voice to the head scullion, who was watching the spit:

"Good-morning, my fine scullion!"

"Good-morning, lovely golden bird," replied the scullion, whom the master cook had forgotten in his excitement to warn.

"I pray Heaven," went on the canary, "that it will send you to sleep, and that the goose may burn, so that there may be none left for Titty."

And the scullion fell fast asleep, and when the master cook came back he found the goose as black as the chimney.

In a fury he woke the scullion, who in order to save himself from blame told the whole story.

"That accursed bird," said the cook; "it will end by getting me sent away. Come, some of you, and

hide yourselves, and if it comes again, catch it and wring its neck."

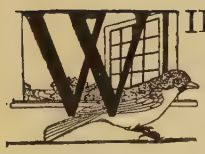
He spitted a third goose, lit a huge fire, and seated himself by it.

The bird appeared a third time, and said: "Good-morning, my fine cook."

"Good-morning, lovely golden bird," replied the cook, as if nothing had happened, and at the moment that the canary was beginning, "I pray Heaven that it may send," a scullion who was hidden outside rushed out and shut the shutters. The bird flew into the kitchen. Then all the cooks and scullions sprang after it, knocking at it with their aprons. At length one of them caught it just at the very moment that Tubby entered the kitchen, waving his sceptre. He had come to see for himself why the goose had never made its appearance.

The scullion stopped at once, just as he was about to wring the canary's neck.

CHAPTER XV.



"ILL some one be kind enough to tell me the meaning of all this?" cried the lord of Avesnes.

"Your excellency, it is the bird," replied the scullion, and he placed it in his hand.

"Nonsense! What a lovely bird!" said Tubby, and in stroking its head he touched a pin that was sticking between its feathers. He pulled it out, and lo! the canary at once became a beautiful girl with a golden skin who jumped lightly to the ground.

"Gracious! what a pretty girl!" said Tubby.

"Father! it is she! it is Zizi!" exclaimed Désiré, who entered at this moment.

And he took her in his arms, crying: "My darling Zizi, how happy I am to see you once more!"

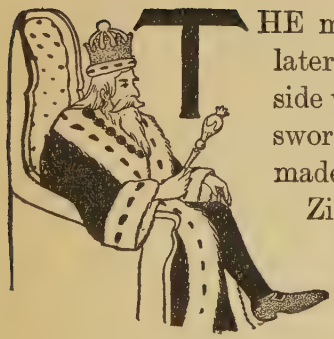
"Well, and the other one?" asked Tubby.

The other one was stealing quietly to the door.

"Stop her!" called Tubby. "We will judge her cause at once."

And he seated himself solemnly on the oven, and condemned Titty to be burned alive. After which the lords and cooks formed themselves in lines, and Tubby betrothed Désiré to Zizi.

CHAPTER XVI.



THE marriage took place a few days later. All the boys in the country side were there, armed with wooden swords, and decorated with epaulets made of gilt paper.

Zizi obtained Titty's pardon, and she was sent back to the brick-fields, followed and hooted at by all the boys. And this is why to-day the country boys always throw stones at a titmouse.

On the evening of the wedding-day all the larders, cellars, cupboards, and tables of the people, whether rich or poor, were loaded as if by enchantment with bread, wine, beer, cakes and tarts, roast larks, and even geese, so that Tubby could not complain any more that his son had married Famine.

Since that time there has always been plenty to eat in that country, and since that time, too, you see in the midst of the fair-haired blue-eyed women of Flanders a few beautiful girls, whose eyes are black and whose skins are the color of gold. They are the descendants of Zizi.

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THERE was once a poor woman who was very happy when her little son was born, for it was prophesied that in his nineteenth year he should marry the king's daughter. It happened very soon after that the king came to the village, but no one knew that it was the king. So when he asked for news they told him that a few days before a child had been born of whom it was prophesied that he would be very lucky. Indeed, it had been said that in his nineteenth year he would have the king's daughter for his wife.

The king, who had a wicked heart, was very angry when he heard this; but he went to the parents in a most friendly manner, and said to them kindly, "Good people, give up your child to me. I will take the greatest care of him."

At first they refused; but when the stranger offered them a large amount of gold, and then mentioned that if their child was born to be lucky everything must turn out for the best with him, they willingly at last gave him up.

The king placed the child in a box and rode away with it for a long distance, till he came to deep water,

into which he threw the box containing the child, saying to himself as he rode away: "From this unwelcome suitor have I saved my daughter."

But the box did not sink; it swam like a boat on the water, and so high above it that not a drop got inside. It sailed on to a spot about two miles from the chief town of the king's dominions, where there were a mill and a weir, which stopped it, and on which it rested.

The miller's man, who happened to be standing near the bank, fortunately noticed it, and thinking it would most likely contain something valuable, drew it on shore with a hook; but when he opened it, there lay a beautiful baby, who was quite awake and lively.

He carried it in to the miller and his wife, and as they had no children they were quite delighted, and said Heaven had sent the little boy as a gift to them. They brought him up carefully, and he grew to manhood clever and virtuous.

It happened one day that the king was overtaken by a thunderstorm while passing near the mill, and stopped to ask for shelter. Noticing the youth, he asked the miller if that tall young man was his son.

"No," he replied; "he is a foundling. Nineteen years ago a box was seen sailing on the mill stream by one of our men, and when it was caught in the weir he drew it out of the water and found the child in it."

Then the king knew that this must be the child of fortune, and therefore the one which he had thrown into the water. He hid his vexation, however, and presently said kindly, "I want to send a letter to the queen, my wife; if that young man will take it to her I will give him two gold-pieces for his trouble."

"We are at the king's service," replied the miller, and called to the young man to prepare for his errand. Then the king wrote a letter to the queen, containing these words:

"As soon as the boy who brings this letter arrives, let him be killed, and I shall expect to find him dead and buried when I come back."

The youth was soon on his way with this letter. He lost himself, however, in a large forest. But when darkness came on he saw in the distance a glimmering light, which he walked to, and found a small house. He entered and saw an old woman sitting by the fire, quite alone. She appeared frightened when she saw him, and said:

"Where do you come from, and what do you want?"

"I am come from the mill," he replied, "and I am carrying a letter to the wife of the king, and, as I have lost my way, I should like very much to stay here during the night."

"You poor young man," she replied, "you are in a den of robbers, and when they come home they may kill you."

"They may come when they like," said the youth; "I am not afraid; but I am so tired that I cannot go a step further to-night." Then he stretched himself on a bench and fell fast asleep.

Soon after the robbers came home, and asked angrily what that youth was lying there for.

"Ah," said the old woman, "he is an innocent child who has lost himself in the wood, and I took him in out of compassion. He is carrying a letter to the queen, which the king has sent."

Then the robbers went softly to the sleeping youth, took the letter from his pocket, and read in it that as soon as the bearer arrived at the palace he was to lose his life. Then pity arose in the hard-hearted robbers, and their chief tore up the letter and wrote another, in which it was stated that as soon as the boy arrived he should be married to the king's daughter. Then they left him to lie and rest on the bench till the next morning, and when he awoke they gave him the letter and showed him the road he was to take.

As soon as he reached the palace and sent in the letter, the queen read it, and she acted in exact accordance with what was written — ordered a grand marriage feast, and had the princess married at once to the fortunate youth.

He was very handsome and amiable, so that the king's daughter soon learned to love him very much, and was quite happy with him.

Not long after, when the king returned home to his castle, he found the prophecy respecting the child of fortune fulfilled, and that he was married to a king's daughter.

"How has this happened?" said he. "I have in my letter given very different orders!"

Then the queen gave him the letter, and said: "You may see for yourself what is stated there."

The king read the letter and saw very clearly that it was not the one he had written. He asked the youth what he had done with the letter he had intrusted to him, and where he had brought the other from.

"I know not," he replied, "unless it was changed during the night while I slept in the forest."

Full of wrath, the king said, "You shall not get off so easily, for whoever marries my daughter must first bring me three golden hairs from the head of the demon of the Black Forest. If you bring them to me before long, then shall you keep my daughter as a wife, but not otherwise."

Then said the child of fortune, "I will fetch these golden hairs very quickly; I am not the least afraid of the demon." Thereupon he said farewell, and started on his travels. His way led him to a large city, and as he stood at the gate and asked admission, a watchman said to him:

"What trade do you follow, and how much do you know?"

"I know everything," he replied.

"Then you can do us a favor," answered the watchman, "if you can tell why our master's fountain, from which wine used to flow, is dried up, and never gives us even water now."

"I will tell you when I come back," he said; "only wait till then."

He travelled on still further, and came by and by to another town, where the watchman also asked him what trade he followed, and what he knew.

"I know everything," he answered.

"Then," said the watchman, "you can do us a favor, and tell us why a tree in our town, which once bore golden apples, now only produces leaves."

"Wait till I return," he replied, "and I will tell you."

On he went again, and came to a broad river, over which he must pass in a ferryboat, and the ferryman asked him the same question about his trade and his

knowledge. He gave the same reply, that he knew everything.

"Then," said the man, "you can do me a favor, and tell me how it is that I am obliged to go backward and forward in my ferryboat every day, without a change of any kind."

"Wait till I come back," he replied, "then you shall know all about it."

As soon as he reached the other side of the water he found the entrance to the Black Forest, in which was the demon's cave. It was very dark and gloomy, and the demon was not at home; but his old mother was sitting on the stool of care, and she looked up and said: "What do you want? You don't look wicked enough to be one of us."

"I just want three golden hairs from the demon's head," he replied; "otherwise my wife will be taken away from me."

"That is asking a great deal," she replied; "for if the demon comes home and finds you here, he will have no mercy on you. However, if you will trust me, I will try to help you."

Then she turned him into an ant, and said: "Creep into the folds of my gown; there you will be safe."

"Yes," he replied, "that is all very good; but I have three things besides that I want to know. First, why a well, from which formerly wine used to flow, should be dry now, so that not even water can be got from it. Secondly, why a tree that once bore golden apples should now produce nothing but leaves. And, thirdly, why a ferryman is obliged to row forward and back every day, without ever leaving off."

"These are difficult questions," said the old woman; "but keep still and quiet, and when the demon comes in, pay great attention to what he says, while I pull the golden hairs out of his head."

Late in the evening the demon came home, and as soon as he entered he declared that the air was not clear. "I smell the flesh of man," he said, "and I am sure that there is some one here." So he peeped into all the corners, and searched everywhere, but could find nothing.

Then his old mother scolded him well, and said, "Just as I have been sweeping, and dusting, and putting everything in order, then you come home and give me all the work to do over again. You have always the smell of something in your nose. Do sit down and eat your supper."

The demon did as she told him, and when he had eaten and drank enough, he complained of being tired. So his mother made him lie down so that she could place his head in her lap; and he was soon so comfortable that he fell fast asleep and snored.

Then the old woman lifted up a golden hair, twitched it out, and laid it by her side.

"Oh!" screamed the demon, waking up; "what was that for?"

"I have had a bad dream," answered she, "and it made me catch hold of your hair."

"What did you dream about?" asked the demon.

"Oh, I dreamed of a well in a market-place from which wine once used to flow, but now it is dried up, and they can't even get water from it. Whose fault is that?"

"Ah, they ought to know that there sits a toad under a stone in the well, and if he were dead wine would again flow."

Then the old woman combed his hair again, till he slept and snored so loud that the windows rattled, and she pulled out the second hair.

"What are you about now?" asked the demon in a rage.

"Oh, don't be angry," said the woman; "I have had another dream."

"What was this dream about?" he asked.

"Why, I dreamed that in a certain country there grows a fruit-tree which used to bear golden apples, but now it produces nothing but leaves. What is the cause of this?"

"Why, don't they know," answered the demon, "that there is a mouse gnawing at the root? Were it dead the tree would again bear golden apples; and if it gnaws much longer the tree will wither and dry up. Bother your dreams; if you disturb me again, just as I am comfortably asleep, you will have a box on the ear."

Then the old woman spoke kindly to him, and smoothed and combed his hair again, till he slept and snored. Then she seized the third golden hair and pulled it out.

The demon, on this, sprang to his feet, roared out in a greater rage than ever, and would have done some mischief in the house, but she managed to appease him this time also, and said: "How can I help my bad dreams?"

"And whatever did you dream?" he asked, with some curiosity.

"Well, I dreamed about a ferryman, who complains that he is obliged to take people across the river, and is never free."

"Oh, the stupid fellow!" replied the wizard, "he can very easily ask any person who wants to be ferried over to take the oar in his hand, and he will be free at once."

Then the demon laid his head down once more; and as the old mother had pulled out the three golden hairs, and got answers to all the three questions, she let the old fellow rest and sleep in peace till the morning dawned.

As soon as he had gone out next day, the old woman took the ant from the folds of her dress and restored the lucky youth to his former shape. "Here are the three golden hairs for which you wished," said she; "and did you hear all the answers to your three questions?"

"Yes," he replied, "every word, and I will not forget them."

"Well, then, I have helped you out of your difficulties, and now get home as fast as you can."

After thanking the old woman for her kindness, he turned his steps homeward, full of joy that everything had succeeded so well.

When he arrived at the ferry the man asked for the promised answer.

"Ferry me over first," he replied, "and then I will tell you."

So when they reached the opposite shore he gave the ferryman the demon's advice, that the next person who came and wished to be ferried over should have the oar

placed in his hand, and from that moment he would have to take the ferryman's place.

Then the youth journeyed on till he came to the town where the unfruitful tree grew, and where the watchman was waiting for his answer. To him the young man repeated what he had heard, and said, "Kill the mouse that is gnawing at the root; then will your tree again bear golden apples."

The watchman thanked him, and gave him in return for his information two asses laden with gold, which were led after him. He very soon arrived at the city which contained the dried-up fountain. The sentinel came forward to receive his answer. Said the youth, "Under a stone in the fountain sits a toad; it must be searched for and killed; then will wine again flow from it." To show how thankful he was for this advice, the sentinel also ordered two asses laden with gold to be sent after him.

At length the child of fortune reached home with his riches, and his wife was overjoyed at seeing him again, and hearing how well he had succeeded in his undertaking. He placed before the king the three golden hairs he had brought from the head of the black demon; and when the king saw these and the four asses laden with gold he was quite satisfied, and said, "Now that you have performed all the required conditions, I am quite ready to sanction your marriage with my daughter; but, my dear son-in-law, tell me how you obtained all this gold. It is indeed a very valuable treasure; where did you find it?"

"I crossed the river in a ferryboat, and on the opposite shore I found the gold lying in the sand."

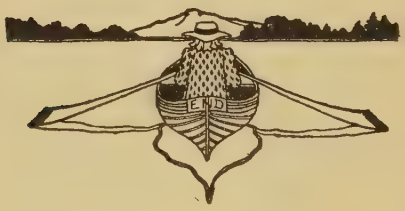
"Can I find some if I go?" asked the king eagerly.

"Yes, as much as you please," replied he. "There is a ferryman there who will row you over, and you can fill a sack in no time."

The greedy old king set out on his journey in all haste, and when he came near the river he beckoned to the ferryman to row him over the ferry.

The man told him to step in, and just as they reached the opposite shore he placed the rudder-oar in the king's hand, and sprang out of the boat; and so the king became a ferryman as a punishment for his sins.

I wonder if he still goes on ferrying people over the river! It is very likely, for no one has ever been persuaded to touch the oar since he took it.



THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

IN a village there lived an old woman, who one day gathered some beans from her garden to cook for her dinner. She had a good fire on the hearth; but to make it burn more quickly she threw on a handful of straw. As she threw the beans into the pot to boil one of them fell on the floor unobserved by the old woman, and not far from a wisp of straw which was lying near. Suddenly a glowing coal bounced out of the fire and fell close to them. They both started away and exclaimed, "Dear friend, don't come near me till you are cooler! Whatever brings you out here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat luckily made me so strong that I was able to bounce from the fire. Had I not done so my death would have been certain, and I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

"Then," said the bean, "I have also escaped with a whole skin; for had the old woman put me in a pot with my comrades, I should, without mercy, have been boiled to broth."

"I might have shared the same fate," said the straw, "for all my brothers were pushed into the fire and smoke by the old woman. She packed sixty of us in a

bundle and brought us in here to take away our lives, but luckily I contrived to slip through her fingers."

"Well, now what shall we do with ourselves?" said the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "as we have been so fortunate as to escape death, we may as well be companions, and travel away together to some more friendly country, for here we may expect nothing but new misfortunes."

This proposal was gladly accepted by the two others; so they started immediately on their journey together. After travelling a little distance, they came to a stream, over which there was no bridge of any sort — not even one of wood — so they were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

Then the straw took courage, and said, "I will lay myself across the stream, so that you can step over me, as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from one shore to the other, and the coal, who from his nature is rather hot-headed, tripped out quite boldly on the newly built bridge. But when he reached the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing under him, he was so alarmed that he stood still and dared not move a step further. Sad were the consequences; for the straw, being slightly scorched in the middle by the heat still in the coal, broke in pieces from its weight, and fell into the brook. The coal with a hiss slid after him into the water, and gave up the ghost.

The bean, who had cautiously remained behind on the shore, could not contain herself when she saw what had happened, and laughed so heartily that she burst.

Now would she have been in a worse plight than her comrades; but, as good luck would have it, a tailor who was out on his travels came to rest by the brook, and noticed the bean. He was a kind-hearted man, so he took a needle and thread out of his pocket, and taking up the bean, sewed her together. She thanked him very much, but unfortunately he had only black thread to sew with, and, in consequence, since that time all beans have a black mark down them.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

EAR the borders of a large forest dwelt in olden times a poor woodcutter who had two children — a boy named Hansel, and his sister, Grethel. They had very little to live upon, and once, when there was a dreadful season of scarcity in the land, the poor woodcutter could not earn sufficient to supply their daily food.

One evening, after the children were gone to bed, the parents sat talking together over their sorrow, and the poor husband sighed, and said to his wife, who was not the mother of his children, but their stepmother: "What will become of us, for I cannot earn enough to support myself and you, much less the children? What shall we do with them? for they must not starve."

"I know what to do, husband," she replied. "Early to-morrow morning we will take the children for a walk across the forest and leave them in the thickest part; they will never find the way home again, you may depend, and then we shall only have to work for ourselves."

"No, wife," said the man, "that I will never do; how could I have the heart to leave my children all alone in the wood, where the wild beasts would come quickly and devour them?"

"Oh, you fool!" replied the stepmother; "if you refuse to do this, you know we must all four perish with hunger; you may as well go and cut the wood for our coffins." And after this she let him have no peace till he became quite worn out, and could not sleep for hours, but lay thinking in sorrow about his children.

The two children, who also were too hungry to sleep, heard all that their stepmother had said to their father. Poor little Grethel wept bitter tears as she listened, and said to her brother, "What is going to happen to us, Hansel?"

"Hush, Grethel," he whispered; "don't be so unhappy; I know what to do."

Then they lay quite still till their parents were asleep.

As soon as it was quiet Hansel got up, put on his little coat, unfastened the door, and slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbled stones which lay before the cottage door glistened like new silver money. Hansel stooped and picked up as many of the pebbles as he could stuff in his little coat pockets. He then went back to Grethel and said: "Be comforted, dear little sister, and sleep in peace; Heaven will take care of us." Then he laid himself down again in bed and slept till the day broke.

As soon as the sun was risen the stepmother came and woke the two children, and said: "Get up, you lazybones, and come into the wood with me to gather wood for the fire." Then she gave each of them a piece of bread, and said: "You must keep that to eat for your dinner, and don't quarrel over it, for you will get nothing more."

Grethel took the bread under her charge, for Hansel's

pockets were full of pebbles. Then the stepmother led them a long way into the forest. They had gone but a very short distance when Hansel looked back at the house, and this he did again and again.

At last his stepmother said: "Why do you keep staying behind and looking back so?"

"Oh, mother," said the boy, "I can see my little white cat sitting on the roof of the house, and I am sure she is crying for me."

"Nonsense," she replied; "that is not your cat; it is the morning sun shining on the chimney-pot."

Hansel had seen no cat, but he stayed behind every time to drop a white pebble from his pocket on the ground as they walked.

As soon as they reached a thick part of the wood their stepmother said:

"Come, children, gather some wood and I will make a fire, for it is very cold here."

Then Hansel and Grethel raised quite a high heap of brushwood and fagots, which soon blazed up into a bright fire, and the woman said to them:

"Sit down here, children, and rest, while I go and find your father, who is cutting wood in the forest; when we have finished our work we will come again and fetch you."

Hansel and Grethel seated themselves by the fire, and when noon arrived they each ate the piece of bread which their stepmother had given them for their dinner; and as long as they heard the strokes of the axe they felt safe, for they believed that their father was working near them. But it was not an axe they heard — only a branch which still hung on a withered tree.

and was moved up and down by the wind. At last, when they had been sitting there a long time, the children's eyes became heavy with fatigue and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke it was dark night, and poor Grethel began to cry, and said: "Oh, how shall we get out of the wood?"

But Hansel comforted her. "Don't fear," he said; "let us wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we shall easily find our way home."

Very soon the full moon rose, and then Hansel took his little sister by the hand, and the white pebble stones, which glittered like newly coined money in the moonlight, and which Hansel had dropped as he walked, pointed out the way. They walked all the night through, and did not reach their father's house till break of day.

They knocked at the door, and when their stepmother opened it, she exclaimed: "You naughty children, why have you been staying so long in the forest? We thought you were never coming back." But their father was overjoyed to see them, for it grieved him to the heart to think that they had been left alone in the wood.

Not long after this there came another time of scarcity and want in every house, and the children heard their stepmother talking after they were in bed. "The times are as bad as ever," she said; "we have just half a loaf left, and when that is gone all love will be at an end. The children must go away; we will take them deeper

into the forest this time, and they will not be able to find their way home as they did before; it is the only plan to save ourselves from starvation." But the husband felt heavy at heart, for he thought it was better to share the last morsel with his children.

His wife would listen to nothing he said, but continued to reproach him, and as he had given way to her the first time, he could not refuse to do so now. The children were awake and heard all the conversation; so, as soon as their parents slept, Hansel got up, intending to go out and gather some more of the bright pebbles to let fall as he walked, that they might point out the way home; but his stepmother had locked the door and he could not open it. When he went back to his bed, he told his little sister not to fret, but to go to sleep in peace, for he was sure they would be taken care of.

Early the next morning the stepmother came and pulled the children out of bed, and when they were dressed, gave them each a piece of bread for their dinners, smaller than they had had before, and then they started on their way to the wood.

As they walked Hansel, who had the bread in his pocket, broke off little crumbs, and stopped every now and then to drop one, turning round as if he was looking back at his home.

"Hansel," said the woman, "what are you stopping for in that way? Come along directly!"

"I saw my pigeon sitting on the roof, and he wants to say good-by to me," replied the boy.

"Nonsense," she said; "that is not your pigeon; it is only the morning sun shining on the chimney-pot."

But Hansel did not look back any more; he only dropped pieces of bread behind him as they walked through the wood. This time they went on till they reached the thickest and densest part of the forest, where they had never been before in all their lives. Again they gathered fagots and brushwood, of which the stepmother made up a large fire. Then she said, "Remain here, children, and rest, while I go to help your father, who is cutting wood in the forest; when you feel tired, you can lie down and sleep for a little while, and we will come and fetch you in the evening when your father has finished his work."

So the children remained alone till midday, and then Grethel shared her piece of bread with Hansel, for he had scattered his own all along the road as they walked. After this they slept for a while, and the evening drew on; but no one came to fetch the poor children. When they awoke it was quite dark, and poor little Grethel was afraid; but Hansel comforted her as he had done before, by telling her they need only wait till the moon rose. "You know, little sister," he said, "that I have thrown bread crumbs all along the road we came, and they will easily point out the way home."

But when they went out of the thicket into the moonlight they found no bread crumbs, for the numerous birds which inhabited the trees of the forest had picked them all up.

Hansel tried to hide his fear when he made this sad discovery, and said to his sister, "Cheer up, Grethel; I dare say we shall find our way home without the

crumbs. Let us try." But this they found impossible. They wandered about the whole night, and the next day from morning till evening; but they could not get out of the wood, and were so hungry that had it not been for a few berries which they picked they must have starved.

At last they were so tired that their poor little legs could carry them no further; so they laid themselves down under a tree and went to sleep. When they awoke it was the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they determined to try once more to find their way home; but it was no use, they only went still deeper into the wood, and knew that if no help came they must starve.

About noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on the branch of a tree, and singing so beautifully that they stood still to listen. When he had finished his song, he spread out his wings and flew on before them. The children followed him till at last they saw at a distance a small house; and the bird flew and perched on the roof.

But how surprised were the boy and girl, when they came nearer, to find that the house was built of gingerbread and ornamented with sweet cakes and tarts, while the window was formed of barley sugar. "Oh!" exclaimed Hansel, "let us stop here and have a splendid feast. I will have a piece from the roof first, Grethel; and you can eat some of the barley sugar window; it tastes so nice." Hansel reached up on tiptoe, and breaking off a piece of the gingerbread, he began to eat with all his might, for he was very hungry. Grethel seated herself on the doorstep, and began munching away at

the cakes of which it was made. Presently a voice came out of the cottage:

"Munching, crunching, munching,
Who's eating up my house?"

Then answered the children,

"The wind, the wind,
Only the wind!"

and went on eating as if they never meant to leave off, without a suspicion of wrong. Hansel, who found the cake on the roof taste very good, broke off another large piece, and Grethel had just taken out a whole pane of barley sugar from the window, and seated herself to eat it, when the door opened and a strange-looking old woman came out leaning on a stick.

Hansel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they held in their hands. The old woman shook her head at them, and said: "Ah, you dear children, who has brought you here? Come in and stay with me for a little while, and there shall no harm happen to you." She seized them both by the hands as she spoke, and led them into the house. She gave them for supper plenty to eat and drink — milk and pancakes and sugar, apples and nuts; and when evening came, Hansel and Grethel were shown two beautiful little beds with white curtains, and they lay down in them and thought they were in heaven.

But though the old woman pretended to be friendly, she was a wicked witch who had her house built of gingerbread on purpose to entrap children. When once they were in her power, she would feed them well till

they got fat and then kill them and cook them for her dinner; and this she called her feast day. Fortunately the witch had weak eyes and could not see very well; but she had a very keen scent, as wild animals have, and could easily discover when human beings were near. As Hansel and Grethel had approached her cottage, she laughed to herself maliciously, and said with a sneer: "I have them now; they shall not escape from me again!"

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she was up, standing by their beds; and when she saw how beautiful they looked in their sleep, with their round, rosy cheeks, she muttered to herself: "What nice tidbits they will be!" Then she laid hold of Hansel with her rough hand, dragged him out of bed, and led him to a little cage which had a lattice door, and shut him in; he might scream as much as he would, but it was all useless.

After this she went back to Grethel, and shaking her

roughly till she woke, cried: "Get up, you lazy hussy, and draw some water, that I may boil something good for your brother, who is shut up in a cage outside till he gets fat; and then I shall cook him and eat him!" When Grethel heard this she began to cry bitterly, but it was all useless; she was obliged to do as the wicked witch told her.

For poor Hansel's breakfast the best of everything was cooked; but Grethel had nothing for herself but a crab's claw. Every morning the old woman would go out to the little cage, and say: "Hansel, stick out your finger, that I may feel if you are fat enough for eating." But Hansel, who knew how dim her old eyes were, always stuck a bone through the bars of his cage, which she thought was his finger, for she could not see; and when she felt how thin it was, she wondered very much why he did not get fat.

However, as the weeks went on, and Hansel seemed not to get any fatter, she became impatient, and said she could not wait any longer. "Go, Grethel," she cried to the maiden, "be quick and draw water; Hansel may be fat or lean, I don't care; to-morrow morning I mean to kill him and cook him!"

Oh! how the poor little sister grieved when she was forced to draw the water; and as the tears rolled down her cheeks she exclaimed: "It would have been better to be eaten by wild beasts or to have been starved to death in the woods; then we should have died together!"

"Stop your crying!" cried the old woman; "it is not of the least use; no one will come to help you."

Early in the morning Grethel was obliged to go out

and fill the great pot with water and hang it over the fire to boil. As soon as this was done the old woman said: "We will bake some bread first; I have made the oven hot, and the dough is already kneaded." Then she dragged poor little Grethel up to the oven door, under which the flames were burning fiercely, and said: "Creep in there and see if it is hot enough yet to bake bread." But if Grethel had obeyed her she would have shut the poor child in and baked her for dinner, instead of boiling Hansel.

Grethel, however, guessed what she wanted to do, and said, "I don't know how to get in through that narrow door."

"Stupid goose!" said the old woman, "why, the oven door is quite large enough for me; just look, I could get in myself." As she spoke she stepped forward and pretended to put her head in the oven.

A sudden thought gave Grethel unusual strength; she started forward, gave the old woman a push which sent her right into the oven, then she shut the iron door and fastened the bolt.

Oh, how the old witch did howl! It was quite horrible to hear her. But Grethel ran away, and therefore she was left to burn, just as she had left many poor children to burn. And how quickly Grethel ran to Hansel, opened the door of his cage, and cried, "Hansel, Hansel, we are free! the old witch is dead!" He flew like a bird out of his cage at these words as soon as the door was opened, and the children were so overjoyed that they ran into each other's arms, and kissed each other with the greatest love.

And now that there was nothing to be afraid of, they

went back into the house, and while looking round the old witch's room they saw an old oak chest, which they opened, and found it full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel; and he filled his pockets as full as they would hold.

"I will carry some home, too," said Grethel, and she held out her apron, which held quite as much as Hansel's pockets.

"We will go now," he said, "and get away as soon as we can from this enchanted forest."

They had been walking for nearly two hours when they came to a large piece of water.

"What shall we do now?" said the boy. "We cannot get across, and there is no bridge of any sort."

"Oh, here comes a boat!" cried Grethel, but she was mistaken; it was only a white duck which came swimming toward the children. "Perhaps she will help us across if we ask her," said the child; and she sang, "Little duck, do help poor Hansel and Grethel; there is not a bridge, nor a boat — will you let us sail across on your white back?"

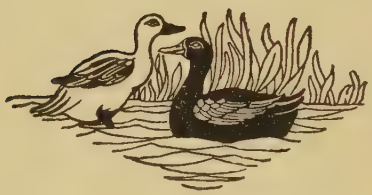
The good-natured duck came near the bank as Grethel spoke, so close indeed that Hansel could seat himself, and wanted to take his little sister on his lap, but she said, "No, we shall be too heavy for the kind duck; let her take us over one at a time."

The good creature did as the children wished; she carried Grethel over first, and then came back for Hansel. And then how happy the children were to find themselves in a part of the wood which they remembered quite well, and as they walked on the more familiar it became, till at last they caught sight of their

father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the room, threw themselves into their father's arms.

Poor man, he had not had a moment's peace since the children had been left alone in the forest; he was full of joy at finding them safe and well again, and now they had nothing to fear, for their wicked stepmother was dead.

But how surprised the poor woodcutter was when Grethel opened and shook her little apron to see the glittering pearls and precious stones scattered about the room, while Hansel drew handful after handful from his pockets. From this moment all his care and sorrow were at an end, and the father lived in happiness with his children till his death.



THE FROG PRINCE

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

N olden times, when people could have all they wished for at once, lived a king who had many beautiful daughters; but the youngest was so lovely that the sun himself would wonder whenever he shone on her face. Near to the king's castle lay a dark, gloomy forest, in the midst of which stood an old linden tree, shading with its foliage the pleasant waters of a fountain.

One day, when the weather was very hot, the king's daughter came into the forest, and seated herself on the side of the cool fountain, and when at last the silence became wearisome, she began to toss a golden ball in the air, and catch it again, as an amusement. Presently, however, the king's daughter failed to catch the golden ball in her hand, so that it fell on the ground, and rolled over the grass into the water.

The princess followed it with her eyes till it disappeared, for the water was so deep that she could not see the bottom.

Then she cried aloud, and began to weep bitterly for the loss of her golden ball. Presently she heard a voice exclaiming:

"Why do you weep, O king's daughter? Your tears could melt even the stones to pity you!"

She looked at the spot from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, there you are, old water-paddler!" she said. "Well, then, I am crying for the loss of my golden ball that has fallen into the fountain."

"Then weep no more," answered the frog; "I can get it for you. But what will you give me if I fetch your plaything?"

"Oh, anything you like, dear frog!" she replied. "What will you have — my dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown I wear sometimes?"

"Neither," answered the frog. "Your clothes, your pearls, and your jewels, or even your golden crown, are nothing to me. I want you to love me, and let me be your companion and playfellow. I should like to sit at your table, eat from your golden plate and drink out of your cup, and sleep in your nice little bed. If you will promise me all this, then I will dive down into the water and bring up your pretty golden ball."

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "I will promise you anything you like if you will only bring up my ball again."

But she thought to herself that a silly, chattering frog as he was, living in the water with others like himself, and croaking, could not be fit to associate with mankind.

The frog, who believed in the promise of the king's daughter, dipped his head under the water, and sank down to the bottom, where he quickly found the ball, and seizing it in his mouth, carried it to the surface and threw it on the grass. When the king's daughter

saw the beautiful plaything, she was full of joy, and, catching it up, ran away as fast as she could run.

"Wait, wait!" cried the frog, "take me with you; I cannot run so fast as you can!" But the young princess would not listen to the frog's croaking; she got to the house as fast as she could, and soon forgot the poor frog, who was obliged to return to the fountain and remain there.

The next day, however, while the princess was sitting with the king and his courtiers, and eating out of her own little golden plate, she heard a strange noise on the marble steps outside, splish, splash, splish, splash, and presently came a knock at the door, and a voice cried: "Lovely princess, open the door for me." So she rose and went to see who could be outside; but when she caught sight of the frog, she closed the door hastily and seated herself again at the table, looking quite pale. The king, seeing that his daughter was alarmed, said to her: "My child, what is there at the door? Is it a giant come to carry you away?"

"Oh, no, my father!" she replied. "It is no giant, only a great ugly frog."

"A frog! What can he want with you, my daughter?"

"Ah, my dear father, I will tell you all about it. Yesterday, when I was playing with my golden ball by the fountain in the forest, I let it fall into the water, and because I cried, the frog fetched it out for me, and he made me promise that he should come to the castle and be my companion, for I thought he could not get out of the water to come to me, and now here he is."

Just then came a second knock at the door, and a voice cried:

"King's daughter, king's daughter, open for me!
You promised that I your companion should be,
When you sit in the shade from the sun's bright beam,
And I fetched up your ball from the fountain's cool stream."

"Then," said the king, "my daughter, you must keep your promise; go and let him in at once." So she was obliged to go and open the door, and the frog hopped in after her close to her feet and quite up to her chair. But when she sat down he cried: "Take me up by you." She would not at first, till her father obliged her to lift the frog on the chair by her side. He was no sooner there than he jumped upon the table and said: "Now, then, push your little golden plate nearer, and we will eat together." The princess did as he told her, but every one could see how much she disliked it. The frog seemed to relish his dinner very much, but he would give the princess half of all he took. At last he said: "I have eaten and drank quite

"Then weep no more," answered the frog; "I can get it for you."

enough, and I feel very tired, so now carry me upstairs into your little bedroom, and make your silken bed ready, that we may sleep together."

When the princess heard this, she began to weep, for she was really afraid of the cold frog: she could not even touch him, and now he actually wanted to sleep in her neat, beautiful little bed.

But the king was displeased at her tears, and he said: "He who helped you when you were in trouble must not be despised now." So the young princess found she must obey. Then she took up the frog with two fingers, and holding him as far from her as possible, she carried him upstairs and placed him in a corner of her room.

In the evening, however, as soon as the princess was in bed, the frog crept out of his corner and said to her: "I am so tired; lift me up and let me sleep in your bed, or I will tell your father."

On hearing this the princess fell into a great passion, so seizing the frog in her hand, she dashed him with all her strength against the wall, saying: "You will be quiet now, I hope, you ugly frog."

But as he fell, how surprised she was to see the frog change into a handsome young prince, with beautiful friendly eyes, who afterward became her constant companion, and at last her father gave his consent to their marriage.

Before it took place, however, the prince told them his history, how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked witch and that she had condemned him to live in the fountain until a king's daughter should come and release him. No one else in the world had the power to do so.

After they were married, the young prince proposed that he should take his bride to his own kingdom. So on the wedding-day a splendid carriage drawn by eight white horses drove up to the door. They had white feathers on their heads and golden harness, and by the side of the carriage stood the prince's steward, the faithful Harry. This faithful Harry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog that he had fastened three iron bands round his heart, to prevent it from bursting with woe and sorrow.

The carriage with the prince and his bride soon drove away, with Harry behind in his old place, and full of joy at the release of his master. They had not travelled far when they heard a loud crack — as if something had broken.

Now, the prince knew nothing of the iron bands round his servant's heart, so he cried out: "Harry, is the carriage breaking?"

"No, sire," he replied, "only the iron bands which I bound round my heart for fear it should burst with sorrow while you were a frog confined in the fountain. They are breaking now because I am so happy to see my master restored to his own shape, and travelling to his kingdom with a beautiful bride."

The prince and princess never forgot faithful Harry, who had loved his master so well while he was in trouble.

THE CAT WHO MARRIED A MOUSE

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

ONCE upon a time, a cat made acquaintance with a mouse, and they were together so much that a great love and friendship arose between them, for the mouse was a clever little thing. At last they agreed to marry and dwell together in the same house and be very comfortable.

One day during summer, the cat said to his wife: "My dear, we must take care to lay in a store for the winter, or we shall die with hunger; you, little Mousey, cannot venture to go about anywhere for fear you should be caught in a trap, but I had better go and see about it."

This good advice was followed, and in a few days Tom came safely back with a large jar of beautiful meat covered with fat, which he had found. They had a long talk about a place in which to hide this treasure; but at last Tom said: "I don't know a better place than the church — no one ever thinks of robbing a church; so, if we place the jar under the altar and take care not to touch it, then we shall have plenty to eat in winter."

So the jar was carried to the church and put in a place of safety; but it did not remain there long.

Tom kept thinking of the contents of the jar, and longing so much for a taste, that at last he invented an excuse to go away from home.

"Mousey," he said one day, "I have had an invitation from one of my cousins, to be present at the christening of her little son, who was born a few weeks ago. He is a beautiful kitten, she tells me, gray with black stripes, and my cousin wishes me to be godfather."

"Oh, yes! go, by all means," replied the mouse. "But when you are enjoying yourself think of me, and bring me a drop of the sweet red wine, if you can."

Tom promised to do as she asked him, and went off as if he were going to see his cousin. But after all it was not true. Tom had no cousin, nor had he been asked to be godfather.

No; he went right off to the church and slipped under the table where the jar of meat stood and sat looking at it. He did not look for long, however, for presently he went close up and began licking and licking the fat on the top of the jar, till it was nearly all gone. Then he took a walk on the roofs of the houses in the town, and at last stretched himself out in the sun and stroked his whiskers as often as he thought of the delicious feast he had had. As soon as the evening closed in he returned home.

"Oh, here you are again!" said the mouse. "Have you spent a pleasant day?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "Everything passed off very well."

"And what name did they give the young kitten?" she asked.

"Top-off," said Tom quite coolly.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse; "that is a curious and uncommon name! Is it a family name?"

"It is a very old name in our family," replied the cat, "and it is not worse than Thieves, as your ancestors were called."

Poor little Mousey made no reply, and for awhile nothing more was said about Tom's cousins.

But Tom could not forget the jar of meat in the church, and the thought of it made him long so much that he was obliged to invent another tale of a christening. So he told the little mouse that a lady cat, his aunt, had invited him this time, and that the kitten was a great beauty, all black, excepting a white ring round its neck, so he could not refuse to be present.

"For one day, dear Mousey," he added, "you will do me this kindness and keep house at home alone?"

The good little mouse willingly agreed, and Tom ran off; but as soon as he had reached the town he jumped over the churchyard wall, and very quickly found his way to the place where the jar of meat was concealed. This time he feasted so greedily that when he had finished the jar was more than half-empty.

"It tastes as nice as it smells," said the cat, after his joyful day's work was over and he had had a nice nap. But as soon as he returned home the mouse asked what name had been given to the kitten this time.

Tom was a little puzzled to know what to say, but at last he said: "Ah! I remember now; they named it Half-gone."

"Half-gone! Why, Tom, what a queer name! I

never heard of it before in my life, and I am sure it cannot be found in the 'Register.'"

The cat did not reply, and for a time all went on as usual till another longing fit made him rub his whiskers, and think of the jar of meat. "Mousey," said he one day, "of all good things there are always three: do you know I have had a third invitation to be godfather? and this time the little kitten is quite black, without a single white hair on its whole body; such a thing has not happened in our family for many years, so you will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-off and Half-gone are such curious names, Tom," replied the mouse, "that they are enough to make one suspicious."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the cat; "what can you know about names, staying at home here all day long in your gray coat and soft fur, with nothing to do but to catch crickets? You can know very little of what men do in the world."

Poor little Mousey was silent, and she patiently remained at home during the absence of the greedy, deceitful cat, who this time feasted himself secretly till he had quite cleaned out the jar, and left it empty.

"When all is gone, then one can rest," said he to himself as he returned home at night quite fat and sleek.

"Well, Tom," said the mouse, as soon as she saw him, "and what is the name of this third child?"

"I hope you will be pleased at last," he said; "it is named All-gone."

"All-gone!" cried the mouse; "That is the most suspicious name yet; I can scarcely believe it; what

does it mean?" Then she shook her head, rolled herself up, and went to sleep.

After this, Tom was not invited to any more christenings; but, as the winter came on, and in the night no provisions could be found, the mouse thought of the careful store they had laid up for the winter, and said to the cat, "Come, Tom, let us fetch the jar of meat from the church; it will be such a nice relish for us."

"Ah, yes," he replied; "it will be a nice relish to you, I dare say, when you stretch out your fine little tongue to taste it!" So he took himself out of the way, and Mousey went to the church by herself. But what was her vexation at finding the jar still standing in the same place, but quite empty.

Then she returned home and found Tom looking as if he did not care, although he was at first rather ashamed to face her.

"I understand now," said the little mouse quite gently. "I can see what has happened; a fine friend you have been to me to deceive me in this manner. When you told me you were going to stand godfather to the three little kittens, you never visited your relations at all; but, instead of that, you went to the church three times, and ate up all the meat in the jar. I know, now, what you mean by Top-off, Half-gone —"

"Will you be quiet?" said the cat in a rage; "If you say another word, I will eat you!"

But the poor little mouse had got the other name on the tip of her tongue when Tom interrupted her, and she could not stop herself: out it came — "All-gone!"

Tom only wanted an excuse to eat up his poor little

wife, so he sprang upon her the moment she uttered the word, broke her back with his paw, and ate her up.

You will see every day in this world, among human beings, the strong oppressing the weak, and, if they complain, ill-using them for doing so.

FAIRY TELL TRUE

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

EAR the opening to a large forest lived a woodcutter with his wife. They had only one child, a little maiden of three years old, and they were so very poor that they could scarcely find bread to eat from day to day.

One morning the woodcutter, full of sorrow, went into the wood to his work, and while he cut down trees with his axe, all at once a beautiful lady stood before him. She had a crown of glittering stars on her head, and diamonds sparkled in her hair. Then she spoke to the woodcutter: "I am the good fairy Tell True, and mother of all good children. You are poor and miserable: bring me your little child; I will be a mother to her, and provide for her with the greatest care." The woodcutter was very glad to give up his little girl to such a good fairy, so he called her to him and gave her to the beautiful lady, who carried her up to a delightful palace in the clouds.

Here she was very happy; she had sugared bread to eat and sweet fresh milk to drink; her clothes were of silk and gold, and she played with the fairy's good children all day.

Here she remained till she reached the age of four-

teen, and one day the good fairy called her to her side and said: "Dear child, I have a long journey to take, and while I am absent I intend to leave the thirteen keys of the doors in my fairy palace in your care. You are free to open twelve of these doors and examine the wonderful things which the rooms contain, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, you are forbidden to enter. If you do, great sorrow and misfortune will happen to you."

The young girl promised faithfully to remember this injunction, and when the good fairy was gone, she began at once to examine the rooms of the palace. Each day she unlocked one, until she had opened all the twelve. In each room she saw a beautiful fairy surrounded with a clear and brilliant light, and so much brightness and glory that she, as well as the good children who accompanied her, were full of joy.

Now the forbidden door still remained unopened; but such a longing desire arose in her heart to see what the room contained that she said to her companions: "I will just open this door a very little way and peep in."

"Oh, no, don't!" said one of the good children; "that would be wrong; the good fairy has forbidden you to do so, and something dreadful will happen if you do."

The young girl was silent, but the longing desire in her heart would not be still, and day after day her curiosity increased so much that she could not rest.

At last one day, when all her young companions were absent, she thought to herself, "Now I shall be able to go in and have a peep, and no one will ever know."

So she fetched the keys, and taking the right one in her hand, placed it in the lock and turned it round. The moment she did so the door sprang open, and she saw three beautiful fairies seated on a throne of fire in a blaze of light. She stood for awhile bewildered with astonishment. Then she moved forward a little and placed her finger in the glittering light; and when she drew it back her finger was covered with gold. On seeing this she was seized with a terrible fear, and shutting the door quickly, she ran away to another part of the palace. But she could not overcome her fear, and her heart beat violently when she found that the gold would not come off her finger, although she rubbed and washed it with all her might.

Not very long after this the good fairy returned home, and calling the maiden to her, requested her to give up the keys of the palace.

As she placed them in the fairy's hand, she looked earnestly into the young girl's eyes, and said: "Have you opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," was the reply.

The good fairy laid her hand on the young girl's heart, and knew by its beating, which she felt, that she had been disobeyed and that the door had been opened. Then she said again: "Have you opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," was the reply for the second time.

Then the fairy caught sight of the maiden's finger which had become golden when she touched the fiery light, and knew by this that she was guilty. For a third time she asked the same question, but the young girl still answered "No."

Then the good fairy said to the maiden: "You have not attended to my commands nor spoken the truth; you are therefore not fit to remain with good children in this beautiful palace in the clouds." As the fairy spoke, the maiden fell into a deep sleep and sank down upon the earth.

When she awoke, she found herself alone in a great wilderness; and on attempting to cry out, her voice could no longer be heard, for she had been struck dumb. Then she sprang up and attempted to force her way out of the wilderness, but wherever she turned the thick thorn bushes drove her back, and she could not pass through them. The enclosure in which she now found herself was surrounded by hollow caves, and in one of these she determined to take up her abode; therefore, when night came on, she crept in and slept till morning, and during stormy or rainy weather it formed her only shelter. Her life now was indeed miserable, and whenever she thought of those happy days when she had lived in the beautiful palace, with good children for her companions, she wept bitterly.

Her food consisted of roots and wild berries, which she had to search for, and in autumn she collected all the dry leaves and carried them to the hollow cave to serve her for a bed. In winter the nuts were her food, and when the snow and ice came she rolled herself like a poor animal in the leaves and let her long hair fall round her like a mantle, for her clothes were all in rags. So one year after another passed, during which she endured the greatest want and misery.

One day in the spring, when the trees were decked in their fresh green leaves, the king of the country was

hunting in the forest, and while following a deer he saw it disappear among the thick bushes which encircled the old hollow caves. To follow the deer he alighted from his horse and made a way for himself through the bushes with his sword.

When he had thus cleared a path, he saw a beautiful maiden seated under a tree and clothed from head to foot in her own golden hair. He stood still at first in silent astonishment, and then he said: "Who art thou, fair maiden, and why dost thou sit here in this lonely place?" But she could not answer him, for her lips were sealed.

Then the king spoke again: "Will you go with me to my palace?" Then she nodded her head, and the king, taking her in his arms, lifted her on his horse and rode home with her.

As soon as they arrived at the castle, he gave her beautiful clothing and everything she wanted in abundance; and although she could not speak, she was so beautiful and graceful that the king fell in love with her, and in a very short time they were married.

In a year after the young queen had a little son, and while she was lying on her bed during the night, the good fairy appeared to her and said: "Wilt thou now own the truth, that thou didst open the forbidden door? If thou wilt, I will restore to thee the power of speech; but if thou art still obstinate and persist in denying thy sin, then I will take thy new-born babe with me."

Then the power of speech was given to the queen to enable her to answer; but she remained obdurate, and said: "No; I did not open the forbidden door."

On this the good fairy took the new-born baby in her arms and disappeared with it.

In the morning, when the child could not be found, a murmur arose among the people; they declared that the queen had destroyed her baby. She heard all they said, but she could not explain; however, the king loved her too well to believe a word of evil against her.

In another year the queen had a second son born, and again the good fairy appeared to her and said: "If thou wilt now confess that thou hast opened the forbidden door, I will restore to thee thy child and set thy tongue at liberty; but if thou wilt persist in thy denial, thou shalt still remain dumb, and I will take away from thee thy second baby also." But the queen again replied: "No; I did not open the forbidden door." Then the fairy took up the second child and carried it away to her palace in the clouds. The next morning, when the second child also was missing, the people were loud in their complaints against the queen; they even said that they believed she was an ogress, and had eaten it. The king's counsellors also demanded that she should be brought to justice. But the king's love for her was so great that he believed nothing, and even threatened the counsellors, who, at the peril of their lives, did not dare to say a word against her.

But in the third year a little baby girl was born to the queen, and the good fairy came a third time and said to her: "Follow me." Then she took her by the hand and carried her to the palace in the clouds. She led her in and showed her two beautiful boys, who were laughing and playing beyond the stars in the glorious

sunlight. Great was the queen's joy at seeing her children, and the good fairy said to her: "Is thy heart not yet softened? Even now, if thou wilt confess that thou hast opened the forbidden door, I will restore to thee both thy two little sons."

But the queen answered for the third time:

"No; I did not open the forbidden door."

Then the good fairy allowed her to sink down again to earth, and took away from her the new-born daughter.

When the people discovered the next morning that the third child was missing, they became very angry, and said: "Our queen is really an ogress; she has eaten her children; she must be condemned to die." This time the king could not silence his counsellors. The queen was brought before the tribunal, and as she would not answer nor defend herself, she was condemned to be burned alive. The funeral pile was formed and she was fastened to the stake, but when the flames began to spread around, her pride was melted from her heart and she repented; the thought arose, "Oh! if I could only confess to the good fairy before I die, and tell her that I did open that door."

As she thought this her voice came back to her, and she cried: "Oh, good fairy Tell True, I am guilty!"

As soon as the words were out of her mouth the rain began to pour down, and quickly put out the flames. A bright light surrounded her, and in it appeared the good fairy, leading by the hand the queen's dear, long-lost boys, and carrying in her arms the little baby girl. The fairy spoke kindly to her, and said: "Now that thou hast confessed thy sin and art for-

given, I can restore to thee not only the power of speech, but also thy three dear children, and promise thee happiness and joy for the remainder of thy life. For," she said, "those who confess and forsake their sins shall find mercy."

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

A FISHERMAN once lived contentedly with his wife in a little hut near a lake, and he went every day to throw his line into the water.

One day after angling for a long time without even a bite, the line suddenly sank to the bottom, and when he pulled it up again there was a large flounder hanging to the end of it.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the fish; "good fisherman, let me go, I pray you; I am not a real fish, but a prince in disguise. I shall be of no use to you, for I am not good to eat. Put me back again into the water and let me swim away."

"Ah," said the man, "you need not make such a disturbance. I would rather let a flounder who can speak swim away than keep it."

With these words he placed the fish back again in the water, and it sank to the bottom, leaving a long streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman rose up and went home to his wife in the hut.

"Husband," said the wife, "have you caught anything to-day?"

"I caught a flounder," he replied, "who said he was an enchanted prince; so I threw him back into the water, and let him swim away."

"Did you not wish?" she asked.

"No," he said; "what should I wish for?"

"Why, at least for a better hut than this dirty place. How unlucky you did not think of it! He would have promised you whatever you asked for. However, go and call him now; perhaps he will answer you."

The husband did not like this task at all; he thought it was nonsense. However, to please his wife, he went and stood by the sea. When he saw how green and dark it looked, he felt much discouraged, but made up a rhyme and said:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Sent me here a tale to tell."

Then the fish came swimming up to the surface, and said: "What do you want with me?"

"Ah," said the man, "I caught you and let you go again to-day, without wishing; and my wife says I ought to have wished, for she cannot live any longer in such a miserable hut as ours, and she wants a better one."

"Go home, man," said the fish; "your wife has all she wants."

So the husband went home, and there was his wife, no longer in her dirty hovel, but sitting at the door of a neat little cottage, looking very happy.

She took her husband by the hand and said: "Come in, and see how much better it is than the other old hut."

So he followed her in, and found a beautiful parlor, and a bright stove in it, a soft bed in the bedroom, and a kitchen full of earthenware, and tin and copper vessels for cooking, looking so bright and clean, and all of the very best. Outside was a little farmyard, with hens and chickens running about, and, beyond, a garden containing plenty of fruit and vegetables.

"See," said the wife; "is it not delightful?"

"Ah, yes," replied her husband, "as long as it is new you will be quite contented; but after that, we shall see."

"Yes, we shall see," said the wife.

A fortnight passed, and the husband felt quite happy, till one day his wife startled him by saying, "Husband, after all, this is only a cottage, much too small for us, and the yard and the garden cover very little ground. If the fish is really a prince in disguise, he could very well give us a larger house. I should like, above all things, to live in a large castle built of stone. Go to thy fish and ask him to build us a castle."

"Ah, wife," he said, "this cottage is good enough for us; what do we want of a castle?"

"Go along," she replied; "the flounder will be sure to give us what you ask."

"Nay, wife," said he; "the fish gave us the cottage at first, but if I go again he may be angry."

"Never mind," she replied; "he can do what I

wish easily, and I have no doubt he will; so go and try."

The husband rose to go with a heavy heart; he said to himself, "This is not right," and when he reached the sea he noticed that the water was now a dark blue, yet very calm; so he began his old song:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

"Now, then, what do you want?" said the fish, lifting his head above the water.

"Oh, dear," said the fisherman in a frightened tone, "my wife wants to live in a great stone castle."

"Go home, man, and you will find her there," was the reply.

The husband hastened home, and where the cottage had been there stood a great stone castle, and his wife tripped down the steps saying: "Come with me, and I will show you what a beautiful dwelling we have now!"

So she took him by the hand and led him into the castle, through halls of marble, while numbers of servants stood ready to usher them through folding-doors

into rooms where the walls were hung with tapestry and the furniture was of silk and gold. From these they went into other rooms equally elegant, where crystal looking-glasses hung on the walls, and the chairs and tables were of rosewood and marble. The soft carpets sank beneath the footstep, and rich ornaments were arranged about the rooms.

Outside the castle was a large court-yard in which were stables and cow-sheds, horses and carriages, all of the most expensive kind. Beyond this was a beautiful garden full of rare flowers and delicious fruit, besides several acres of field and park land, in which deer, oxen, and sheep were grazing — all, indeed, that the heart could wish was here.

"Well," said the wife, "is not this beautiful?"

"Yes," replied her husband, "and you will think so as long as the humor lasts, and then, I suppose, you will want something more."

"We must think about that," she replied, and then they went to bed.

Not many mornings after this the fisherman's wife rose early. It was just daybreak, and she stood looking out, with her arms akimbo, over the beautiful country that lay before her. Her husband did not stir, and presently she exclaimed: "Get up, husband, and come to the window! Look here, ought you not to be king of all this land? Then I should be queen. Go and tell the fish I want you to be king."

"Ah, wife," he replied, "I don't want to be king. I can't go and ask that."

"Well," she replied, "if you don't care about being king, I wish to be queen, so go and tell the fish what I say"

"It's no use, wife; I cannot."

"Why not? Come, there's a good man, go at once; I must be queen!"

The husband turned away in a sorrowful mood. "It is not right," he said; "it is not right." However, he went, and as he stood on the seashore, he noticed that the water looked quite dark and rough, while the waves foamed and dashed against the shore as if they were angry. But still he said:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

"What!" cried the fish, rising to the surface, "she is not content, and she wants to be queen? Very well, then; go home, and you will find her so."

When he got near home he found the castle had disappeared, and he saw at a distance a palace, which seemed to grow larger as he approached it. At one end was a large tower, and a noble terrace in front. A sentinel stood at the gates, and a band of soldiers, with drums and trumpets, were performing martial music. On arriving at the palace, he found it was built of precious marble. Within no expense had been spared. The furniture was of the most precious materials, and the curtains and carpets fringed with gold. The husband passed through the doors into a state apartment of immense size, and there sat his wife upon a lofty throne of gold and precious stones. She had a crown of gold upon her head, and a golden sceptre in her hand adorned with jewels. On each side of her stood

six pages in a row, each one a head taller than the one next to him. He went up to his wife, and said: "Ah, wife, so you are queen now!"

"Yes," she said, "I am queen."

He stood looking at her for a long time till at last he spoke again. "Well, wife, now that you are queen, we have nothing left to wish for; we must give up wishing."

"No, indeed," she replied, "I am not yet satisfied. Time and tide wait for no man, nor will they wait for me. I am as impatient as ever. Go to your enchanted prince again and tell him I want to be empress."

"Empress!" cried the husband. "It is beyond his power, I am certain; the empress has the highest place in the kingdom."

"What!" she replied, "don't you know that I am queen, and that you must obey me, although you are my husband? Go at once; if the prince in disguise can make a queen, he can also make an empress."

So the husband went away muttering to himself, "To keep on wishing in this way is not good; I am certain the fish will put an end to it this time."

When he reached the shore the sea was quite black, and the waves rushed so furiously over the rocks that he was terrified, but he contrived to repeat his wild verse again, saying:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

Up came the fish.

"Well," he said, "what does she want now?"

"Ah!" said the husband timidly, "she wants to be empress."

"Go home, man," he replied. "She has her wish."

And on his return he found his wife acting as empress in a palace of marble, with alabaster statues, and gold, and pearls; and soldiers, and lords, and barons bowing to her; but she was not satisfied even now, and at last told her husband that she wished to be the pope, and that he must go to the fish and tell him so.

"No," he said, "that is impossible. The pope is the head of the Church. You cannot have that wish."

"But I will be pope!" she exclaimed.

So he was obliged to go, and when he reached the shore the sea was running mountains high, and roaring and beating against the shores, and it was such terrible weather that the sky looked quite black.

However, he ventured to call up the fish with the old song, and told him of his wife's wish.

"Go home," he said. "Your wife is pope."

He turned to go back, but what a change he found: the palace had vanished, and in its place stood a large cathedral surrounded by marble pillars.

On a high throne sat his wife, with thousands of lights around her, dressed in robes embroidered with gold, and wearing a large golden crown on her head. Candles of all kinds stood near her, some as thick as a tower, others as small as a rushlight, while emperors, kings, and nobles kneeled at her footstool and kissed her slippers.

"Well, wife," said her husband, "so you are pope?"

"Yes," she said. "I am."

He stood still for a time watching her, and at length he remarked: "You cannot be higher than the pope, so I suppose now you are content?"

"I am not quite sure," she said. But when evening came, and they retired to rest, she could not sleep for thinking of what she should next wish for. Her husband slept soundly, for he had tired himself the day before; but she rose even before the day broke, and stood at the window to watch the sun rise.

It was a beautiful sight, and she exclaimed as she watched it, "Oh, if I only had the power to make the sun rise! Husband, wake up," she added, pushing him in the ribs with her elbows; "wake up, and go and tell the enchanted prince that I wish to be equal to the Creator, and make the sun rise."

The husband was so frightened at this that he tumbled out of bed, and exclaimed: "Ah, wife, what didst thou say?"

She repeated the words.

Her husband fell on his knees before her. "Don't ask me to do this; I cannot!" he cried, but she flew into a rage, and drove him from the house.

The poor fisherman went down to the shore in terror, for a dreadful storm had arisen, and he could scarcely stand on his feet. Ships were wrecked, boats tossed to and fro, and rocks rolled into the sea.

In his terror and confusion he heard a voice from amid the storm:

"Your wife wishes to be equal to the Creator. Go

home, man, and find her again in her dirty hovel by the sea!"

He went home, to find the glories, the riches, and the palaces vanished, and his wife sitting in the old hut, an example of the consequence of impious ambition.

THE ENCHANTED STAG

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THERE were once a brother and sister who loved each other dearly; their mother was dead, and their father had married again a woman who was most unkind and cruel to them. One day the boy took his sister's hand and said to her, "Dear little sister, since our mother died we have not had one happy hour. Our stepmother gives us dry, hard crusts for dinner and supper; she often knocks us about, and threatens to kick us out of the house. Even the little dogs under the table fare better than we do, for she often throws them nice pieces to eat. Heaven pity us! Oh, if our dear mother knew! Come, let us go out into the wide world!"

So they went out, and wandered over fields and meadows the whole day till evening. At last they found themselves in a large forest; it began to rain, and the little sister said, "See, brother, heaven and our hearts weep together." At last, tired out with hunger and sorrow and the long journey, they crept into a hollow tree, laid themselves down, and slept till morning.

When they awoke the sun was high in the heavens,

and shone brightly into the hollow tree, so they left their place of shelter and wandered away in search of water.

"Oh, I am so thirsty!" said the boy. "If we could only find a brook or a stream." He stopped to listen, and said, "Stay, I think I hear a running stream." So he took his sister by the hand, and they ran together to find it.

Now, the stepmother of these poor children was a wicked witch. She had seen the children go away, and following them cautiously like a snake, had bewitched all the springs and streams in the forest. The pleasant trickling of a brook over the pebbles was heard by the children as they reached it, and the boy was just stooping to drink when the sister heard in the babbling of the brook:

"Whoever drinks of me,
A tiger soon will be."

Then she cried quickly, "Stay, brother, stay! do not drink or you will become a wild beast and tear me to pieces."

Thirsty as he was, the brother conquered his desire to drink at her words and said, "Dear sister, I will wait till we come to a spring." So they wandered further, but as they approached she heard in the bubbling spring the words:

"Who drinks of me,
A wolf will be."

"Brother, I pray you do not drink of this spring; you will be changed into a wolf and devour me."

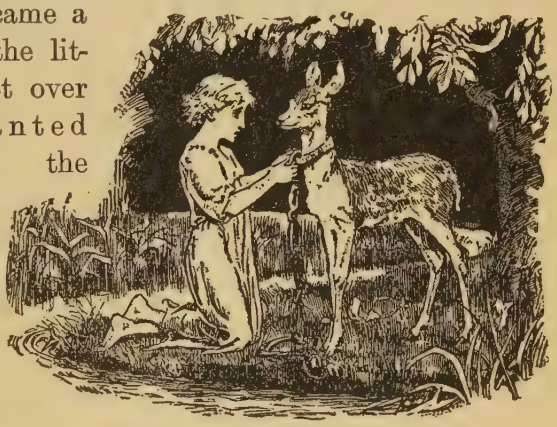
Again the brother denied himself and promised to

wait; but he said, "At the next stream I must drink, say what you will, my thirst is so great."

Not far off ran a pretty streamlet, looking clear and bright; but here also in its murmuring waters the sister heard the words:

"Who dares to drink of me,
Turned to a stag will be."

"Dear brother, do not drink," she began; but she was too late, for her brother had already knelt by the stream to drink, and as the first drop of water touched his lips he became a fawn. How the little sister wept over her enchanted brother, and the fawn wept also!



He did not run away, but stayed close to her; and at last she said, "Stand still, dear fawn; don't fear; I must take care of you, but I will never leave you." So she untied her little golden garter and fastened it round the neck of the fawn; then she gathered some soft green rushes and braided them into a soft string which she fastened to the fawn's golden collar and then led him away into the forest.

After wandering about for some time they at last found a little deserted hut, and the sister was overjoyed,

for she thought it would form a nice shelter for them both. So she led the fawn in and then went out alone to gather moss and dried leaves to make him a soft bed.

Every morning she went out to gather dried roots, nuts, and berries for her own food, and sweet fresh grass for the fawn, which he ate out of her hand, and the poor little animal went out with her and played about as happy as the day was long.

When evening came and the poor sister felt tired, she would kneel down and say her prayers, and then lay her delicate head on the fawn's back, which was a soft, warm pillow on which she could sleep peacefully. Had this dear brother only kept his own proper form how happy they would have been together! After they had been alone in the forest for some time and the little sister had grown a lovely maiden and the fawn a large stag, a numerous hunting party came to the forest, and among them the king of the country.

The sounding horn, the barking of the dogs, the halloo of the huntsmen, resounded through the forest, and were heard by the stag, who became eager to join his companions.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "do let me go and see the hunt, I cannot restrain myself." And he begged so hard that at last she reluctantly consented.

"But remember," she said, "I must lock the cottage door against those huntsmen, so when you come back in the evening and knock, I shall not admit you unless you say, 'Dear little sister, let me in.'"

He bounded off as she spoke, scarcely stopping to listen, for it was so delightful for him again to breathe the fresh air and be free.

He had not run far when the king's chief hunter caught sight of the beautiful animal, and started off in chase of him; but it was no easy matter to overtake such rapid footsteps. Once, when he thought he had him safe, the fawn sprang over the bushes and disappeared.

As it was now nearly dark he ran up to the little cottage, knocked at the door and cried, "Dear little sister, let me in!" The door was instantly opened, and oh, how glad his sister was to see him safely resting on his soft, pleasant bed!

A few days after this the huntsmen were again in the forest; and when the fawn heard the halloo he could not rest in peace, but begged his sister again to let him go.

She opened the door, and said, "I will let you go this time; but pray do not forget to say what I told you when you return this evening."

The chief hunter very soon espied the beautiful fawn with the golden collar, pointed it out to the king, and they determined to hunt it.

They chased him with all their skill till the evening; but he was too light and nimble for them to catch, till a shot wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he was obliged to hide himself in the bushes, and after the huntsmen were gone, limped slowly home.

One of them, however, determined to follow him at a distance and discover where he went. What was his surprise at seeing him go up to a door and knock, and to hear him say, "Dear little sister, let me in." The door was only opened a little way, and quickly shut; but the huntsman had seen enough to make him full of

wonder, when he returned and described to the king what he had seen.

"We will have one more chase to-morrow," said the king, "and discover this mystery."

In the mean time the loving sister was terribly alarmed at finding the stag's foot wounded and bleeding. She quickly washed off the blood, and after bathing the wound, placed healing herbs on it, and said, "Lie down on your bed, dear fawn, and the wound will soon heal, if you rest your foot."

In the morning the wound was so much better that the fawn felt the foot almost as strong as ever, and so, when he again heard the halloo of the hunters, he could not rest. "Oh, dear sister, I must go once more; it will be easy for me to avoid the hunters now, and my foot feels quite well; they will not hunt me unless they see me running, and I don't mean to do that."

But his sister wept, and begged him not to go: "If they kill you, dear fawn, I shall be here alone in the forest, forsaken by the whole world."

"And I shall die of grief," he said, "if I remain here listening to the hunter's horn."

So at length his sister, with a heavy heart, set him free, and he bounded away joyfully into the forest.

As soon as the king caught sight of him he said to the huntsmen, "Follow that stag about, but don't hurt him."

So they hunted him all day, but at the approach of sunset the king said to the hunter who had followed the fawn the day before, "Come and show me the little cottage."

So they went together, and when the king saw it he

sent his companion home, and went on alone so quickly that he arrived there before the fawn; and going up to the little door, knocked and said softly, "Dear little sister, let me in!"

As the door opened the king stepped in, and in great astonishment saw a maiden more beautiful than he had ever seen in his life standing before him. But how frightened she felt to see, instead of her dear little fawn, a noble gentleman walk in with a gold crown on his head.

However, he appeared very friendly, and after a little talk he held out his hand to her, and said, "Wilt thou go with me to my castle and be my dear wife?"

"Ah, yes," replied the maiden, "I would willingly; but I cannot leave my dear fawn; he must go with me wherever I am."

"He shall remain with you as long as you live," replied the king, "and I will never ask you to forsake him."

While they were talking, the fawn came bounding in, looking quite well and happy. Then his sister fastened the string of rushes to his collar, took it in her hand, and led him away from the cottage in the wood to where the king's beautiful horse waited for him.

The king placed the maiden before him on his horse, and rode away to his castle, the fawn following by

their side. Soon after, their marriage was celebrated with great splendor, and the fawn was taken the greatest care of, and played where he pleased, or roamed about the castle grounds in happiness and safety.

In the mean time the wicked stepmother, who had caused these two young people such misery, supposed that the sister had been devoured by wild beasts and that the fawn had been hunted to death. Therefore when she heard of their happiness, such envy and malice arose in her heart that she could find no rest till she had tried to destroy it.

She and her ugly daughter came to the castle when the queen had a little baby, and one of them pretended to be a nurse, and at last got the mother and child into their power.

They shut the queen up in the bath and tried to suffocate her, and the old woman put her own ugly daughter in the queen's bed, that the king might not know she was away.

She would not, however, let him speak to her, but pretended that she must be kept quite quiet.

The queen escaped from the bathroom, where the wicked old woman had locked her up, but she did not go far, as she wanted to watch over her child and the little fawn.

For two nights the baby's nurse saw a figure of the queen come into the room and take up her baby and nurse it. Then she told the king, and he determined to watch himself. The old stepmother, who acted as nurse to her ugly daughter, whom she tried to make the king believe was his wife, had said that the queen was too weak to see him, and never left her room.

"There cannot be two queens," said the king to himself, "so to-night I will watch in the nursery." As soon as the figure came in and took up her baby, he saw it was his real wife, and caught her in his arms, saying, "You are my own beloved wife, as beautiful as ever."

The wicked witch had thrown her into a trance, hoping she would die, and that the king would then marry her daughter; but on the king speaking to her, the spell was broken. The queen told the king how cruelly she had been treated by her stepmother, and on hearing this he became very angry, and had the witch and her daughter brought to justice. They were both sentenced to die; the daughter to be devoured by wild beasts, and the mother to be burned alive.

No sooner, however, was she reduced to ashes than the charm which held the queen's brother in the form of a stag was broken; he recovered his own natural shape, and appeared before them a tall, handsome young man.

After this the brother and sister lived happily and peacefully for the rest of their lives.

THE TAILOR'S THREE SONS

By THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

ONCE upon a time lived a tailor who had three sons, and only one goat to supply them with milk. Of course, such a valuable animal had to be well fed, and the boys used to take her by turns every day to browse in the lanes and to crop the green grass which grew by the roadside. One day the eldest son took her into the churchyard, in which she not only enjoyed the green fresh grass, but frisked about quite merrily. In the evening, when it was time to go home, the boy said to her, "Have you had enough?" and the goat replied:

"I am so full,
I could not pull
Even a blade of grass —
Baa! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth; and he took hold of the rope, led her to the stable, and tied her up.

"Well," said the father, as his son appeared, "have you taken care of the goat?"

"Yes, indeed, father; she has eaten till she can eat no more."

But the father, wishing to make quite sure, went to

the stable himself, and stroking his favorite, said: "Nanny, have you had enough to-day?" But the goat replied playfully:

"In the churchyard all day,
I could frisk and play,
But there was not a leaf to eat—
Baa! baa!"

"What do I hear?" cried the tailor, rushing out of the stable and calling to his eldest boy. "You have told me a falsehood — you said the goat had eaten as much as she liked, and was well fed, and after all she has been starved."

And in great anger he took up the yard measure and drove him with blows from the house.

On the next day it was the turn of the second son to take the goat out, and he soon found a nice spot near a garden wall full of sweet, fresh grass, which the goat ate till there was not a blade left.

In the evening, when it was time to go home, the boy asked the goat whether she had had enough.

"I have eaten so much
I can eat no more—
Baa! baa!"

was the goat's reply; so the boy led her home, and taking her to the stable, tied her up.

"Well," said the father, as his second son entered the house, "how has the goat fared to-day?"

"Ah!" replied the youth, "she has eaten so much she can eat no more."

But the tailor, remembering the previous evening,

went again into the stable and asked the goat the same question.

"How could I eat
When there was no meat—
Not even a tiny leaf?
Baa! baa!"

"You dreadful child!" cried the tailor, "to leave such a useful animal to starve!"

He ran to the house in great anger, and after beating the boy with his yard measure, he drove him also from the house.

The turn of the youngest son came the next day, and he was determined to give the goat a feast this time. So he took her to a bank where delicious wild flowers and young leaves grew, and left her to enjoy herself.

When he came to fetch her back home in the evening, he asked: "Have you had enough to-day, Nanny?" She replied:

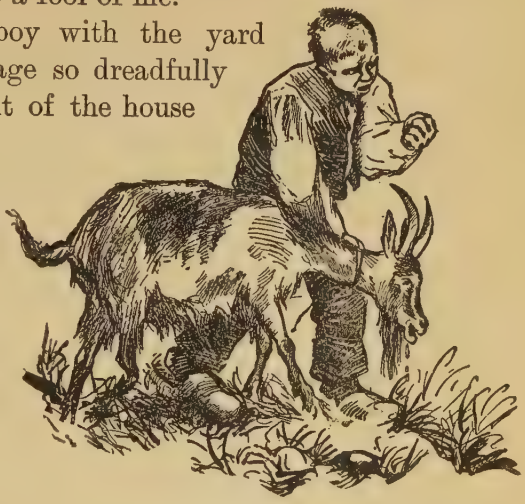
"I am so full,
That I could not pull
Even a blade of grass—
Baa! baa!"

"Then come home," he said; and after leading her to the stable, he tied her up and went in to his father and told him how well he had fed the goat; but the tailor could not trust him, and upon going out into the stable and asking the goat, the wicked animal replied:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Not even a blade of grass—
Baa! baa!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the tailor, "what dreadful boys mine are — one quite as bad as the other; he shall not stay here to make a fool of me."

He beat the boy with the yard measure in his rage so dreadfully that he rushed out of the house and ran away.



Now, the tailor remained at home alone with his goat, and the next morning he went into the stable himself and said to her: "Come, my precious animal, I will take you out to-day myself." So he took her a little distance to some green hedges, near which grew bright, tender grass, of which goats are very fond, and said: "This time you can enjoy yourself to your heart's content."

He left her there till the evening, and then he asked: "Have you eaten as much as you like, Nanny?" She replied:

"I have had enough
Of the nicest stuff;
I could not eat any more —
Baa! baa!"

So he led her home and tied her fast in the stable. He had not, however, gone far from the door when he turned back and again asked her if she was satisfied. To his surprise, she said:

"How can I be?
For I did not see
A single blade of grass
Baa! baa!"

When the tailor heard this he was greatly startled, and saw at once that he had punished his three sons unjustly.

"You ungrateful animal!" he cried. "It would be a slight punishment to you to send you away as I did my sons. But wait a bit. I will mark you in such a manner that you will never dare show yourself again among honest tailors."

So he seized a razor, soaped the head of the goat, and shaved it as smooth as the back of his hand, and then, as a blow from the yard measure would have been too great an honor, the tailor fetched a whip and gave the goat two or three such cuts with it that the animal rushed out and ran away with all her might.

The tailor, being now quite alone in the empty house, began to feel very miserable; he would have been glad to have his three sons home again, but he knew not where to find them. And so years passed away without any news of the wanderers.

We will leave the hasty tailor to himself, and see what his sons have been about all this while. The eldest had apprenticed himself to a joiner, and acquired the knowledge of the trade so quickly that his master was quite pleased with him. When the time came for him to travel about, as young tradesmen do abroad, to improve their knowledge of the different branches of their trade, his master gave him a table. It was very small and not at all wonderful to look at, for the wood

was of the most common sort; but it possessed one remarkable quality. If any one addressed it, and said, "Table, prepare for dinner," immediately the table obeyed, and quickly covered itself with a snowy cloth, on which stood plates, knives, and forks, with dishes and tureens full of good things to eat, and the bright, sparkling red wine in glass goblets, which makes glad the heart.

The young apprentice thought that with such a table he could want nothing else in the world, and started on his journey without troubling himself to find an inn, either good or bad, or perhaps where he might be unable to get anything to eat, at all. And so it happened to him, that travel where he might, whether through wood or meadow, he had only to take his table from his back, place it on the ground, and say, "Table, prepare thyself!" and immediately it was ready, and covered with all that heart could wish.

After travelling for some time, it came into his mind that he would return to his father, whose anger must be appeased by this time, and with such a wonderful table as he possessed, he was sure to receive a kind welcome. He therefore turned his steps homeward, and toward evening came to an inn by the roadside, which seemed full of guests. The landlord asked him in and invited him to sit and eat with him, as the house was so full.

The young joiner looked at the scanty fare which was placed before him, and said: "Do you think I am going to be satisfied with such a supper as that? Why, I could eat it all in two mouthfuls! No, wait a bit; you shall be my guest, landlord."

The host laughed, and thought his visitor was making jokes with him; but how great was his surprise when he saw him unfasten the little table from his back, place it on the floor of the room, and heard him say: "Table prepare thyself." In a moment the table was covered with a most splendid supper, as good as, and even better than, the landlord himself could have provided. The smell even reached the noses of the guests, and they came down to the landlord's room to see what feast he had there.

Then the joiner said: "Dear friends, seat yourselves; you are quite welcome." And when they saw that he was really in earnest, they did not allow themselves to be asked twice, but took their places at the table and used their knives and forks bravely. Their surprise was increased when they observed that as soon as a dish was empty, it was instantly replaced by a full one.

The landlord stood in a corner watching the affair in silence, but he thought to himself, "If I had such a cook as that, it would make the fortune of my house."

The joiner and his guests spent a great part of the night enjoying themselves, but at last they went to their rooms, and the young man carried his table with him and placed it against the wall. But the envious, avaricious thoughts of the landlord gave him no rest all night, he did so long to possess this wonderful table. At last he remembered that he had in his lumber-room an old table just like it in appearance. So he rose and went very quietly to fetch it; then creeping into the young man's room, he changed the tables, and carried off his treasure, for the joiner slept soundly.

The next morning the youth, after paying for the

night's expenses, packed up his table and went his way, quite unaware of the false conduct of the landlord.

About noon he reached home, and the old tailor welcomed him back with great joy. "Well, my son," he asked, "and what have you been learning all this long time?"

"Father," he replied, "I am a cabinet-maker, and can work well at my trade."

"It is a good business," said the tailor; "but how much have you gained by it?"

"The best thing I have gained," he said, "is that little table."

The tailor examined it on all sides, and then said: "That cannot certainly be of much value; why, it is old, and nearly worn out."

"Ah," said the son, "its value is not in its looks. It has such a wonderful power that when I stand it up and say, 'Table, cover thyself,' it will instantly prepare a splendid dinner, with plates, knives, forks, glasses, and dishes of various kinds, and such rich wines as will rejoice your heart. You go and invite all our friends and relations to dinner, and you will soon discover what my table can do."

The tailor hastened to follow his son's advice, and when the company were all assembled, expecting a splendid feast, the young man placed his table in the centre of the room, and said: "Table, prepare thyself." But the table did not move; it stood there as empty as any other table, for, of course, it had no magic power, and did not understand what was said to it.

When the poor young man discovered that he had been deceived, and his table changed for another, he

stood before the company covered with shame, for he felt sure they would look upon him as a liar. His relations, however, only laughed at him, although they did grumble a little, for they had all to go home again to get something to eat and drink. After this disgrace and disappointment, the father went back to his needle and thimble, and the son was obliged to seek for work with a master joiner.

We will now return to the second son. He had apprenticed himself to a miller, and when his time was up his master said:

"You have worked so well while you have been with me that I mean to make you a present of a wonderful donkey; but I must tell you that he can neither draw a cart nor carry a sack."

"Then he will be of no use to me," said the youth, "if he is ever so wonderful."

"Stay," replied his master, "I would not give him to you if he were not useful."

"In what way can I make him of use, if I can neither ride nor drive him?" asked the youth.

"Why," said his master, "he can supply you with gold. You have only to lay a cloth on the ground and lead the donkey on it, and say 'Bricklebrit!' and immediately pieces of gold will drop from his mouth."

"That is a wonderful power, indeed!" said the young man, and quickly expressed his readiness to accept such a present; and thanking his master with his whole heart, he bade him farewell and started on his travels.

He soon discovered the value of his donkey; for if he wanted money he could lead him on the cloth, say

"Bricklebrit!" and a shower of gold would cover the ground, which he had only the trouble of picking up. So wherever he went he had the best of everything that money could buy, for his purse was always full.

After he had been for some time travelling in different countries he began to think of home. "For," he said to himself, "if I can return with plenty of money my father will forget his anger and receive me kindly."

So he turned his steps toward his native village, and after a long journey came at last to the same inn at which his brother's table had been changed. He led his donkey by the bridle, and the landlord wished to take the animal to the stable; but the young man said: "Don't trouble yourself, landlord. I always tie up old Grizzle myself, for I like to know where he is."

The landlord wondered at first, and then he thought that a guest who tied up his donkey himself had not much to spend; but when the stranger put his hand in his pocket and, pulling out two gold-pieces, said he should like a good supper prepared for him, the landlord opened his eyes wide, and ran to order the best he had in the house.

After dinner the young miller asked for his bill, and the avaricious host had charged such tremendously high prices that it amounted to an immense sum. The young man, after searching in his pockets, found he had not enough to pay. "Wait a moment, landlord," he said, "I will soon fetch some more," and he rose up hastily, carrying the table-cloth with him.

The landlord, who could not in the least understand these movements, was, however, very curious. So he

slipped out and followed his guest, whom he saw enter the stable and fasten the door behind him. Creeping nearer, he found a hole formed by a knot in the wood of the door, through which he peeped. Then he saw the stranger stretch out the table-cloth on the ground, lead the donkey on it, and heard him cry "Bricklebrit!" At the same moment the animal began to pour a shower of gold-pieces from his mouth, which fell on the earth like rain. "On my word!" cried the landlord, "and all newly coined ducats, too. Such a coiner is indeed a valuable purse of gold to possess!"

The young man paid his reckoning and went to bed; but the inn-keeper slipped into the stable during the night, led away the gold-coiner, and tied up another donkey in its place. Early the next morning the young man rose, led the donkey from the stable, and continued his journey, not in the least aware of the trick which had been played him. He reached home about noon, and received as kind a reception from his father as his brother had done.

"And what trade have you been learning, my son?" asked his father.

"I am a miller, dear father," he replied.

"And what have you gained by your travels?" was the next question.

"Only a donkey."

"We have donkeys enough here already," said his father. "Now, if you had brought a goat, it might have been useful."

"Yes," said the youth, "so it might, but not so valuable as the animal I have brought — it is not like a common animal. Why, father, it can coin money! If

I only say 'Bricklebrit,' quite a shower of gold will fall from its mouth on a cloth which I lay under it. Let me show you," he continued. "Send for all our relations to come here, and I will give them each money enough to make them rich people at once."

"That is good news," said the father, "and if this happens I shall be able to give up stitching and lay my needle aside forever." And away he went to invite his relations.

As soon as they had assembled the young miller cleared a place on the floor and spread the cloth over it. Then he went out, brought the donkey into the room, and led it on the cloth. "Now pay attention!" he exclaimed, at the same time saying "Bricklebrit!" more than once; but no gold-pieces fell, and the animal stood quite still, evidently not understanding what was said to him. The poor young miller's face fell. He knew now that his real donkey had been stolen, and this one placed in its stead. He could therefore only explain and, with every apology, send his relations away as poor as they came. His father also was obliged to continue his sewing and cutting out, and the young man obtained work at a miller's close by.

The third brother had bound himself apprentice to a turner, and as this is a difficult trade to learn, he remained longer than his brothers had done. They wrote to him, however, and told him how unfortunate they had been, and how the innkeeper had stolen from them such valuable possessions.

At last the young brother was free to travel, and before he started on his journey his master offered him as a farewell gift a bag, and said: "I give you this as

a reward for your industry and steady conduct, and there is a stick in the bag."

"I can carry the bag on my shoulders," replied the youth, "and it will be of great service to me; but what do I want with the stick? It will only make it heavier."

"I will tell you," replied his master. "If any one attempts to ill-treat you, you have only to say, 'Now, stick, jump out of the bag!' and immediately it will spring upon the shoulders of your assailant and give him such a thrashing that he will not be able to move for days afterward, unless you stop it, for the stick will go on till you say, 'Now, into the bag again!'"

The youth, on hearing this, thanked his master for his present and started on his travels. He found it very useful; for if any one ventured to molest him, he had only to say, "Out of the bag, stick!" and out it sprang upon the shoulders of the offender, beating him sharply and quickly and, although he felt the pain, he could not see who struck him.

One evening the young turner arrived at the inn where the landlord had so cruelly robbed his brothers. He went in, and laying his bag on the table, began to talk of the wonderful things he had seen and heard in the world during his travels. "Indeed," he said, "some have found tables which could spread themselves with a great feast when ordered to do so, and others have possessed donkeys who could coin gold from their mouths, besides many other wonderful things which I need not describe; but they are nothing when compared with what I carry in my bag; even

the wonderful things I have seen myself in the whole world are nothing to it."

The landlord pricked up his ears. "What! could nothing in the world be compared to the contents of that bag?" thought he. "No doubt, then, it is full of precious stones, and I ought in fairness to have it with my other two prizes. All good things go in threes."

When bedtime came the young man stretched himself on a bench and placed the bag under his head for a pillow. The landlord waited in another room till he thought the visitor was fast asleep; then he approached softly and tried in the most gentle manner to pull the bag from under the sleeper's head, intending to put another in its place. But the traveller was not asleep; he lay watching the innkeeper's movements, and just as he had nearly succeeded in pulling away the bag, cried out suddenly: "Stick, stick, come out of your bag!" In a moment the stick was on the thief's shoulders, thumping away on his back, till the seams of his coat were ripped from top to bottom. In vain he cried for mercy; the louder he screamed, so much the stronger were the blows he received, till at last he fell to the ground quite exhausted.

Then the youth bade the stick desist for a time, and said to the innkeeper: "It is useless for you to cry for mercy yet. Where are the table and the golden ass that you stole? You had better go and bring them here, for if they are not given up to me, we will begin the same performance over again."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the landlord feebly. "I will give everything up to you directly, if you will only make that little imp creep back into the bag."

"I will do so," said the young man, "and I advise you to keep to your word, unless you wish for another thrashing. Into your bag, stick!" he continued, and the stick obeyed; so the innkeeper rested in peace till the next day, when, still smarting with the chastisement he had received, he gave up the stolen goods to the owner of the bag.

The youth arrived at his father's house with the table and the donkey, and was received very joyfully. The tailor asked him about his trade, and whether he had brought home anything worth having.

"I have a bag, and a stick in it, dear father," he replied.

"That was scarcely worth the trouble of bringing," said his father, "for you can cut as many as you like in any wood."

"Ah! but not like mine, father. Why, I have only to say, 'Out of the bag, stick!' and it will jump out and thrash any one who attempts to interfere with me, till they cry for mercy. Through this stick I have recovered the table and the donkey which the thievish innkeeper stole from my brothers. Let them both be sent for, and then invite our relations to visit us; I cannot only give them a splendid feast, but fill their pockets with gold also."

The tailor was half-afraid to believe all these promises, after having been already so deceived, yet he went out and invited his relations to assemble at his house. Then the young turner laid a cloth on the floor of the room, led the ass upon it, and said: "Now, dear brother, speak to him."

"Bricklebrit!" exclaimed the young miller. At

the word down fell the gold-pieces on the floor as thick as rain, and continued to fall till every one had gathered as much as he could possibly carry. (Would not you have liked to be there, dear reader?) After this the donkey was led away, and the youngest brother placed the table in the middle of the room, and said to his eldest brother: "Dear brother, it is your turn to speak now."

No sooner had the young cabinet-maker exclaimed, "Table, prepare the dinner!" than the most splendid dishes appeared upon it, with the richest wines, and every necessary for a feast; and you may fancy how they all enjoyed themselves. Never before had there been such an entertainment in the tailor's house, and the whole company remained together till nearly morning, feasting and making merry. After this the tailor locked up in a drawer his needle and thread, his yard measure, and his goose, and lived the remainder of his days with his three sons.

But where is the goat all this while, whose deceit caused the tailor to turn his sons out of doors? I am just going to tell you. She was so ashamed of her bald head that she ran and hid herself in a fox's hole till the hair should grow again.

When the fox came home at night he saw a pair of great eyes shining upon him out of the darkness like fire. In a great fright he rushed back and ran away as fast as he could. On the way he met a bear, who, seeing the fox in such terror, exclaimed:

"Whatever is the matter, brother? Why, you look quite scared."

"Oh!" he answered, "there is a dreadful animal at

the bottom of my den, who glared at me with such fiery eyes."

"We'll soon drive him out," said the bear quite boldly as he walked to the hole and looked in; but no sooner did he catch a glimpse of those burning eyes than his terror caused him to take to his heels as the fox had done, rather than have any skirmish with such a fierce animal.

On his way home a bee met him, and, observing that his hair stood on end, she said to him: "Why, Grandpapa Bear, what is the matter? You have such a woeful face! And where is all your fun gone?"

"It is all very fine talking about fun," replied the bear; "but if you had seen the horrid monster with glaring eyes, in the fox's den, you wouldn't have much fun left in you; and the worst is, we can't get him out!"

Then said the bee: "I pity you, bear, very much, and I know I am only a poor, weak little creature, that you great animals scarcely notice when we meet. Yet I believe I can help you in this matter." And away she flew into the fox's hole, and perching herself on the goat's head, stung her so fiercely that she rushed out quite frantic, crying "Baa! baa!" and has never been heard of since.

THE STONE COLD HEART

By WILLIAM HAUFF.

PART I.

THE traveller through Swabia should not neglect to give some slight attention to the Black Forest, not because of the beautiful trees there, — although for that matter it were hard to find anywhere such a countless mass of straight and well-grown pines, — but rather on account of the people, who are so marvellously distinct from their fellow-countrymen in the surrounding parts. They are above the ordinary height, broad-shouldered and sturdy-limbed; it would seem as though the strength-giving air that at morning stirs the pines had endowed them early with freer breath, with a clearer eye, with a courage, rougher maybe, yet firmer and deeper than that possessed by those dwelling in valleys and plains. And not only in stature and bearing, but in customs and in dress also, they form a marked contrast to those living outside the forest. As regards costume, that of the inhabitants of the Baden portion of the Black Forest is the more picturesque. The men let the beard grow about the chin as nature may ordain; their black jerkins, their

great, big, closely-pleated breeches, their red stockings and peaked hats with broad brims, all help to give them an air which, though strange, still has something honest, something worthy about it. Glass-making is their trade, as a rule; but they also manufacture clocks, which one finds for sale in almost every quarter of the globe.

The other side of the forest is peopled by a portion of the same race; but these again, by reason of their occupation, differ both in manners and in customs from the glass-makers. Their dwelling-place provides a trade for them; they hew down and split up their own waving pine-trees, and set them a-swim in the stream, from Nagold to Neckar, from Neckar to Rhine, away, away to Holland; at the sea's edge even one is familiar with Black Foresters on their long rafts; they touch at every town along the river, in proud expectation of selling their planks and beams, though the toughest and the longest of these they barter for high sums to the Dutch Mynheers who have ships to build. So it comes that these men are well used to a rough, wandering sort of life. To float down stream on rafts, this is their joy; their sorrow is when they have to return again on foot along the self-same banks. Thus it is that their holiday costume differs so widely from that of the men who make glass — the glassmen, we will call them — in the other section of the Black Forest. They wear dark linen jerkins, with braces, green in color and broad in size, across their burly chests, and breeches of black leather, from the pockets of which a brass rule peeps out like some badge of honor. All their pride, all their glory, however, centres in their

boots, bigger ones, no doubt, than any in vogue upon the face of the earth. For these boots can be pulled up some two spans above the knee, and, when wearing them, the "raft-riders" can wade through inches of water without so much as wetting their feet.

Not long ago, the dwellers in this forest believed in fairies and in gnomes; it is only latterly that they have been won from such foolish superstition. Yet it is strange that these forest spirits which legend tells us inhabit the Black Forest have each their particular dress, their individual costume. Thus we are assured that Glassmanikin, a good little elf some four feet high, never makes his appearance except in a peaked hat with a broad brim, and with jerkin, hose and scarlet stockings, all complete. Michael the Dutchman, again, whose domain is on the other side of the forest, is said to be a gigantic, broad-shouldered fellow, dressed just as are raftsmen. Many, too, who have seen him, are ready to assure us that they themselves would not relish having to pay out of their private purse for all the calves' skins that go to make up his boots. "So big are they, that an ordinary man might stand in them up to his neck," is the description given to us; moreover, they protest that it is no exaggerated one.

With these spirits, then, a young Black Forester, it is said, had some very strange adventures, of which I must now tell you. In the forest there once lived a widow, Barbara Munk by name; her husband had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death she gradually sought to apprentice her son, a lad of sixteen, to the same trade. Young Peter Munk, a shrewd fellow enough, put up with the plan, never having seen his

father do aught else but sit all the week through by his smoky kiln, except when, blackened, stained, and begrimed, and shunned by all, he drove town-wards to sell his charcoal. But a charcoal-burner, you must know, has much time on his hands for musing and for meditation upon different things, himself included; and as Peter Munk sat there before his furnace, the silence of the woods around and the sighing of the dark trees helped to make him sad at heart, and to fill him with vague longings. Something grieved him, something rankled within his breast; but what it might be he could not rightly tell. At last the cause of his discontent became plain to him; it was his condition! "A grimy, lonesome charcoal-burner!" quoth he to himself; "'tis a sorry life this, truly. How pleasant and well off the glassmen seem, and the watchmakers, too; yes, and even the fiddlers o' Sunday nights! Ay, and when Peter Munk is washed and cleaned, and sports his father's holiday jerkin with the silver buttons, and brand new red stockings, some one, mayhap, walks after him and thinks, 'Who's that shapely young fellow, I'd like to know?' But, look you, when he's passed and turned round at me, all that he mutters, I'll wager, is: 'Pooh! 'tis *only* that charcoal-burning Peterkin!'"

The raftsmen, too, on the other side of the forest, were objects of his envy. When these giants came across to where he was, dressed in their handsome clothes with buttons and buckles and chains, that together weighed some half-hundred weight of silver, — when, with legs planted apart, and handsome, intelligent faces, they looked on at the dance, swore Dutch

oaths, and, like the grandest of Mynheers, smoked Cologne pipes an ell or more in length, — when they did all this, the picture, to him, of a really happy man found its complete embodiment in one of these same raft-riders. Again, when any lucky fellow of their number chanced to dive into his breeches' pocket and bring thereout whole handfuls of silver thalers, Peter seemed like to lose his very senses at the sight, and wandered back to his hut in gloomy discontent. There were three men in particular of whom he could not rightly say which claimed most of his admiration. The one was a big, fat, red-faced man; he was counted as one of the richest in those parts. People called him the Fat Ezekiel. Twice in every year he used to travel with timber to Amsterdam, which he had the luck to sell at a rate so far higher than other people, that, while they had to trudge homewards a-foot along the river-bank, he was able to travel up the stream in grand style. The other man was the lankiest, most meagre-looking fellow in the whole forest. He was called Long-shanked Slurker, and him Munk envied for his extraordinary boldness and pluck. He would flatly contradict the best of their number, and took up more room in the crowded tavern than four of the bulkiest; for he either leaned with both elbows upon the table, or else stretched his lanky legs along the bench; yet none dared say him nay, he was so fabulously rich. The third, again, was a handsome young man, the best dancer by far of any one in those parts; in fact, they called him the King of Dancers. Formerly he had been poor, a servant to one of the rich wood-sellers; yet all at once he grew immensely wealthy. Some

would have it that he found a pot of gold at the root of an old pine-tree; others said that he had fished up a bundle filled with precious ore out of the Rhine; and that this bundle formed part of the Niebelungen treasure now buried beneath the blue waters.

Often and often Peter fell a-thinking about these three men, as he sat there alone among the pine-trees.

One great failing was common to all three, a failing that made them generally detestable. It was their inhuman avarice and their unfeeling conduct towards debtors and the poor, for Black Foresters are in the main a kindly, good-hearted folk. But, as is the way in these matters, though people hated these men for their narrow greed, their money, nevertheless, brought them respect; for who, like them, could fling thalers to the wind just as though they were to be had by simply shaking them from the tree?

"It can't go on like this," said Peter sadly to himself one day, after a grand gala, when every one had met in the tavern for drinking and enjoyment. "If I don't soon stumble upon some road to wealth, I shall do myself some harm, see if I don't. Oh, if I were only as rich and respectable, now, as the Fat Ezekiel; had I but the pluck or the strength of Long-shanked Slurker; could I but be famous and popular like the King of

Dancers, throwing, as he does, thalers, not kreuzers, to the men who play! Where the fellow gets the money from, *I* don't know!"

Various means of earning wealth were pondered over by him, but not one pleased him; at last he recollected some of the stories he had heard about people who had become rich by the aid of Michael the Dutchman and Glassmanikin, the two spirits of the forest. During his father's lifetime, when other poor folk used to come to the house, the talk would often turn upon rich men and how they had become so; and Glassmanikin figured not seldom in the stories. Why, by dint of thinking somewhat, he could almost recollect the magic couplets that ought to be first pronounced in the depth of the woods before the gnome could appear. They commenced thus:

> "Oh! Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green,
> Many, full many a century hast seen,
> Thine is all land where stands the stately pine."

But, try though he might to remember the succeeding line of the verse, it was in vain; it would not return to his mind. He often felt inclined to ask this or that old man how the stanza ran, but a certain shyness always prevented him from discovering his thoughts to others. He was also of opinion that this story about Glassmanikin was not a widely-known one; and only a few, he reasoned, could have the couplets by heart; for there weren't many rich people in the forest, and — why had not his father and the other poor men of his acquaintance, why had not *they* tried their luck with it? At last he got his mother upon the subject of

Glassmanikin; she only told him what he already knew, and could merely quote one line of the verse; although of her he first learnt that it was only to people born on a Sunday between eleven and two o'clock that the gnome would show himself. Peter, so she said, if he but knew the verse, might likely enough get sight of the spirit, he having been born on Sunday, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon.

When Charcoal-Peter heard this, he grew nearly beside himself with joy and anxiety to make the adventure. It seemed that being born on Sunday, and knowing a part of the magic verse, all this was in his favor: Glassmanikin would be certain to appear to him. Accordingly, one day, having sold his charcoal, he lit no fresh fire in the kiln, but, donning his father's festal jerkin, scarlet stockings, and Sunday hat, he grasped his black-thorn stick, and bade his mother farewell.

"I've business in the town," quoth he, "for we'll soon have, all of us, to be playing the game of soldier, and I must just go and drum it into the authorities that you're a widow and that I'm your only son."

His mother praised his resolution; nevertheless, he did not go to the town; he went straight to the forest, to a dense clump of pine-trees where it was said the spirit was wont to appear. At last he stood before a huge pine-tree, enormous in circumference, one for which a Dutch ship-builder would have there and then given hundreds of gulden to possess.

"Here," thought Peter, "this is where the treasure-gnome lives, no doubt!" He doffed his great Sunday hat, bowed low before the tree, and, clearing his throat,

faltered out: "A very good evening to you, Mr. Glassmanikin!" Yet there came no answer; everything was still and silent as before. "Perhaps I ought to pronounce the magic lines," thought he, and commenced murmuring:

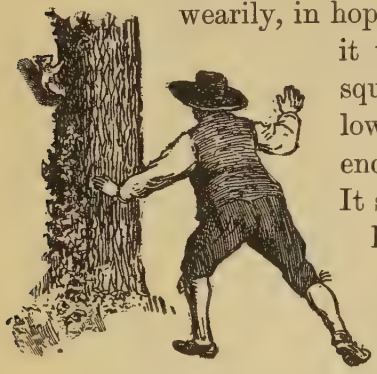
> "Oh! Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green,
> Many, full many a century hast seen,
> Thine is all land where stands the stately pine."

And as he said the words, to his utter amazement he saw a strange little figure peep forth from behind the trunk. It was as though he had caught sight of Glassmanikin, in his black jerkin, red stockings, and peaked hat; every detail was there, even to the pale, shrewd little face told of in the legends — he had seen it all, so he believed. But, alas! briefly, quickly as it had peered forth, — this Glassmanikin, — no less swiftly had it disappeared.

"Mr. Glassmanikin," cried Peter, after a pause, "have the goodness not to take me for a fool! If you think that I didn't see you, why you're much mistaken; I saw you looking round the stem of the pine-tree perfectly well!" Still no answer; only at times he thought he heard a faint, hoarse kind of a chuckle issuing from behind the tree. At last impatience conquered fear.

"Wait a bit, you little fellow," cried he; "I'll get at you directly!" And with one leap he was behind the tree; but, lo, and behold, there was not a sign of any "Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green"; there was only a pretty little squirrel, which, on seeing him, slipped away up the trunk.

Peter Munk shook his head. It was plain to him that, in a measure, he had succeeded in uttering the words of the spell; what was missing to it was probably the final line of the rhyme. Knowing that, he would be able to summon the gnome. He thought long and wearily, in hopes of recollecting it; but no, it was in vain. And now the squirrel looked forth from the lower branches of the tree, as if encouraging or mocking him. It smoothed its fur, whisked its handsome tail about, and gazed with wise-looking eyes at him; and at last Peter felt a sort of fear come over him at being alone with the little animal. To his imagining, its head soon took human form; it wore a three-cornered hat; then, again, it seemed quite like an ordinary squirrel, only it had red stockings on and black boots. In short, 'twas a merry little beastie; nevertheless he felt frightened of it, for altogether it did not seem to him quite canny.



Peter went home again at a faster pace than he had come. The gloom of the forest seemed to thicken around him; ever denser were its clusters of trees; he felt so frightened at last that he set off at a run, nor did he regain his courage until he could hear the far-off barking of dogs and see blue smoke rising from a distant hut. But as he came near enough to distinguish the dress of those within it, he found that in his terror he had taken exactly the wrong direction, that he was come to the raftsmen, instead of to the glassmen.

The people in the hut were woodcutters, an old man, his son, with a wife and family. To Peter, who asked for a night's lodging, they gave a kindly welcome, not asking either to know his name or that of his native town. They gave him cider; and for supper a large roast fowl graced the board, one of the choicest of Black Forest dainties.

After the meal, the housewife and her daughters sat spinning round the ruddy blaze of the hearth, on to which the lads kept ever piling fresh logs. The grandfather, his son, and their guest lit their pipes, and watched the women at work, while the boys all busied themselves with carving spoons and forks out of wood. Without, in the forest, the storm howled and raged among the pines; now and again a loud crash was heard; it seemed as though whole trees were being hurled about and snapped asunder by the blast. Fearful of nothing, the lads were for running out into the woods to watch the scene in all its awful splendor; but their grandfather sternly held them back.

"I counsel no one," said he, "to set foot outside the door; for, by Heaven, who does so, will verily never return. Michael the Dutchman is this night chopping down fresh timber for his raft."

The young folk looked at him aghast as he spoke; maybe they had heard before now of Dutch Michael; but, all the same, they besought their grandfather to tell them some good story about him. And Peter Munk, who, living on the other side of the forest, had heard but rumors concerning the terrible Michael, joined in their request, asking the old man who he might be.

"He's lord and ruler of all these woods," was the answer; "and if you at your age don't know this, it's clear that you must hail from the other side of the forest, or even from farther off still. But I'll tell you all I know of Michael the Dutchman, and how the story about him goes. Some hundred years agone now, at least, so my grandfather told me, there were no honester folk to be met with far and near than the Black Foresters. Now-a-days, when so much money is about, people are grown dishonest, mean, and bad. The lads dance and gamble o' Sundays, and swear fit to frighten any one; in those times, though, things were different; and though he were himself to look in this minute through the window, I still say — as I have often said — that Michael the Dutchman's at the root of all this mischief. A century ago, then, and more, there lived a rich timber-merchant who had a large business; he traded far away down the Rhine, and matters prospered with him, for he was a good, pious man. One evening there comes a fellow to his door, the like of which nobody had ever yet seen. His dress was that of a young Black Forester, but in height he stood a head taller than the tallest; no one would have believed that such a giant lived. He asks the timber-merchant to give him work; and he, seeing that he seemed strong and able to carry heavy weights, named his price, and a bargain was struck between them. Michael proved a laborer such as his master had never yet employed. In felling trees, he did the work of three; when it needed six men to lift one end of a trunk, he held the other up by himself. But when six months were past, he stepped up one day to his employer and said:

"'I've hewn wood long enough in this place for you; I'd like now to go and see where all my trunks go to. What do you say to letting me travel on one of your rafts?'

"The wood-merchant answered: 'I won't stand in your way, Michael, if you want to see a bit of the world; 'tis true I'm rather in want of strong fellows like you to fell my trees for me; and on the raft, you know, it's skill that's wanted there. However, just for this once you can go.'

"So the matter was settled. The raft upon which he was to journey was composed of eight of the biggest rafters — but what do you think happened? The night before starting, Michael brings down eight other huge beams to the water's edge, so thick, so long as had never been yet seen. Each of these he carried with the utmost ease upon his shoulder; every one stared in amazement at him. Where he had felled them, whence they had come, nobody to this day knows.

"The wood-owner chuckled inwardly as he thought of the price such beams would fetch. But Michael said: 'There, those are for me to travel upon; on splinters like these, I can't make much headway.' His master, in his gratitude, was for giving him as a present some raft-boots, but Michael flung them disdainfully aside, and produced a pair such as had assuredly never yet been worn on the feet of man; my grandfather vouched for it that they weighed a hundred pounds apiece, and were each five feet in length!

"Away went the raft; and if Michael had set the wood-cutters agape at his deeds, so now the raftsmen

could but wonder and marvel at him, for instead of going slower along the river, as, from its huge weight, one would have thought, his raft flew forward like an arrow as soon as it reached the Neckar; and so it shot on, at rapid rate, until Cologne was reached, where the wood was usually sold. But here Michael spake up and said: 'You're thorough merchants, I see, and know how best to turn money over. Why, you don't think that in Cologne they want all the Black Forest timber for themselves! No, no; they buy all this of us and then go and sell it to the Dutchmen at a thumping profit. Let's sell the little beams to them, while with the big ones we'll go to Holland; and anything we make there above the ordinary price, will be so much into our own pocket.'

"So spake the cunning Michael; and the others fell in with his proposal; some because they wanted much to see Holland, others for the sake of the pelf. Only one man was honest among them; and he counselled them not to risk their master's goods or cheat him out of obtaining a higher price for them. But none would listen to him; they soon forgot his words of warning.

Away sped the raft down the Rhine, under Dutch Michael's guidance, and it soon reached Rotterdam. Four times the usual price was offered to them here; Michael's huge rafters especially were paid highly for in heavy gold. When the Black Foresters had sight of so much money, they scarcely knew how to contain themselves for glee. Michael and his comrades wasted it all in rioting and sin; they drank and swore and gamed with it from sunrise to sunset.

"Holland from that hour became the paradise of every Black Forester; what these had done, others did; and though the timber-merchants were long kept in ignorance of this dishonest disposal of their goods, wicked ways and customs were gradually being introduced into the land, swearing, drinking, gaming, and much else that was bad and hurtful to the people.

"Michael the Dutchman, so history relates, disappeared, and could nowhere be found; but he never died, it is believed; for more than a century his ghost has walked the neighborhood of the forest; and they say that he has helped many a one to become rich, but — at the cost of their soul's peace and safety, — more I won't say than that. So much, however, is certain, that even in these days, on stormy nights, he makes havoc among the pine-trees, crunching them up as though they were twigs. My father himself saw him take a huge tree-stem and snap it just as one might snap a reed! 'Tis with timber such as this that he rewards those who turn from the right to follow him; at midnight they launch their craft and its wares upon the river, and he rows them away with him to Holland.

"But were *I* king and ruler in Holland, I'd bombard

him and his crew with shot and shell; for any ship, mark you, that contains but one single beam in its hull of Michael's timber, that ship is bound to founder on the seas. Thus it comes that one for ever hears of so many terrible shipwrecks; how else but for this could a splendid, stout-built craft, tall and stately as a church — how else, I say, should it suddenly go to pieces and become a wreck? But every time that Michael the Dutchman fells fresh pinewood in the forest on nights of storm, each time some one of the beams he before has sold bursts from the sides of a ship. In rushes the water; and the vessel with crew and cargo perish miserably amid the waves. Such is the legend of Michael the Dutchman; and 'tis assuredly the truth that all the evil, all the wickedness now so rife in the forest, has had its beginning in him!

"Oh! he can make a man tremendously rich," added the old peasant, lowering his voice mysteriously; "but, for all that, I'd rather have nothing to do with him; not at any price would I care to be in the shoes of Fat Ezekiel or of Long-shanked Slurker. They say, too, that the King of Dancers is in league with him as well!"

During the old man's story, the storm had lessened in fury; the maidens lit lamps now, and retired to rest; while the men made up a bed for Peter close to the hearth, giving him as a pillow a bundle of leaves and straw, and wishing him a very good night's rest.

Peter had never had such strange dreams as those that now came to him. First he imagined that the gigantic Michael had wrenched the window open, and was stretching his enormous arm through it, which

grasped a bag full of gold pieces, and their jingle made merry music to Peter's ear. Then it was as though he could see the little friendly-looking Glassmanikin, careering about the room on a huge green bottle; he half seemed to hear that hoarse chuckle; and then suddenly these words buzzed across his brain:

"In Holland is much gold,
Ye can have it an ye would;
The payment is but slight
For glittering gold and bright!
Gold! Gold!"

Then again in his right ear sounded the strophe commencing:

"Oh! Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green;"

and a small, soft voice whispered:

"Stupid Peter that you are, not to be able to find a rhyme to '*pine*'—you, too, with the luck of having been born on a Sunday at twelve o'clock. Rhyme, now, silly Peter, rhyme, can't you?"

He sighed and groaned again in his sleep, yet the rhyme wouldn't come; however, he had never perpetrated one when awake, so it was hardly to be expected that he should succeed when asleep. When the red morning light, falling through the panes, woke him, his dream seemed very, very wonderful; he leant his elbows on the table, and pondered upon the magic whisperings that seemed yet to echo in his ear.

"Rhyme, silly Peter, rhyme, can't you?" he kept saying to himself, as he beat his fist against his forehead. But never a rhyme could he get out of it.

After much fruitless thinking, he bade adieu to the inmates of the hut, and having thanked them for their hospitality, he wandered forth into the forest. At length, when he had come to a glade where the trees grew thicker and denser, a line of rhyme flashed across his brain; he had got it at last, and in the delirium of his joy he leapt aloft in the air. Suddenly a gigantic man, dressed like a raftsman, with a huge pole as big as a mast over his shoulder, appeared from behind the pine-trees. Peter half sank upon his knees, as he saw him striding slowly alongside him. It was Michael the Dutchman, and no mistake, he thought. The dreadful figure still uttered no word; and Peter glanced round nervously at him every few paces or so. In height he was a good head above the tallest of tall men; his face did not look young nor yet old, though scored and furrowed by wrinkles. He wore a linen jerkin, and the immense boots drawn up over the leathern breeches were at once recognized by Peter as the same as those of the legend.

"Peter Munk, what dost thou here in the forest?" asked the figure at length, in deep, threatening tones.

"Good morning to you, countryman," answered Peter, trying to hide his terror, but trembling violently. "I want to pass by this road back to my home."

"Peter Munk!" answered the other, darting at him a fearful glance, "your way does not lie through this glade!"

"No more it does exactly," faltered Peter, "only it's rather hot to-day; and I thought 'twould be cooler to come here."

"Lie not, thou Charcoal-Peter, thou," thundered

Michael the Dutchman, "lie not, or I'll strike thee with this pole to earth. Think'st thou I did not see thee playing the beggar to that pigmy yonder?" And he added in a softer voice: "Go to, go to; 'twas a silly business, that; and well for you that you didn't know the verse rightly; that little fellow's a regular curmudgeon — gives but little, and what he does give isn't enough to enjoy life with. Peter, you're a miserable wight, and from my soul I pity you — a likely, well-looking lad like you, who might do something in the world, and yet to be but a burner of charcoal! Why, when others are throwing away armfuls of shining ducats and thalers, you, I suppose, have little more than a sixpence or two to spend. 'Tis a sorry life of yours, truly!"

"Ay, you're right; 'tis indeed a sorry life."

"Well, it sha'n't be my fault," pursued Michael, "if you don't get help; I've done the same for many a brave young fellow before; and you won't be the first. Come, now, how many hundred thalers do you want, just to start with?"

As he said this, he chinked all the money together in his huge wallet; to Peter the sound of it was the same as that which he had heard in his dream. His heart beat fearfully in his bosom, and he grew cold and hot by turns; Michael, as it seemed to him, was not one to give money away out of compassion and without asking for anything in return. He recollected the mysterious words of the old peasant about those who had become rich. Filled with a nameless dread, he cried out:

"Many thanks, sir, but I'll have no dealings with

you; I know about you already!" So saying, he began to run just as fast as he possibly could. But Michael strode along with him, side by side, half muttering in a voice of menace:

"You'll repent this yet, Peter, see if you don't! 'Tis written on your forehead, plain enough; I can read it in your eye: *you shall not escape me!* There, there, don't run away so fast; stop and listen to a word or two of reason; we're already at the borders of my domain!"

But as Peter heard this, and saw not far in front of him a little mound of grass, he made even greater haste and ran yet faster in order to reach it. Michael, too, had to quicken his pace to keep up with him, cursing and abusing him all the while. The lad leapt in desperation over the mound, for he saw the evil giant in the act of brandishing his long pole, meaning with it to dash out his brains. Luckily he cleared the hillock, and got safely to the other side; the pole flew to flinders in the air, as though it had struck some unseen wall; a large piece of it fell down at Peter's feet.

He picked it up in triumph, intending to throw it back at the brutal Michael; suddenly, however, it began to move, and, horror-struck, he saw that he had hold of an enormous serpent, that with darting tongue

and glittering eyes was preparing to strike. He quickly let it go, but it had already wound itself about his arm; its head, moving slowly from side to side, came gradually closer and closer to his own. Then, in an instant, a huge eagle swept down from above, and, seizing the serpent in its beak, bore it aloft in the air. Michael the Dutchman, who from the mound had watched the scene, howled and shrieked for fury that the snake should have been conquered by a yet stronger foe. Trembling and exhausted, Peter pursued his way; the path grew steeper, the scenery wilder, and soon he found himself facing a huge pine-tree. As he had done yesterday, he bowed low before the invisible Glassmanikin, and commenced repeating:

> "Oh! Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green,
> Many, full many a century hast seen,
> Thine is all land where stands the stately pine —
> Only to Sunday-children dost an ear incline!"

"Not a very good last line, that, Peter; you've not hit it quite, I think; however, as you're but a charcoal-burner, perhaps it may pass!"

It was a soft little voice that said this, close to him. He turned round in amazement. There, under a tall tree, he saw a little old manikin seated, with red stockings and black jerkin, and wearing a great peaked hat. His face, with its delicate features, had a kindly expression; his beard seemed as fine as the web of a spider; he was smoking, strange as it seemed, a blue glass pipe; and Peter, on coming nearer, saw to his surprise that the gnome's clothes also, his boots and hat, were all made of colored glass. Yet it was quite soft, as

though molten; it was pliable, just as might be cloth, whenever the little man moved.

"You fell in with that vagabond, Michael the Dutchman," said Glassmanikin, with an odd wheeze between each word. "He tried to give you a good fright; but I managed to get hold of that pole of his, and I don't fancy he'll find it again in a hurry."

"Yes, Master Treasure-guarder," answered Peter, bowing low. "I felt very frightened. But you, I suppose, were the eagle that killed the serpent; many thanks for having rescued me. I have come to you, though, for counsel; I'm very wretched and very poor; a charcoal-burner can't do much for himself; and, as I'm yet young, I was thinking that, mayhap, there might be something better that I could turn to. Why, look at others, how in a short time they have got on; take but as an instance Fat Ezekiel or the King of Dancers — they make money just like water!"

"Peter," said the little man gravely, as he puffed clouds from his long pipe, "Peter, don't speak to me of such as they. What is their gain, think you, if for a few years they seem to be happy and afterwards are all the more miserable and wretched? You must not despise your calling; it's a trade your father and grandfather followed, and they were honest men. Peter, Peter, I should be loth to think that 'tis love of idleness which brings you hither to me!"

Peter grew frightened at the gnome's gravity. He blushed, and replied: "No, no, Mr. Treasure-guarder, I know that with idleness all vice begins; but you can hardly blame me for preferring any trade other than my present one. 'Tis such a paltry, low kind of thing,

to be a charcoal-burner; glass-blowers, clock-makers, raftsmen — they're all of them better off than I am!"

"Pride often comes before a fall," rejoined the little gnome, in a more friendly voice. "You're a strange set, you human beings! It's rare that any one is quite contented with the calling to which he is born and bred. Well, and supposing you *were* a glass-blower, you'd then wish to be a timber-merchant; and if you were a timber-merchant, you'd be coveting the post of game-keeper or of bailiff on some great estate. Yet so be it; if you promise to put your shoulder to the wheel, I'll help you to get something better in the way of work. To every Sunday-child who knows how to find me out, I am wont to give three wishes; the first two of these are left entirely to his own choice; the third, however, if a foolish one, I can refuse to grant. So, now, wish something for yourself; but, Peter — let it be something good and useful!"

"Hurrah! you're a capital little manikin, and rightly deserve the name of Treasure-guarder; for, of a truth, treasures are to be found in your keeping. Well, so I may wish for whatever my heart most desires! Then, to begin with, I would wish, first, to dance better than the King of Dancers; and, secondly, always to have as much money in my pocket as Fat Ezekiel."

"Oh, you fool!" cried the little gnome, angrily. "What despicable things to wish for, to dance well and to have money wherewith to gamble! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you silly Peter, thus to cheat yourself of your chances of luck? Of what good will it be to your poor mother and yourself, if you know how to dance! How will money help you, which, ac-

cording to your wish, can only be used in the ale-house like Fat Ezekiel's? Afterwards, through all the week, you'll not have a penny to spend, but be a beggar just as before. I'll give you one more wish, but take care that you ask for something more sensible!"

Peter scratched his head, and, after hesitating somewhat, said: "Well, I should like to possess the prettiest and richest glass factory in the whole forest, with all wealth and every means of managing it rightly."

"Nothing else?" asked the gnome, anxiously. "Nothing besides, Peter?"

"Well, you might add a horse or two, with perhaps a trap — "

"Bah! you stupid Charcoal-Peter!" cried Glass-manikin, throwing his pipe in anger against a tree, and shattering it to atoms. "Horses! Traps, forsooth! Sense, sound common sense, that's what you should have wished for — not for horses and traps! However, don't look so down in the mouth; we'll see that you sha'n't suffer too severely; that last wish of yours wasn't altogether so silly a one. A thriving glass factory can serve to keep both master and man, only you ought to have asked for wisdom and right judgment into the bargain. Horses and traps would have come of themselves then."

"But, please, Master Treasure-guarder," said Peter, "I've got yet another wish left; so I could ask for wisdom with that, if, as you think, I need it so much."

"No, no, not a bit of it; you've had enough wishing. You'll get into many a scrape ere long, when you'll be right glad to have one more wish remaining to you. So now, be off home! Here are two thousand

guldens," continued the gnome, drawing from his pocket a little purse. "That's enough for you; so don't come again and ask me for money, else I shall be obliged to set you swinging on the tallest of the pine-trees. Such has been my custom, ever since I lived in the forest. 'Tis three days since old Winkfritz died, the owner of that great glass business in the lower part of the forest. Go there early to-morrow and make a bid for the property. Keep steady, be industrious, and I'll visit you from time to time to give you what help and counsel I can, as you omitted to wish any wisdom for yourself. But — and I say it in all earnestness — your first wish was a bad one. Have a care not to go running to the ale-house, Peter! It has never yet brought any one good or gain."

During this speech the little man had pulled out another pipe of the finest sort of glass, which he filled with withered leaves and thrust between his toothless gums. Then he produced a huge magnifying glass, with which, stepping into the sunshine, he lit his pipe. This done, he shook hands with Peter in a friendly way, gave him one or two more words of advice, puffing away meanwhile with growing energy, until at last he vanished amid a cloud of smoke, which curled slowly upwards in rings that lost themselves amid the sighing tree-tops overhead.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother in a great way about him, for the good woman thought

nothing less than that her son was gone for a soldier. But with great joy and glee he told her how he had found a kind friend in the forest who had advanced him money wherewith to set up in a business better than that of charcoal-burning. Though his mother for thirty years past had lived in a coal-burner's hut, and was as used to the sight of blackened, grimy faces as a miller's wife is used to the flour-sprinkled features of her husband, she was all the same vain enough to despise her former station, directly Peter showed her a way to reaching something above it.

Said she: "Yes, as the mother of one who owns a glass factory, my position will be vastly different from that of my neighbors Grete and Bete; in future I shall take my seat in the middle aisle at church, where all well-to-do folk sit."

Her son was soon busy in negotiating for the purchase of the glass business. He kept on the same workmen employed by its former owner, and day and night were now devoted to manufacturing glass. At first the trade pleased him very much. With hands in pockets, and assuming a majestic air, he used generally to walk round the factory, peering here, peering there, and making remarks that often caused his workmen not a little laughter. His greatest delight was to watch glass being blown; many a time he lent a hand at the process, and formed from the hot, pulpy mass the strangest shapes imaginable. Soon, however, he wearied of business; after a while he came but for an hour each day to the factory; then only every other day; at last once a week only; so that his workmen could do just what they liked. All this, though, was

wholly due to ale-house visiting. On the Sunday after his interview with Glassmanikin, he went to the tavern, where who should be footing it on the floor but the King of Dancers, while Fat Ezekiel sat ensconced behind a mug of ale, and gambling for crown thalers with dice. Then Peter quickly thrust his hands into his pockets to see whether the gnome had kept his word — yes, sure enough, they were brimming over with silver and gold. His legs, too, seemed possessed by an electric feeling, as though they would fain be skipping and jumping. When the first dance was over, he led up his partner to a spot opposite to the King of Dancers. If that worthy jumped three feet high, Peter at once leaped four; did the former execute any specially wonderful or graceful steps, Peter straightway twisted and twirled his limbs after a fashion that made all on-lookers half beside themselves with wonder and delight. As it became known that Peter had bought a glass factory, when people saw him fling a silver thaler to the musicians each time he danced by them, their astonishment knew no bounds. Some declared he had discovered treasure in the forest; others were for thinking he had inherited a fortune; nevertheless, all showed him respect now, and held him for a man of standing, simply and solely because he had money. Though in an evening he might lose twenty gulden at cards, his pockets yet chinked and jingled just the same as if there were still some hundred thalers inside them.

When Peter saw how consequential was his position, he could hardly contain himself for pride and pleasure. He scattered money broadcast in handfuls — gave away

much, also, to the poor, being mindful how once he, too, had felt the stress of beggary. All the arts of the King of Dancers were eclipsed and put to shame by the extraordinary feats of the new-comer; Peter was henceforth christened Emperor of Dancers. The most reckless of gamesters on Sunday forbore to stake as high as did he; but neither were they such heavy losers. And the more he lost, the more he won. This was quite in keeping with the request he had made to Glassmanikin. He had wished always to have as much coin in his pocket as Fat Ezekiel; and to him it was that Peter lost all his money. So that if he lost twenty or thirty guldens at a time, there they were back in his pocket again directly Ezekiel had gathered them up. Soon, however, he carried his gambling and drinking to a pitch such as was reached only by the greatest vagabonds in the whole forest; people often now called him Gambling Peter, instead of Emperor of Dancers, for he spent nearly every week-day in such dissipation. By degrees his glass factory went to ruin; it was Peter's inexperience and carelessness that brought this about. He manufactured glass just as fast as ever it could be made; but when buying the factory, the secret of how best to manage it was not included in the purchase. He at last did not know what to do with such a mass of glass as he had made. He used to sell it to pedlars at half-price, merely in order to find the means wherewith to pay his work-people.

One evening, going homewards from the ale-house, in spite of all the liquor he had drunk to keep up his spirits, he fell thinking of his ruined fortune. Suddenly he noticed some one walking beside him — lo

and behold, it was Glassmanikin! He straightway began to rage and storm, swearing loudly that it was the gnome who was to blame for all his bad luck. "What am I to do with all my horses and my carts?" cried he, angrily; "of what good is my glass factory and all its stores to me? Even when I was a wretched charcoal-burner, my life was a happier one, and cares were unknown. Now, here I am, not knowing what day the bailiff may not come to sell up house and home in order to pay my creditors!"

"Oho!" rejoined the gnome, "so it's *my* fault, is it, if you're wretched and unhappy? That's the gratitude I get from you for my kindness! Who told you to wish in so senseless a manner? You wanted to be a glass-maker, and didn't know even to whom to sell your glass when it was made! Didn't I say to you: 'Think, Peter, think before you wish'? Wisdom, common sense, that's what was wanting to you."

"Rubbish! you with your wisdom and common sense!" cried Peter; "I'm as shrewd a fellow as any one else, and, what's more, I'll prove it to you, see if I don't, Mr. Glassmanikin!" So saying, he grasped the gnome by his neck, exclaiming: "I've got you now, you 'Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green.' And now for my third wish, which you'll have to grant me. I should like to have instantly and on the spot four hundred thousand thalers in hard cash, and with these a house and a — Oh! oh!" screamed he, wringing his hand in pain. Glassmanikin had suddenly turned into red-hot molten glass, and to Peter's hand he felt like a flame of fire. But the gnome had gone — had vanished into thin air.

For days afterwards, his swollen, aching hand served to remind him of his thanklessness, ingratitude and folly; but, ere long, he gave a deaf ear to the voice of conscience, and said:

"Well, and if they *do* sell me up, factory and all, I shall still have as much money as Fat Ezekiel in my pocket. So long as he has coin o' Sundays, I am bound to have some too."

Yes, Peter, yes; but supposing he has none — what then? This came to pass before long; and a strange lesson it proved to all. One Sunday Peter drove to the ale-house as usual, and folk, as they saw him approaching, stretched out their heads from the windows, one saying, "Here comes Gambling Peter;" another, "Yes, it's the Emperor of Dancers, the rich glass-maker, you know;" while a third, shaking his head, muttered: "Don't know so much about his wealth; 'tis said he's got no end of debts; and in the town they tell me that it won't be long before the bailiffs have him in their clutches."

Meanwhile, Peter, the rich Peter, bowed in a majestic way to those at the window, as, quitting his carriage, he called out:

"Wish you good evening, landlord; is Fat Ezekiel here yet?" To which a deep voice replied:

"Step in, step in, Peter. Your place is all ready for you, and we've only just begun our game." So Peter went into the tavern parlor, and, feeling in his pockets, perceived that Fat Ezekiel must be fairly well off, for they were full well-nigh to bursting.

He sat down at the table with the others, winning and losing, losing and winning, until most decent folk,

now that night was come, had left the inn, and gone home. Lights were brought, and they gambled on, until two of the card-players, stopping, said:

"'Tis enough, now, 'tis enough; we must get back home to wife and child."

Peter, however, called upon Fat Ezekiel to remain, who for a long time was unwilling, but at last said:

"Well, look here, first I'll pay my debts, and then the points shall be at five gulden apiece; it's mere child's play having them any less." He drew out his purse, paid his debts; and then the two began a fresh game.

But Ezekiel, if he had won before, now lost every time, cursing horribly the while. Peter carried all before him, and at last his opponent, flinging his last five-gulden piece on to the board, called out:

"There! there goes for the finish; and if I lose them, why, we won't stop, but you shall lend me some of your winnings, Peter; one honest fellow ought to help another, you know!"

"As much as you like," said the gamester, "if it were to a hundred guldens." He was intoxicated with his luck. Ezekiel took the dice-box and threw ten. "There," cried he, "perhaps that'll do it!" But Peter instantly threw double-six, when a well-known voice grated on his ear, saying: "There, that makes the last try!"

He glanced round aghast; at his back stood the giant form of Michael the Dutchman! Horrorstruck, the gold that he was in the act of clutching dropped from his fingers. Ezekiel, however, could see nothing of the apparition, but asked Peter to lend him ten

gulden with which to continue the game. Half in a dream, Peter thrust his hand into his pocket; but there was no money, not a penny, in it! He searched in the other, in them all; finally he turned his coat inside out, but not a stiver could he find. Then he thought of his wish, and how he had wanted always to have as much money in his pocket as the Fat Ezekiel. Like smoke it had suddenly and mysteriously all disappeared.

Ezekiel and the landlord watched him in amazement. As he went on hunting about and looking in all his pockets, but finding no money, they flatly refused to believe that he had none left. But after they themselves had searched, they grew wroth, and vowed that Peter was a wizard, who by the aid of magic had transported all his winnings to his house at home. Though he stoutly denied this charge, appearances were certainly against him. Ezekiel declared his intention of telling the whole story next day to every one in the forest, while the landlord promised to go the first thing to the police authorities in the town and lodge information against him as a magician. They'd live to see him burned at the stake, see if they wouldn't, quoth he, in conclusion. And then, in their rage and exasperation, they fell upon him and beat him lustily, tore his coat from his back and thrust him from the door.

Not a star gleamed from the sky as wretched Peter slunk homewards so that he could recognize a dark form striding beside him, until at last it said:

"It's all up with you, Peter Munk; all your grandeur is at an end; I could have told you it would be so from the first — that time when you wouldn't listen to me, but

went running after that stupid little glass-dwarf. Now, you see what happens to those who despise my counsel. But try me just for this once; I'm really sorry for you and your misfortunes. None who came to me have ever repented it; and if you don't fear the gloom and loneliness of the way, I shall be all day visible amid yon same clump of pines; so if you want me, call me."

Peter knew well who it was that was speaking to him. He felt an awful dread come over him, and, without answering, rushed forwards to his home.

PART II.

HEN Peter went to the glass factory next morning, he found there not only his work-people, but others beside — visitors who are, in general, not over-welcome. These were the bailiffs. One of the four wished Peter a very good day, and hoped he had slept well: then he drew from his pocket a long scroll, on which were written the names of the bankrupt's creditors.

"Can you pay your debts or not?" asked the official, with a stern glance. "Now just be quick with your answer, for I've no time to throw away; and by the tower it's already three o'clock, full!"

Then Peter, in despair, confessed that he'd no more money in the world, so he made over to the bailiffs house and garden, factory and shed, stables, farmyard, horses and carriage — all, all he gave up to be appraised and sold. While the men of the law were busy doing their work, he thought to himself, "Well, it's not so far to the pine forest; if the *little* gnome won't help me, I'll try it on for once with the *big* one." He rushed off to the clump of pine-trees, as fast as though all the bailiffs were at his heels. As he ran past the place where first he had spoken with Glassmanikin, 'twas as though an invisible hand held him back; but he wrenched himself away from it, and hastened onward,

past the barrier that he once had had good cause to recollect. Then he half shouted, half gasped out, "Michael the Dutchman! Michael the Dutchman!" In an instant the giant raftsman stood before him, pole in hand.

"Ah! you've come," cried he, with a laugh. "So they're wanting to fleece you, are they? to sell up house and home for you, eh? Well, well, take it easy; all your troubles, as you say, are due to that sanctimonious little Glassmanikin. If one bestows favors at all, one should give them with a lavish hand, not like that niggardly curmudgeon. Now then," continued he, turning towards the forest, "follow me to my house, and there we'll see if we can't settle the business, and come to some mutual arrangement."

"Mutual arrangement!" thought Peter. "How shall we manage *that*, I should like to know? What's my share of the contract to be? Am I to serve him in any way or shape? What can he mean or want, I wonder?"

First they followed a steep, craggy path, that brought them on a sudden to a yawning precipice. Michael sprang down the rocks as though they were the smooth steps of some marble palace; and Peter half fainted with fright when, on reaching the bottom of the abyss, the giant shot up steeple-high, as he stretched out to him an arm like a tree, and a hand as big as the tavern table, while shouting up in a voice deep-toned as some death-bell, "Get on to my hand, and cling to the fingers; then you won't fall off." Peter obeyed, all trembling, and, sitting down, seized hold of the giant's thumb.

Down, down they went; and to Peter's astonishment, instead of growing darker, the abyss seemed to gain in light and brilliancy; his eyes could scarcely bear the glare.

As he descended deeper and deeper, the giant grew smaller and smaller, and stood now in his usual shape before a house that seemed of the kind owned by rich farmers of the forest. The room into which Peter went differed in no point from the rooms of other people, beyond that it had a somewhat lonesome look. The wooden clock, the huge stove, the broad benches, the crockery and knick-knacks set about on shelf and cornice — all these were such as one may see anywhere. Michael bade him be seated at the great table; and, going out, returned in a short time with a jar of wine and goblets. These latter he filled; then they both fell a-talking. The giant told his listener of the pleasures and of the good things of this world, of distant lands, of grand cities, and beauteous rivers, until Peter, hungering for their sight, frankly confessed his longings to the Dutchman.

"If your whole frame, your whole body, were strong enough and brave enough to undertake something, why a few beats of that foolish heart of yours could quickly put you all in a tremble. And, then, your wounded honor, your miseries, your distress — why should a fellow of sense be troubled with aught of that kind? Was it your head that hurt you, the other day, when they called you vagabond and cheat? It wasn't in the stomach, was it, that you felt pain when the bailiffs were come to turn you out of doors? Tell me, then, where did it touch you, eh?"

"'Twas here, in my heart," said Peter, as he put his hand upon his beating breast, wherein was strange commotion.

"You've thrown away, — now don't take it ill — you've thrown away in your time many a hundred gulden to wretched beggars, and rabble of that sort. Pray what good has it brought you? They've wished you good health and every blessing, that's all; and has the blessing ever come? Why, you could have kept a physician on half the money. Blessing, forsooth — a fine blessing that, when you're sold up and turned into the street! What was it sent your fingers pocketwards whenever a tramp stretched out to you his battered hat! Why, *your heart* again, *your heart*, not your eyes, nor your tongue, nor your arms or legs, 'twas your heart; you took it, as they say, too much to heart!"

"Yes, but then how is one to break one's self of the habit of feeling like that? I do all I can to stop it, and yet my heart goes thumping on and paining me just the same!"

"*You*, of course, can't do anything to cure it, poor wretch that you are," chuckled the other, hideously. "But just give me that little throbbing thing of yours, and then see how much better you'll feel."

"Give — you — my — heart?" shrieked Peter, aghast. "Why I'd be dead on the spot! Never, never, I warrant you."

"Yes, yes, so you would if it were one of your surgeon folk going to cut out your heart from your body. But my method's quite another one; just you step in here and convince yourself." He opened a door in the wall, through which he led Peter.

His heart throbbed quicker as he crossed the threshold; yet he gave to it no heed, so strange, so surprising was the sight that met his view. Ranged round the walls on wooden shelves, stood large jars filled with a clear, transparent fluid. Each jar held a human heart within it, and bore a label as well, on which a name was written. Peter eagerly read the inscriptions. Here was the heart of the bailiff of Flissingen; there, that of Fat Ezekiel. In one place stood the King of Dancers' heart; in another, the head forester's. There were six hearts of corn-chandlers, eight belonging to recruiting officers, three to usurers; in short, 'twas a collection of the most respectable and noteworthy hearts within twenty miles of the place.

"See," said Michael, "all these have flung aside the cares and troubles of life; not a heart of them all beats fearfully or anxiously any longer, and their former owners are right glad to be quit of their noisy guest."

"What have they, then, now in their bosoms?" asked Peter, half dizzy with all that he had looked upon.

"This is what they have," replied the other, as he took out from a drawer *a heart of stone.*

"Ah!" said Peter, shuddering, "a heart made of marble, I see. But sure now, Mr. Michael, a thing like that must be very cold to have within one's breast, isn't it?"

"Ay, of course it is; but its coolness is really quite pleasant. Why should a heart be warm? In winter its heat avails you nothing; a stiff glass of cherry brandy is of more good to you than a warm heart, I'll warrant; while in summer, when all is hot and sultry,

you can't think how such a heart cools and refreshes you. And then, as I told you, within it no terror, no fear, no silly pity, nor foolish sympathies can ever find place."

"And that's all that you can give me?" asked Peter, in an injured tone. "I come to you for money, and you offer me a — stone!"

"Well, I suppose a hundred thousand gulden ought to be enough for you to start with. If you go the right way to work, you'll soon be a millionnaire."

"A hundred thousand!" cried Charcoal-Peter, overjoyed, as his heart thumped again. "There, there, don't beat so furiously within my breast; we'll soon part company, you and I. Well and good, Michael, well and good; give me the stone and the money, and you may rid this house," pointing to his breast, "of its restless inmate!"

"Aha, I thought all along that you were a sensible kind of a fellow," answered the Dutchman, smiling. "But come, first let's have a bumper; and then I'll pay over the coin to you."

So down they sat, and drank long and deeply; Peter at length sank into deep sleep.

He was roused by the merry notes of a post-horn; lo and behold, he was in a handsome carriage, bowling along the high road. Behind him, in the distance, lay the Black Forest. At first he was loath to believe his own identity, for his clothes were quite unlike the ones he had worn yesterday; nevertheless, everything was so clearly stamped upon his memory, that at length he gave over thinking about the matter, muttering merely, "I'm Charcoal-Peter, so much is certain, —

Charcoal-Peter, and nobody else." It seemed strange to him that he should feel no sorrow, no regret at leaving his home in the quiet forest, in quitting those well-known woods among which all his boyish life had been spent. Not even the thought of his mother, helpless and destitute as she must be, not even this could draw from him a tear, or call forth a sigh. He seemed wholly indifferent to everything. "Ah! but of course," quoth he, "weeping and sighing, and regrets for home and fatherland, they all come from the heart; thanks to Michael, however, mine's quite cold, being made of stone!"

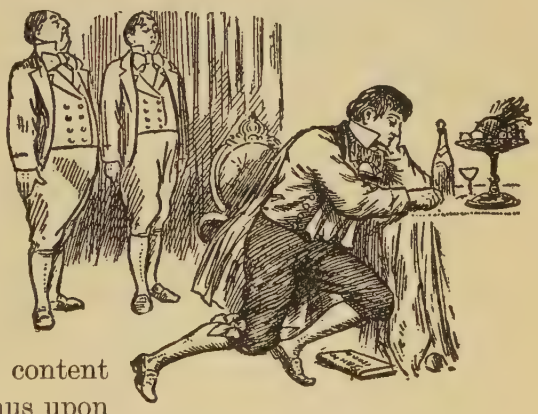
He put his hand to his breast; all was still within it, — no motion, no sound.

"If he but keeps his word as well with regard to the hundred thousand gulden as he has done with the heart," said Peter, "I sha'n't be sorry!"

On searching the carriage, he at first found only suits of wearing apparel, as rich and costly as heart could desire. At last he spied a pocket wherein were thousands and thousands of thalers and bills drawn upon the most noted banking-houses in all the large towns.

"Now I've got what I want," thought he, as he leaned back in the corner of his carriage and drove on, away into the world. It lasted two years, this drive of his; while from his window he looked forth upon fields and houses, stopping only when in a town, to note the sign-board of that tavern at which he meant to lodge. Then he would hurry through all its streets, visiting everything that was worth a visit. But nothing brought him pleasure or delight; neither painting, nor palace, nor song, nor dance, naught could stir his stony

heart into sympathy; his eyes were blind, his ears were deaf to any and every kind of beauty. There was nothing left to him now but the enjoyment begotten of costly food, of drink, and of sleep. He thus lived on an aimless existence, journeying from place to place, dining and sleeping, sleeping and dining, the two things in which he alone found pleasure. Now and again he thought back upon the days when he had been merry and happy, in that time of poverty, when he had had to work hard to earn his bread. Then, indeed, any lovely landscape, any beautiful song or gladsome dance had thrilled him with pleasure; the simple fare brought to him each midday by his mother had amply served to content him. Thinking thus upon the past, it seemed strange to him that now he could never laugh, when formerly the least joke had set him shaking. When others laughed, he screwed up his mouth into the semblance of a smile, but his heart was far from joining in the mirth. He perceived then, that his mental state was one of perpetual tranquillity; nevertheless, he had no contentment therewith. So, not by reason of any affection for it, but through sheer dissatisfaction and weariness of life, he was led to turn back towards his old home.



On reaching it, he at once went to Michael, who received him with his old friendliness.

"Look here, Michael," said Peter, "I've been travelling about going everywhere, seeing everything; but it's sheer humbug; I've only been bored by it all. This heart of yours is very well for some things; I never get angry, nor am I ever melancholy; but I've no pleasure, no joy in aught, either; 'tis as though I were living but half a life. Can't you put a little feeling into my stony heart? or, better still, let me have my old one back again? I had got used to it after five and twenty years, and though at times it played me a trick or two, 'twas yet a merry one."

The gnome laughed a bitter laugh.

"When you're dead, Peter Munk," replied he, "then you shall regain that soft, emotional heart of yours; and it will tell you, sure enough, if your after-state be one of happiness or of woe. But on earth it can never again be yours! You've been travelling about, Peter, yet a life such as you have led cannot possibly bring you any good. Settle down, here, in some part of the forest; build a house, take a wife, and make your fortune. Work, that's what you needed; being idle, you of course felt tired of life; and now you want to lay the blame upon this unoffending heart."

Peter saw that the giant was right as far as the idleness was concerned; he determined to set about making himself a rich man. Michael gave him another hundred thousand gulden, and they parted as good friends.

Soon the story spread among the forest folk that Gaming Peter had come back to them, a far richer man than ever. It was the same thing over again; when

he'd a beggar's staff in his hand, people thrust him in broad daylight from their doors; yet now, on this Sunday afternoon, as he drove up to the inn, they all pressed forward to shake his hand, to praise his horses, and to know how he had fared when upon his travels. When, too, he sat down to play cards with Fat Ezekiel, their reverence for him was as complete as ever it had been. It was not glass-making that busied him now; he traded in wood and timber; but this was mere pretence. His real source of income was gained from corn-selling and money-lending. In time, half the forest was in his debt; but he only lent money at the rate of cent per cent, and only sold corn at thrice its worth to poor folk who could not pay him at once for it. He and the bailiff were sworn friends now; and if some luckless tenant of his had not paid the rent upon the day it fell due, the bailiff and his myrmidons straightway sold up the defaulter's goods and chattels, and father, mother, and child, were all driven out houseless into the forest. At first this caused the wealthy Peter some inconvenience, for the poor wretches crowded round his door, the men begging him to grant them some days of grace, the women seeking to touch his stone-cold heart, the children sobbing piteously for bread. But when he had provided himself with two savage mon-

grels, this caterwauling, as he termed it, soon ceased. He had but to egg the dogs on, and the mass of beggars quickly spread, shrieking and yelling. What plagued him most was "the old woman"; and she was none other than his mother. Poverty and need had come to her when house and home were sold up, and her rich son, on returning from his travels, had not troubled to think about giving her help. So, from time to time, she came, broken down and hobbling, to ask alms at his door. She no longer ventured to cross the threshold, for he had once driven her thence; it was anguish to her, though, to be dependent upon the charity of strangers, when her own son had the means to make her age a happy one and free from care. Yet his stony heart was never touched at the sight of that well-known figure, of the pale face, with its pleading expression, of the outstretched palm, the tottering gait. When on Saturdays she used to knock at the door, he used grumblingly to pull out sixpence from his pocket, and, wrapping it in paper, would send it down to her by a servant. He heard her as with trembling voice she spoke her thanks, and wished it might be well with him here on earth; he could catch the sound of her cough as she hobbled away; yet he had not the least care for that — all he regretted was the waste of another sixpence.

At last Peter thought of marrying. He knew that any father throughout the forest would gladly give him his daughter; but he was difficult to please; he wished folk to praise his luck and good sense in this matter also. So he rode about here, there, and everywhere, making search, yet not one of the Black Forest damsels seemed to have charm enough to please him. After

vainly seeking at all the dances and gatherings for the most beautiful maiden, he heard at length that she who bore the prize for modesty and loveliness throughout the forest was a poor woodcutter's daughter. She lived in seclusion, keeping house for her father, and never attending a dance or merrymaking, not even at Whitsuntide or Easter. When Peter got knowledge of this pattern daughter, he resolved to make her his wife; he rode to the hut where it was said that she lived. The father of the lovely Elspeth received his wealthy visitor with surprise, that grew greater as he learnt that it was Peter, the rich millionnaire, who wished to become his son-in-law. His mind was soon made up; poverty and misery would now cease for him, thought he; therefore, without even asking his daughter, he gave his consent. She, in her goodness, wished only to obey; and accordingly, without question, gave Peter her hand.

But the change of life was not all as pleasant an one as she had expected. She hoped to have succeeded in the managing of household affairs; yet in nought could she please her husband. She pitied the poor, and thought it no sin now and again to give alms to some old man or woman. But one day, as Peter saw her doing this, he, with angry look, forbade her thus: "Who gave you leave to squander my fortune on beggars and rapscallions like them? You've not married me in order to be able to feed all your poor relations. I'm not going to have you throwing money about as though you were a princess. Let me catch you doing this again, and you shall feel the weight of my hand."

Elspeth wept in secret at her husband's cruel hardheartedness. Often and often she wished to be back

again in her father's cottage, instead of living in luxury with Peter, the wealthy and avaricious. Ah! had she but known him to have a heart of marble, had she but known that he loved and could love neither her nor anything human, she would have sorrowed even more than she did!

One day there passed by the door an old man, who was carrying a large, heavy sack. Far in the distance Elspeth could hear him coughing, as he staggered along under its weight. She watched him with pity, thinking to herself that so aged a man ought not to be burdened thus heavily.

Meanwhile he was come closer, and, on passing Elspeth, he nearly broke down beneath the sack's weight.

"Oh! good lady," he gasped, "in kindness and mercy give me a drink of water; I cannot get on farther; I shall of a certainty drop down with fatigue."

"But you at your age ought not to be carrying such heavy burdens," said Elspeth.

"Ah! if I had no errands to run, 'twould be otherwise; but I must work hard for my living," replied he. "A rich lady like you can never know how bitter is poverty, nor how refreshing a glass of cool water is on so hot a day."

Hearing this, Elspeth hastened indoors, and was about to bring the water, but looking back through the doorway at the poor old man sitting there, panting, upon his sack, in the sunshine, she felt fresh compassion for him. Her husband was not there, thought she; so, putting her water jar aside, she filled a goblet with wine, and took it, with a slice of fresh wheaten

cake, to the old sack-bearer. "There, a sip or two of wine will do you more good than water," said she, "only don't drink so fast, and eat bread with it too."

The old man gazed at her in wonder, until large tears came into his eyes. Having drunk, he said: "I am an old man, lady, yet I have met but few who have ever shown me such sympathy and kindness, — few who, like you, Dame Elspeth, know how to put their riches to right use. Still, for this your generosity, things shall go well with you on earth; so kind a heart will not miss its reward."

"No, indeed; it shall have it at once and on the spot," thundered a fearful voice from behind. Glancing round in terror, Peter confronted her, with a face dyed crimson with wrath. "So ho!" roared he, "you even dare to give of my wines to tramps and beggars — to put the goblet I use to the lips of street vermin! There, take that as your reward!"

Elspeth knelt down, imploring pardon; yet a heart of stone, what could that know of forgiveness? Twisting round his riding whip, he struck her fair temples with its ebony handle. She fell lifeless at the old man's feet. Peter, seeing what he had done, half repented him of his brutal act. He stooped down to look if she were indeed dead, when in a well-known voice the manikin said:

"You need not look, Charcoal-Peter! This was the loveliest and purest flower in all the forest; but you have crushed out its life, and it can never blossom more!"

All the blood left Peter's face as he answered:

"So 'tis you, Mr. Treasure-guarder, is it? Well, what's done can't be undone; sooner or later 'twould have come to this. I hope, though, you won't inform against me for the murder."

"Wretch!" replied Glassmanikin, "how should it serve me if I brought your mortal body to the gallows? 'Tis not an earthly judgment seat that you have to fear, 'tis one far stricter and more terrible; for you have sold your soul to the Evil One!"

"Well, and if I've sold my heart," shrieked Peter, "no one is to blame in the matter but *you*, with your cheating gifts and promises. You, vile sprite that you are, led me on to destruction. 'Twas you who drove me to seek help of another demon; on your head I throw all the blame; you are answerable for all!"

Hardly had he said this before the Glassmanikin waxed in size and stature; his eyes turned as large as saucers, his mouth seemed like a furnace, and flames shot forth from his jaws. Down on his knees fell Peter; the marble heart could not stay the tremor in all his limbs; he shook like an aspen. With vulture's grasp the wood-gnome seized him by the neck, and, whirling him in the air as some storm-wind whirls dead leaves and branches, he flung him to the ground, so that all his ribs were well-nigh shattered.

"Earth-worm!" cried the gnome, in a voice like rolling thunder, "I could crush you to atoms if I had the mind, because of your blasphemy against the lord of the forest. Yet, for this dead woman's sake, who gave me food to eat and wine to drink, I will grant you a week's grace. If within that time you do not repent and turn again to a righteous life, I will come and

grind your bones to dust, and send you hellwards with every sin upon your head!"

Evening had almost changed to night as some peasants passing to their homes saw the wealthy timber-merchant stretched upon the ground. They looked long and carefully to see if he still breathed, but it was not until one of them fetched water to throw on his face that they could rouse him from his swoon. Then Peter drew a long breath, and with a groan opened his eyes. After gazing about him, he asked for Elspeth; but no one there had seen her. He thanked the men for their help, and crept back into his house, where he searched high and low, yet his wife was neither in pantry nor in parlor; what he had believed was a dreadful dream had proved to be bitter truth. Now, in his utter loneliness, strange thoughts came to him; he feared nothing; his heart was too cold for that; yet, remembering his dead wife, he was led to reflect upon his own hour of death, and of how sin-laden he would quit this mortal life, burdened with the tears of the poor; burdened with their curses and wails of anguish, as he had set his dog to drive them from his door; burdened with the silent suffering of his aged mother, and, lastly, with the blood of his good and lovely wife. What answer, what redress could he give to her father if he should come, asking, "Where is my daughter?" Ay, and how should he reply to One greater than he — One who has all woods and seas and hills within His power, and the lives of men besides?

Such thoughts troubled him by night in dreams; he kept perpetually waking at the sound of a soft

voice, which whispered, "Peter, Peter, get yourself a warmer heart;" and then, being roused, he would quickly shut his eyes again, for the voice was Elspeth's voice that thus warned him. One day, seeking to forget his misery, he went to the ale-house. In this place he met Fat Ezekiel. They fell to talking of different things, of the fine weather, of the war, of taxes and duties, and finally of death and dying, remarking how this or that one of their friends had suddenly been called to his account. Then Peter asked Ezekiel what he thought of death and of the life hereafter. The other answered that the body was buried, while the soul either rose to heaven or sank down to hell.

"Then the heart is buried too?" asked Peter, excitedly.

"Ay, of course, that's buried also."

"But supposing one no longer possesses one's heart, what then?"

Ezekiel glared at him.

"What do you mean by that? Are you trying to fool me? Do you think I've got no heart?"

"Oh, yes! you've a heart right enough, as hard as stone," replied Peter.

At these words Ezekiel looked at him in amazement. Glancing round in fear that some one should have heard them, he whispered hurriedly:

"How — how did you know it? Has yours stopped beating too?"

"Well, it doesn't beat here in my breast any longer," answered Peter. "But now you know what I mean, tell me what'll happen to *our* hearts after death?"

"What's that to do with you?" said Ezekiel, laugh-

ing. "You've all you want in this earthly life, and there's an end of it. 'Tis just the comfort of having these stone hearts, that they keep us from ever having any fear or dread at such thoughts."

"True enough; but one has the thoughts all the same; and though I've no fear now, I can yet well remember my terror of hell and damnation when I was innocent and a boy."

"Well, any way we sha'n't have an overpleasant time of it," said Ezekiel. "I once asked a schoolmaster about this, and he told me that, after death, men's hearts are weighed, and judged according to the weight of their sins. The light ones rise up, the heavy ones sink down; and our stone hearts will weigh a good bit, I'm thinking."

"Yes, that they will," answered Peter; "I often feel very uneasy that my heart is so utterly cold and indifferent whenever these thoughts come into my head."

Thus they spoke together; but next night Peter heard the well-known voice, which whispered five or six times in his ear, "Peter, Peter, get yourself a warmer heart." He felt no remorse for having killed her, yet each time, when telling the servants that their mistress was gone on a journey, he always thought to himself, "Whither has she gone, I wonder?" Six days passed, and on each night he heard the voice warning him; he recollected the gnome's dreadful threat, and on the seventh day he leaped from his couch, crying out, "Let me away to see if I can't find a warmer heart then; this chill cold stone in my breast makes life too dreary and miserable to bear!" He

saddled his horse, and rode away at full speed towards the forest.

Reaching the clump of pine-trees, he dismounted, and bound his horse to a tree. Then he walked swiftly towards the old spot, where he began to repeat the magic couplets.

> "Oh! Treasure-guarder 'mid the pine-trees green,
> Many, full many a century hast seen;
> Thine is all land where stands the stately pine—
> Only to Sunday-children dost an ear incline."

The Glassmanikin came forth from the trees, not with kind and friendly mien though, as once, but looking sad and gloomy. He had on a little coat of black glass, and from his hat trailed a long sable scarf. Peter knew well for whom that was worn.

"What do you want with me, Peter Munk?" asked the gnome, in a muffled voice.

"I've got one more wish left to me, Master Treasure-guarder," said Peter, as his eyes sought the ground.

"Do stone hearts know what it is to wish?" asked the other. "You've had all that you needed for your evil purposes, and I shall hardly grant you any further demand."

"But you promised to fulfil three wishes for me; and one of them remains still to me."

"Yet, if a foolish one, I can refuse to grant it," replied the gnome; "however, say on; what is it you want?"

"I want you to take away this dead cold stone inside here, and to give me my living heart in its place," said Peter.

"Did *I* make the bargain with you?" asked Glassmanikin; "am *I* Michael the Dutchman, who gives away wealth and stony hearts with the same hand? There, over there, to him you must go, if you want your heart."

"But *he* will never let me have it back again," faltered Peter.

"Bad as you are, I'm yet sorry for you, very sorry," said the gnome, after some moments of reflection. "As your wish is not a senseless one, I can at least not refuse you my advice. Therefore listen. With might you can never regain your lost heart, yet with cunning perhaps you may succeed; and Michael, shrewd as he fancies himself, is still but stupid Michael after all, and gullible enough. So go straight to him, and do as I tell you." Then the manikin told him all that he ought to do, and gave him a little cross of pure glass.

"He cannot harm you, and must perforce let you go free, if you hold this up before him, praying meanwhile. When you have got what you need, come back to me here."

Peter took the little cross, and, fixing in his memory all that the gnome had told him, he went on to seek Michael the Dutchman. Having thrice called him by name, the giant stood before him.

"You've killed your wife, eh?" asked he, with a hideous leer. "I should have done the same thing, for she was squandering all your fortune over beggar folk.

But for a time you'll have to leave the country; it will make some stir when she's nowhere to be found. So you need money, no doubt; and have come to fetch it, I suppose?"

"Yes, that's it," answered Peter; "and let's have a good round sum this time, for America's a long way off."

Michael led the way to his hut, where he unlocked a chest brimming with gold. While he was counting it out to him, Peter said:

"You're a queer fish, Michael, to hoax me into believing that there was a stone within my breast, and that you had my heart!"

"Well, and isn't it so?" asked the giant, amazed. "You don't feel your heart beating, do you? It's ice-cold, isn't it? You've never any fear, or grief, or remorse?"

"Ah, you only made my heart stop still, that was all; it's here in my breast just the same, like that of Fat Ezekiel, who told me of the trick you've played us. Why, you're not clever enough to wrench out one's heart invisibly and painlessly; to do that you would have to use magic!"

"But I swear it to you," cried Michael, angrily. "You and Ezekiel, and all those men of wealth who made a pact with me, they've all stone-cold hearts like yours; I possess their real ones, here in my chamber."

"Oh, oh, how glib you are at telling lies!" laughed Peter. "You must ask some one else to swallow that, though. Do you think I've not seen tricks like those by the score when I was travelling abroad? They're just wax models, these hearts in your room. You're

a rich fellow, Michael, I admit, but I don't believe you deal in magic!"

At this the giant grew very wroth. He flung open the door of the chamber, and said:

"Come in here and read all the labels, one by one; look, there's Peter Munk's heart! See how it throbs; do you think it's made of wax now?"

"Yes, I do," said Peter; "I *do* think it's made of wax; for no real, live heart beats like that; besides, I've got mine, as I tell you, here inside me. No, no, you're no magician, that's clear."

"But I'll prove it to you," cried Michael, in a rage. "You shall feel for yourself that it's your heart."

So saying, he tore Peter's vest aside, and took from his bosom the icy stone. Then, breathing upon the living heart, he put it back in its old place, where Peter heard it beating, and was able to feel joy at its recovery.

"How's that, now?" asked Michael, grinning.

"Well, in truth, you were right, after all," said Peter, carefully taking from his pocket the cross. "I should never have believed that you could do as much."

"Aha, so I am a magician, after all, you see; but now, let me put back the stone heart for you."

"Stop a bit, Master Michael," said Peter, stepping aside and holding up his cross. "Old birds are seldom caught with chaff; but this time, I fancy, you're the dupe!" And he at once began to pray the first prayer that came to his memory.

Instantly Michael began to grow less and less; he fell down, groaning and gasping, and wriggling like a reptile. All the hearts in their jars commenced throb-

bing and thumping; the sound was like that in a watchmaker's shop. But Peter grew terrified; strange fear came over him; he rushed out of the room and the house, and, driven by fright, clambered up the rocky cliff. Far behind him he could hear how Michael, amid cursings and threats, was making ready to give chase. On reaching the summit, he ran to the pine clump, while a fearful storm burst over the woods; thunderbolts crashed to right and left, shattering trees beside his path; yet he came in safety to the little gnome's domain.

Gladly, joyfully beat his heart; merely because it *could* beat — that was the reason. Then all his past life flashed horribly before him, up to the awful moments spent amid this storm that had laid waste all the beautiful woods around. He thought of Elspeth, his good and gentle wife, whom through greed he had murdered. He seemed a vagrant, an outcast among mankind. Reaching the gnome's mound, he sobbed bitterly.

Glassmanikin was sitting beneath the pine-tree, smoking a pipe. He appeared to be somewhat more cheerful than before.

"Why are you weeping, Charcoal-Peter?" asked he. "Haven't you got back your heart? Is the cold stone within your bosom still?"

"Oh, sir," sighed Peter, "all the while I had that cold heart I never knew what it was to weep; my eyes were as dry as the ground in Midsummer; but now my old heart seems like to break at all the ill that I have done! I've driven my debtors to poverty and ruin; I've set my dogs to worry the sick and

starving who came to my door, and, ah! you know yourself how — how with my whip I struck her dear forehead!"

"Peter, you've sinned much," said Glassmanikin. "Money and idleness have been your destruction, until your heart turned to stone, knowing neither joy nor pain, neither pity nor remorse. But repentance may atone for your past life; if I were but certain that you were thoroughly sorry for it all, perhaps I could do something for you yet."

"I want naught now," answered Peter, as his head drooped mournfully. "'Tis all over with me; joy and happiness will never again be mine; for what can I, lonely as I am, turn to in the world? I shall never earn my mother's forgiveness — maybe I've brought her to the grave also, wretch, monster that I am! And Elspeth, — Elspeth, my wife, my wife! You'd better kill me as well, Mr. Treasure-guarder; then there'll be an end at least to my miserable existence."

"Good," replied Glassmanikin, "if your wish is but for that, you can have it; my axe is close by here."

And, moving his pipe quite coolly from between his lips, he knocked out its ashes and pocketed it. Then he stood slowly up and went behind the pines. Peter sat sobbing on the turf; to him life was nothing now; he calmly waited his death-blow. After a while he heard faint steps behind, and thought, "Now he's coming."

"Look round, Peter Munk!" said the gnome. And Peter, brushing away his tears, obeyed. There, before his wondering gaze, stood — his mother and Elspeth, his wife, looking lovingly at him. He leapt up in joy.

"So you're not dead, Elspeth? And *you* here, mother, too? Say, have you — have you forgiven me?"

"They will forgive you," said Glassmanikin, "because you have felt real sorrow, real repentance. Everything shall be forgotten. Go back now to your father's hut and be a charcoal-burner as before. If you're upright and thrifty, you'll bring honor to your trade, and your neighbors will love and respect you far more than if you had ten tons of gold." Thus spake the little gnome before bidding them adieu.

The three thanked and blessed him for his kindness, and then went home.

Peter's splendid house no longer existed; lightning had struck it, and all the treasure within it was burned to ashes. Yet the little cottage once occupied by his father was not far distant; towards this they turned their steps, grieving little for their heavy loss.

Yet what was their wonder on reaching the hut! It had been changed into a pretty farmhouse; all within it was simple, yet very clean and neat and good.

"The kind Glassmanikin has done this!" cried Peter.

"How nice it all is!" said Elspeth. "I feel much

more at home here, than in our great mansion, with all that string of servants."

Henceforth Peter Munk became a diligent and prosperous man. He was content with what he had; he worked hard at his trade without murmuring; and thus it came that by his own effort he grew rich and well-to-do, winning the love and respect of all the dwellers in the Black Forest.

After a time his wife presented him with a little son, when Peter went to the pine clump and repeated the couplets as of yore. But Glassmanikin remained invisible.

"Mr. Treasure-guarder," cried he, "listen to me just a moment. I only want to ask you to stand godfather to my little son." But there was no answer, only a faint whispering aloft among the pine-tops, while a few leaves fell rustling earthwards. "I'll keep these, then," thought Peter, picking them up, "as a memento, since you won't appear to me." And he put them into his pocket. That night, when his mother was folding up his Sunday coat, four bulky packets of money fell from it. On opening them, they contained many a score of bright new thalers — not a single bad one among the whole lot. And this was the manikin's present to Peter's little boy.

Thus they lived on in peace and contentment; and often afterwards, when gray locks were about his brow, Peter used to say:

"'Tis better to be satisfied with a little, than to have gold and lands and a stone-cold heart."

MOMOTARO, OR LITTLE PEACHLING

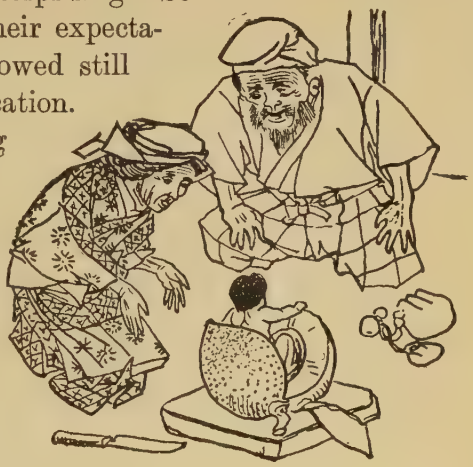
A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

LONG long time ago there lived an old man and an old woman. One day the old man went to the mountains to cut grass; and the old woman went to the river to wash clothes. While she was washing a great thing came tumbling and splashing down the stream. When the old woman saw it she was very glad, and pulled it to her with a piece of bamboo that lay near by. When she took it up and looked at it she saw that it was a very large peach. She then quickly finished her washing and returned home intending to give the peach to her old man to eat.

When she cut the peach in two, out came a child from the large kernel. Seeing this the old couple rejoiced, and named the child Momotaro, or Little

A Pheasant also came flying and said: "Give Me a Dumpling too, and I will go along with You."

Peachling, because he came out of a peach. As both the old people took good care of him, he grew and became strong and enterprising. So the old couple had their expectations raised, and bestowed still more care on his education.



Momotaro finding that he excelled every body in strength, determined to cross over to the island of the devils, take their riches, and come back. He at once consulted with the old man and the old woman about the matter, and got them to make him some dumplings. These he put in his pouch. Besides this he made every kind of preparation for his journey to the island of the devils and set out.

Then first a dog came to the side of the way and said; "Momotaro! What have you there hanging at your belt?" He replied: "I have some of the very best Japanese millet dumplings." "Give me one and I will go with you," said the dog. So Momotaro took a dumpling out of his pouch

and gave it to the dog. Then a monkey came and got one the same way. A pheasant also came flying and said: "Give me a dumpling too, and I will go along with you." So all three went along with him. In no time they arrived at the island of the devils, and at once broke through the front gate; Momotaro first; then his three followers. Here they met a great multitude of the devil's retainers who showed fight, but they pressed still inwards, and at last encountered the chief of the devils, called Akandoji. Then came the tug of war. Akandoji hit at Momotaro with an iron club, but Momotaro was ready for him, and dodged him adroitly. At last they grappled each other, and without difficulty Momotaro just crushed down Akandoji and tied him with a rope so tightly that he could not even move. All this was done in a fair fight.

After this Akandoji the chief of the devils said he would surrender all his riches. "Out with your riches then:" said Momotaro laughing. Having collected and ranged in order a great pile of precious things, Momotaro took them, and set out for his home, rejoicing, as he marched bravely back, that, with the help of his three companions, to whom he attributed

all his success, he had been able so easily to accomplish his end.

Great was the joy of the old man and the old woman when Momotaro came back. He feasted every body bountifully, told many stories of his adventure, displayed his riches, and at last became a leading man, a man of influence, very rich and honorable; a man to be very much congratulated indeed!!

A WATER-BABY

(From The Water Babies)

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TOM was now quite amphibious. You do not know what that means?

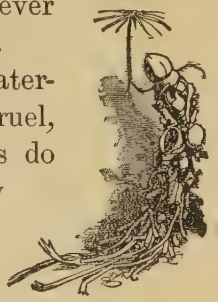
You had better, then, ask the nearest Government pupil-teacher, who may possibly answer you smartly enough, thus —

"Amphibious. Adjective, derived from two Greek words, *amphi*, a fish, and *bios*, a beast. An animal supposed by our ignorant ancestors to be compounded of a fish and a beast; which therefore, like the hippopotamus, can't live on the land, and dies in the water."

However that may be, Tom was amphibious: and what is better still, he was clean. For the first time in his life, he felt how comfortable it was to have nothing on him but himself. But he only enjoyed it: he did not know it, or think about it; just as you enjoy life and health, and yet never think about being alive and healthy; and may it be long before you have to think about it! . . . . .

But Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world; and so now, to make up for that, he had nothing but holidays in the water-world for a long, long time to come. He

had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.



And what did he live on? Water-cresses, perhaps; or perhaps water-gruel, and water-milk; too many land-babies do so likewise. But we do not know what one-tenth of the water-things eat; so we are not answerable for the water-babies.

Sometimes he went along the smooth gravel water-ways, looking at the crickets which ran in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land; or he climbed over the ledges of rock, and saw the sand-pipes hanging in thousands, with every one of them a pretty little head and legs peeping out; or he went into a still corner, and watched the caddises eating dead sticks as greedily as you would eat plum-pudding, and building their houses with silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were; none of them would keep to the same materials for a day. One would begin with some pebbles; then she would stick on a piece of green wood; then she found a shell, and stuck it on too; and the poor shell was alive, and did not like at all being taken to build houses with: but the caddis did not let him have any voice in the matter, being rude and selfish, as vain people are apt to be; then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, then a very smart pink stone, and so on, till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. Then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said, "Hurrah! my sister has a tail, and I'll

have one too;" and she stuck it on her back, and marched about with it quite proud, though it was very inconvenient indeed. And, at that, tails became all the fashion among the caddis-baits in that pool, as they were at the end of the Long Pond last May, and they all toddled about with long straws sticking out behind, getting between each other's legs, and tumbling over each other, and looking so ridiculous, that Tom laughed at them till he cried, as we did. But they were quite right, you know; for people must always follow the fashion, even if it be spoon-bonnets.

Then sometimes he came to a deep still reach; and there he saw the water-forests. They would have looked to you only little weeds: but Tom, you must remember, was so little that everything looked a hundred times as big to him as it does to you, just as things do to a minnow, who sees and catches the little water-creatures which you can only see in a microscope.

And in the water-forest he saw the water-monkeys and water-squirrels (they had all six legs, though; everything almost has six legs in the water, except efts and water-babies); and nimbly enough they ran among the branches. There were water-flowers there too, in thousands; and Tom tried to pick them: but as soon as he touched them, they drew themselves in and turned into knots of jelly; and then Tom saw that they were all alive — bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers, of all beautiful shapes and colors; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was. So now he found that there was a great deal more in the world than he had fancied at first sight.

There was one wonderful little fellow, too, who

peeped out of the top of a house built of round bricks. He had two big wheels, and one little one, all over teeth, spinning round and round like the wheels in a thrashing-machine; and Tom stood and stared at him, to see what he was going to make with his machinery. And what do you think he was doing? Brick-making. With his two big wheels he swept together all the mud which floated in the water: all that was nice in it he put into his stomach and ate; and all the mud he put into the little wheel on his breast, which really was a round hole set with teeth; and there he spun it into a neat hard round brick; and then he took it and stuck it on the top of his house-wall, and set to work to make another. Now was not he a clever little fellow?

Tom thought so: but when he wanted to talk to him the brick-maker was much too busy and proud of his work to take notice of him.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk; only not such a language as ours; but such as horses, and dogs, and cows, and birds talk to each other; and Tom soon learned to understand them and talk to them; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature, and only a proof that we are all originally descended from beasts of prey. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that

is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures; for if they do, a certain old lady who is coming will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

But Tom did not know that; and he pecked and howked the poor water-things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way, or crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with.

The water-fairies, of course, were very sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him, and tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good, and to play and romp with him, too: but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his lesson for himself by sound and sharp experience, as many another foolish person has to do, though there may be many a kind heart yearning over them all the while, and longing to teach them what they can only teach themselves.

At last one day he found a caddis, and wanted it to peep out of its house: but its house-door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house-door before: so what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside. What a shame! How should you like to have any one breaking your bedroom-door in, to see how you looked when you were in bed? So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating

of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new night-cap of neat pink skin. However, if she didn't answer, all the other caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked like the cats in Struwwelpeter: "*Oh, you nasty horrid boy; there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and flown about, and laid such lots of eggs: and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die. Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?*"

So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself, and felt all the naughtier; as little boys do when they have done wrong and won't say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout, and began tormenting them, and trying to catch them: but they slipped through his fingers, and jumped clean out of water in their fright. But as Tom chased them, he came close to a great dark hover under an alder root, and out floushed a huge old brown trout ten times as big as he was, and ran right against him, and knocked all

the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

Then he went on sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself; which had six legs, and a big stomach, and a most ridiculous head with two great eyes and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow to be

sure!" and he began making faces at him; and put his nose close to him, and halloed at him, like a very rude boy.

When, hey presto; all the thing's donkey-face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much; but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he let go.

"Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

Tom stood still and watched him. And he swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last — crack, puff, bang — he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom: but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. It moved its legs very feebly; and looked about it half ashamed, like a girl when she goes for the first time into a ballroom; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word: but he stared with all his eyes. And he went up to the top of the water too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

And as the creature sat in the warm bright sun, a

wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; the most lovely colors began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings; out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirled up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again by Tom quite fearless.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine, and hawk over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!" And he flew away into the air, and began catching gnats.

"Oh! come back, come back," cried Tom, "you beautiful creature. I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner, and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back, and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!"

It was only a big dock: but you know the dragon-fly had never seen any but little water-trees; starwort, and milfoil, and water-crowfoot, and such like; so it did look very big to him. Besides, he was very short-

sighted, as all dragon-flies are; and never could see a yard before his nose; any more than a great many other folks, who are not half as handsome as he.

The dragon-fly did come back, and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colors and his large wings; but you know he had been a poor dirty ugly creature all his life before; so there were great excuses for him. He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and the meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him, for he had forgotten all about them. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am very glad to say, that Tom learned such a lesson that day, that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame, and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses, and changed their skins, and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin, and have wings like them some day.

THE MAGIC SWAN

By HERMANN KLETKE.

THERE was once upon a time three brothers, of whom the eldest was called Jacob, the second Frederick, and the youngest Peter. This youngest brother was made a regular butt of by the other two, and they treated him shamefully. If anything went wrong with their affairs Peter had to bear the blame and put things right for them, and he had to endure all this ill-treatment because he was weak and delicate and couldn't defend himself against his stronger brothers. The poor creature had a most trying life of it in every way, and day and night he pondered how he could make it better. One day, when he was in the wood gathering sticks and crying bitterly, a little old woman came up to him and asked him what was the matter; and he told her all his troubles.

"Come, my good youth," said the old dame when he had finished his tale of woe, "isn't the world wide enough? Why don't you set out and try your fortune somewhere else?"

Peter took her words to heart and left his father's house early one morning to try his fortune in the wide world as the old woman had advised him. But he felt very bitterly parting from the home where he had been

born, and where he had at least passed a short but happy childhood, and sitting down on a hill he gazed once more fondly on his native place.

Suddenly the little old woman stood before him, and tapping him on the shoulder said: "So far good, my boy; but what do you mean to do now?"

Peter was at a loss what to answer, for so far he had always thought that fortune would drop into his mouth like a ripe cherry. The old woman, who guessed his thoughts, laughed kindly and said: "I'll tell you what you must do, for I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm sure you won't forget me when you've made your fortune."

Peter promised faithfully he wouldn't, and the old woman continued:

"This evening at sunset go to yonder pear-tree which you see growing at the cross-roads. Underneath it you will find a man lying asleep, and a beautiful large swan will be fastened to the tree close to him. You must be careful not to waken the man, but you must unfasten the swan and take it away with you. You will find that every one will fall in love with its beautiful plumage, and you must allow any one who

likes to pull out a feather. But as soon as the swan feels as much as a finger on it it will scream out, and then you must say: 'Swan, hold fast.' Then the hand of the person who has touched the bird will be held as in a vise, and nothing will set it free unless you touch it with this little stick which I will make you a present of. When you have captured a whole lot of people in this way, lead your train straight on with you; you will come to a big town where a princess lives who has never been known to laugh. If you can only make her laugh your fortune is made; then I beg you won't forget your old friend."

Peter promised again that he wouldn't, and at sunset he went to the tree the old woman had mentioned. The man lay there fast asleep, and a large beautiful swan was fastened to the tree beside him by a red cord. Peter loosed the bird and led it away with him without disturbing the bird's master.

He walked on with the swan for some time, and came at last to a building-yard where some men were busily at work. They were all lost in admiration of the bird's beautiful plumage, and one forward youth, who was covered with clay from head to foot, called out: "Oh, if I'd only one of those feathers how happy I should be!"

"Pull one out, then," said Peter kindly, and the youth seized one from the bird's tail. Instantly the swan screamed, and Peter called out, "Swan, hold fast," and do what he could the poor youth couldn't get his hand away. The more he howled the more the others laughed, till a girl who had been washing clothes in a neighboring stream hurried up to see what was the

matter. When she saw the poor boy fastened to the swan she felt so sorry for him that she stretched out her hand to free him. The bird screamed.

"Swan, hold fast," called out Peter, and the girl was caught also.

When Peter had gone on for a bit with his captives they met a chimney-sweep, who laughed loudly over the extraordinary troop and asked the girl what she was doing.

"Oh, dearest John," replied the girl, "give me your hand and set me free from this cursed young man."

"Most certainly I will, if that's all you want," replied the sweep, and gave the girl his hand. The bird screamed.

"Swan, hold fast," said Peter, and the black man was added to their number.

They soon came to a village where a fair was being held. A travelling circus was giving a performance, and the clown was just doing his tricks. He opened his eyes wide with amazement when he saw the remarkable trio fastened on to the swan's tail.

"Have you gone raving mad, blackie?" he asked as well as he could for laughing.

"It's no laughing matter," the sweep replied. "This wench has got so tight hold of me that I feel as if I were glued to her. Do set me free, like a good clown, and I'll do you a good turn some day."

Without a moment's hesitation the clown grasped the black outstretched hand. The bird screamed.

"Swan, hold fast," called out Peter, and the clown became the fourth of the party.

Now, in the front row of the spectators sat the re-

spected and popular mayor of the village, who was much put out by what he considered nothing but a foolish trick. So much annoyed was he that he seized the clown by the hand and tried to tear him away, in order to hand him over to the police.

Then the bird screamed and Peter called out, "Swan, hold fast," and the dignified mayor shared the fate of his predecessors.

The mayoress, a long, thin stick of a woman, enraged at the insult done to her husband, seized his free arm and tore at it with all her might, with the only result that she too was forced to swell the procession. After this no one else had any wish to join them.

Soon Peter saw the towers of the capital in front of him. Just before entering it a glittering carriage came out to meet him, in which was seated a young lady as beautiful as the day, but with a very solemn and serious expression. But no sooner had she perceived the motley crowd fastened to the swan's tail than she burst into a loud fit of laughter, in which she was joined by all her servants and ladies-in-waiting.

"The princess has laughed at last," they all cried with joy.

She stepped out of her carriage to look more closely at the wonderful sight, and laughed again over the capers the poor captives cut. She ordered her carriage

to be turned round and drove slowly back into the town, never taking her eyes off Peter and his procession.

When the king heard the news that his daughter had actually laughed he was more than delighted, and had Peter and his marvellous train brought before him. He laughed himself when he saw them till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"My good friend," he said to Peter, "do you know what I promised the person who succeeded in making the princess laugh?"

"No, I don't," said Peter.

"Then I'll tell you," answered the king. "A thousand gold crowns or a piece of land. Which will you choose?"

Peter decided in favor of the land. Then he touched the youth, the girl, the sweep, the clown, the mayor, and the mayoress with his little stick, and they were all free again and ran away home as if a fire were burning behind them; and their flight, as you may imagine, gave rise to renewed merriment.

Then the princess felt moved to stroke the swan, at the same time admiring its plumage. The bird screamed.

"Swan, hold fast," called out Peter, and so he won the princess for his bride. But the swan flew up into the air and vanished in the blue horizon. Peter now received a duchy as a present and became a very great man indeed; but he did not forget the little old woman who had been the cause of all his good fortune, and appointed her as head housekeeper to him and his royal bride in their magnificent castle.

THE ENCHANTED PIG

By N. KREMNITZ.

NCE upon a time there lived a king who had three daughters. Now it happened that he had to go out to battle, so he called his daughters and said to them:

"My dear children, I am obliged to go to the wars. The enemy is approaching us with a large army. It is a great grief to me to leave you all. During my absence take care of yourselves and be good girls; behave well and look after everything in the house. You may walk in the garden, and you may go into all the rooms in the palace, except the room at the back in the right-hand corner; into that you must not enter, for harm would befall you."

"You may keep your mind easy, father," they replied. "We have never been disobedient to you. Go in peace, and may Heaven give you a glorious victory!"

When everything was ready for his departure, the king gave them the keys of all the rooms and reminded them once more of what he had said. His daughters kissed his hands with tears in their eyes, and wished him prosperity, and he gave the eldest the keys.

Now when the girls found themselves alone they felt so sad and dull that they did not know what to do.

So, to pass the time, they decided to work for part of the day, to read for part of the day, and to enjoy themselves in the garden for part of the day. As long as they did this all went well with them. But this happy state of things did not last long. Every day they grew more and more curious, and you will see what the end of that was.

"Sisters," said the eldest princess, "all day long we sew, spin, and read. We have been several days quite alone, and there is no corner of the garden that we have not explored. We have been in all the rooms of our father's palace, and have admired the rich and beautiful furniture: why should not we go into the room that our father forbade us to enter?"

"Sister," said the youngest, "I cannot think how you can tempt us to break our father's command. When he told us not to go into that room he must have known what he was saying, and have had a good reason for saying it."

"Surely the sky won't fall about our heads if we *do* go in," said the second princess. "Dragons and such like monsters that would devour us will not be hidden in the room. And how will our father ever find out that we have gone in?"

While they were speaking thus, encouraging each other, they had reached the room; the eldest fitted the key into the lock, and snap! the door stood open.

The three girls entered, and what do you think they saw?

The room was quite empty, and without any ornament, but in the middle stood a large table, with a gorgeous cloth, and on it lay a big open book.

Now the princesses were curious to know what was written in the book, especially the eldest, and this is what she read:

"The eldest daughter of this king will marry a prince from the east."

Then the second girl stepped forward, and turning over the page she read:

"The second daughter of this king will marry a prince from the west."

The girls were delighted, and laughed and teased each other.

But the youngest princess did not want to go near the table or to open the book. Her elder sisters, however, left her no peace, and will she, nill she, they dragged her up to the table, and in fear and trembling she turned over the page and read:

"The youngest daughter of this king will be married to a pig from the north."

Now if a thunderbolt had fallen upon her from heaven it would not have frightened her more.

She almost died of misery, and if her sisters had not held her up, she would have sunk to the ground and cut her head open.

When she came out of the fainting fit into which she had fallen in her terror, her sisters tried to comfort her, saying:

"How can you believe such nonsense? When did it ever happen that a king's daughter married a pig?"

"What a baby you are!" said the other sister; "has not our father enough soldiers to protect you, even if the disgusting creature did come to woo you?"

The youngest princess would fain have let herself be

convinced by her sisters' words, and have believed what they said, but her heart was heavy. Her thoughts kept turning to the book, in which stood written that great happiness waited her sisters, but that a fate was in store for her such as had never before been known in the world.

Besides, the thought weighed on her heart that she had been guilty of disobeying her father. She began to get quite ill, and in a few days she was so changed that it was difficult to recognize her; formerly she had been rosy and merry, now she was pale and nothing gave her any pleasure. She gave up playing with her sisters in the garden, ceased to gather flowers to put in her hair, and never sang when they sat together at their spinning and sewing.

In the mean time the king won a great victory, and having completely defeated and driven off the enemy, he hurried home to his daughters, to whom his thoughts had constantly turned. Every one went out to meet him with cymbals and fifes and drums, and there was great rejoicing over his victorious return. The king's first act on reaching home was to thank Heaven for the victory he had gained over the enemies who had risen against him. He then entered his palace, and the three princesses stepped forward to meet him. His joy was great when he saw that they were all well, for the youngest did her best not to appear sad.

In spite of all this, however, it was not long before the king noticed that his third daughter was getting very thin and sad-looking. And all of a sudden he felt as if a hot iron were entering his soul, for it flashed through his mind that she had disobeyed his word. He

felt sure he was right; but to be quite certain he called his daughters to him, questioned them, and ordered them to speak the truth. They confessed everything, but took good care not to say which had led the other two into temptation.

The king was so distressed when he heard it that he was almost overcome by grief. But he took heart and tried to comfort his daughters, who looked frightened to death. He saw that what had happened had happened, and that a thousand words would not alter matters by a hair's-breadth.

Well, these events had almost been forgotten when one day a prince from the east appeared at the court and asked the king for the hand of his eldest daughter. The king gladly gave his consent. A great wedding banquet was prepared, and after three days of feasting the happy pair were accompanied to the frontier with much ceremony and rejoicing.

After some time the same thing befell the second daughter, who was wooed and won by a prince from the west.

Now when the young princess saw that everything fell out exactly as had been written in the book, she grew very sad. She refused to eat, and would not put on her fine clothes nor go out walking, and declared that she would rather die than become a laughing-stock to the world. But the king would not allow her to do anything so wrong, and he comforted her in all possible ways.

So the time passed, till lo and behold! one fine day an enormous pig from the north walked into the palace, and going straight up to the king said, "Hail! oh,

king. May your life be as prosperous and bright as sunrise on a clear day!"

"I am glad to see you well, friend," answered the king, "but what wind has brought you hither?"

"I come a-wooing," replied the pig.

Now the king was astonished to hear so fine a speech from a pig, and at once it occurred to him that something strange was the matter. He would gladly have turned the pig's thoughts in another direction, as he did not wish to give him the princess for a wife; but when he heard that the court and the whole street were full of all the pigs in the world he saw that there was no escape, and that he must give his consent. The pig was not satisfied with mere promises, but insisted that the wedding should take place within a week, and would not go away till the king had sworn a royal oath upon it.

The king then sent for his daughter, and advised her to submit to fate, as there was nothing else to be done. And he added:

"My child, the words and whole behavior of this pig are quite unlike those of other pigs. I do not myself believe that he always *was* a pig. Depend upon it some

magic or witchcraft has been at work. Obey him, and do everything that he wishes, and I feel sure that Heaven will shortly send you release."

"If you wish me to do this, dear father, I will do it," replied the girl.

In the mean time the wedding-day drew near. After the marriage, the pig and his bride set out for his home in one of the royal carriages. On the way they passed a great bog, and the pig ordered the carriage to stop, and got out and rolled about in the mire till he was covered with mud from head to foot; then he got back into the carriage and told his wife to kiss him. What was the poor girl to do? She bethought herself of her father's words, and, pulling out her pocket handkerchief, she gently wiped the pig's snout and kissed it.

By the time they reached the pig's dwelling, which stood in a thick wood, it was quite dark. They sat down quietly for a little, as they were tired after their drive; then they had supper together, and lay down to rest. During the night the princess noticed that the pig had changed into a man. She was not a little surprised, but remembering her father's words, she took courage, determined to wait and see what would happen.

And now she noticed that every night the pig became a man, and every morning he was changed into a pig before she awoke. This happened several nights running, and the princess could not understand it at all. Clearly her husband must be bewitched. In time she grew quite fond of him, he was so kind and gentle.

One fine day as she was sitting alone she saw an old witch go past. She felt quite excited, as it was so long

since she had seen a human being, and she called out to the old woman to come and talk to her. Among other things the witch told her that she understood all magic arts, and that she could foretell the future, and knew the healing powers of herbs and plants.

"I shall be grateful to you all my life, old dame," said the princess, "if you will tell me what is the matter with my husband. Why is he a pig by day and a human being by night?"

"I was just going to tell you that one thing, my dear, to show you what a good fortune-teller I am. If you like, I will give you an herb to break the spell."

"If you will only give it to me," said the princess, "I will give you anything you choose to ask for, for I cannot bear to see him in this state."

"Here, then, my dear child," said the witch, "take this thread, but do not let him know about it, for if he did it would lose its healing power. At night, when he is asleep, you must get up very quietly, and fasten the thread round his left foot as firmly as possible; and you will see in the morning he will not have changed back into a pig, but will still be a man. I do not want any reward. I shall be sufficiently repaid by knowing that you are happy. It almost breaks my heart to think of all you have suffered, and I only wish I had known it sooner, as I should have come to your rescue at once."

When the old witch had gone away the princess hid the thread very carefully, and at night she got up quietly, and with a beating heart she bound the thread round her husband's foot. Just as she was pulling the

knot tight there was a crack, and the thread broke, for it was rotten.

Her husband awoke with a start, and said to her, "Unhappy woman, what have you done? Three days more and this unholy spell would have fallen from me, and now, who knows how long I may have to go about in this disgusting shape? I must leave you at once, and we shall not meet again until you have worn out three pairs of iron shoes and blunted a steel staff in your search for me." So saying he disappeared.

Now, when the princess was left alone she began to weep and moan in a way that was pitiful to hear; but when she saw that her tears and groans did her no good, she got up, determined to go wherever fate should lead her.

On reaching a town, the first thing she did was to order three pairs of iron sandals and a steel staff, and having made these preparations for her journey, she set out in search of her husband. On and on she wandered over nine seas and across nine continents; through forests with trees whose stems were as thick as beer-barrels; stumbling and knocking herself against the fallen branches, then picking herself up and going on; the boughs of the trees hit her face, and the shrubs tore her hands, but on she went, and never looked back. At last, wearied with her long journey and worn out and overcome with sorrow, but still with hope at her heart, she reached a house.

Now who do you think lived there? The moon.

The princess knocked at the door, and begged to be let in that she might rest a little. The mother of the moon, when she saw her sad plight, felt a great pity

for her, and took her in and nursed and tended her. And while she was here the princess had a little baby.

One day the mother of the moon asked her:

"How was it possible for you, a mortal, to get hither to the house of the moon?"

Then the poor princess told her all that had happened to her, and added: "I shall always be thankful to Heaven for leading me hither, and grateful to you that you took pity on me and on my baby, and did not leave us to die. Now I beg one last favor of you; can your daughter, the moon, tell me where my husband is?"

"She cannot tell you that, my child," replied the goddess, "but, if you will travel toward the east until you reach the dwelling of the sun, he may be able to tell you something."

Then she gave the princess a roast chicken to eat, and warned her to be very careful not to lose any of the bones, because they might be of great use to her.

When the princess had thanked her once more for her hospitality and for her good advice, and had thrown away one pair of shoes that were worn out, and had put on a second pair, she tied up the chicken bones in a bundle, and taking her baby in her arms and her staff in her hand, she set out once more on her wanderings.

On and on and on she went across bare sandy deserts, where the roads were so heavy that for every two steps that she took forward she fell back one; but she struggled on till she had passed these dreary plains; next she crossed high rocky mountains, jumping from crag to crag and from peak to peak. Sometimes she would rest for a little on a mountain, and then start afresh always further and further on. She had to cross

swamps and to scale mountain peaks covered with flints, so that her feet and knees and elbows were all torn and bleeding, and sometimes she came to a precipice across which she could not jump, and she had to crawl round on hands and knees, helping herself along with her staff. At length, wearied to death, she reached the palace in which the sun lived. She knocked and begged for admission. The mother of the sun opened the door, and was astonished at beholding a mortal from the distant earthly shores, and wept with pity when she heard of all she had suffered. Then, having promised to ask her son about the princess' husband, she hid her in the cellar, so that the sun might notice nothing on his return home, for he was always in a bad temper when he came in at night.

The next day the princess feared that things would not go well with her, for the sun had noticed that some one from the other world had been in the palace. But his mother had soothed him with soft words, assuring him that this was not so. So the princess took heart when she saw how kindly she was treated, and asked:

"But how in the world is it possible for the sun to be angry? He is so beautiful and so good to mortals."

"This is how it happens," replied the sun's mother. "In the morning when he stands at the gates of paradise he is happy, and smiles on the whole world, but during the day he gets cross, because he sees all the evil deeds of men, and that is why his heat becomes so scorching; but in the evening he is both sad and angry, for he stands at the gates of death; that is his usual course. From there he comes back here."

She then told the princess that she had asked about

her husband, but that her son had replied that he knew nothing about him, and that her only hope was to go and inquire of the wind.

Before the princess left the mother of the sun gave her a roast chicken to eat, and advised her to take great care of the bones, which she did, wrapping them up in a bundle. She then threw away her second pair of shoes, which were quite worn out, and with her child on her arm and her staff in her hand, she set forth on her way to the wind.

In these wanderings she met with even greater difficulties than before, for she came upon one mountain of flints after another, out of which tongues of fire would flame up; she passed through woods which had never been trodden by human foot, and had to cross fields of ice and avalanches of snow. The poor woman nearly died of these hardships, but she kept a brave heart, and at length she reached an enormous cave in the side of the mountain. This was where the wind lived. There was a little door in the railing in front of the cave, and here the princess knocked and begged for admission. The mother of the wind had pity on her and took her in, that she might rest a little. Here too she was hidden away, so that the wind might not notice her.

The next morning the mother of the wind told her

that her husband was living in a thick wood, so thick that no axe had been able to cut a way through it; here he had built himself a sort of house by placing trunks of trees together and fastening them with withes, and here he lived alone, shunning human kind.

After the mother of the wind had given the princess a chicken to eat, and had warned her to take care of the bones, she advised her to go by the Milky Way, which at night lies across the sky, and to wander on till she reached her goal.

Having thanked the old woman with tears in her eyes for her hospitality, and for the good news she had given her, the princess set out on her journey and rested neither night nor day, so great was her longing to see her husband again. On and on she walked until her last pair of shoes fell in pieces. So she threw them away and went on with bare feet, not heeding the bogs nor the thorns that wounded her, nor the stones that bruised her. At last she reached a beautiful green meadow on the edge of a wood. Her heart was cheered by the sight of the flowers and the soft cool grass, and she sat down and rested for a little. But hearing the birds chirping to their mates among the trees made her think with longing of her husband, and she wept bitterly, and taking her child in her arms, and her bundle of chicken bones on her shoulder, she entered the wood.

For three days and three nights she struggled through it, but could find nothing. She was quite worn out with weariness and hunger, and even her staff was no further help to her, for in her many wanderings it had become quite blunted. She almost gave

up in despair, but made one last great effort, and suddenly in a thicket she came upon the sort of house that the mother of the wind had described. It had no windows, and the door was up in the roof. Round the house she went, in search of steps, but could find none. What was she to do? How was she to get in? She thought and thought, and tried in vain to climb up to the door. Then suddenly she bethought her of the chicken bones that she had dragged all that weary way, and she said to herself: "They would not all have told me to take such good care of these bones if they had not had some good reason for doing so. Perhaps now, in my hour of need, they may be of use to me."

So she took the bones out of her bundle, and having thought for a moment, she placed the two ends together. To her surprise they stuck tight; then she added the other bones, till she had two long poles the height of the house; these she placed against the wall, at a distance of a yard from one another. Across them she placed the other bones, piece by piece, like the steps of a ladder. As soon as one step was finished she stood upon it and made the next one, and then the next, till she was close to the door. But just as she got near the top she noticed that there were no bones left for the last rung of the ladder. What was she to do? Without that last step the whole ladder was useless. She must have lost one of the bones. Then suddenly an idea came to her. Taking a knife, she chopped off

her little finger, and placing it on the last step, it stuck as the bones had done. The ladder was complete, and with her child on her arm she entered the door of the house. Here she found everything in perfect order. Having taken some food, she laid the child down to sleep in a trough and sat down herself to rest.

When her husband, the pig, came back to his house, he was startled by what he saw. At first he could not believe his eyes, and stared at the ladder of bones, and at the little finger on the top of it. He felt that some fresh magic must be at work, and in his terror he almost turned away from the house; but then a better idea came to him, and he changed himself into a dove, so that no witchcraft could have power over him, and flew into the room without touching the ladder. Here he found a woman rocking a child. At the sight of her, looking so changed by all that she had suffered for his sake, his heart was moved by such love and pity that he suddenly became a man.

The princess stood up when she saw him, and her heart beat with fear, for she did not know him. But when he had told her who he was, in her great joy she forgot all her sufferings, and they seemed as nothing to her. He was a very handsome man, as straight as a fir-tree. They sat down together and she told him all her adventures, and he wept at the tale. And then he told her his own history.

"I am a king's son. Once when my father was fighting against some dragons, who were the scourge of our country, I slew the youngest dragon. His mother, who was a witch, cast a spell over me and changed me into a pig. It was she who in the disguise of an old

woman gave you the thread to bind round my foot. So that instead of the three days that I had to run before the spell was broken, I was forced to remain a pig for three more years. Now that we have suffered for each other, and have found each other again, let us forget the past."

Next morning they set out early to return to his father's kingdom. Great was the rejoicing of all the people when they saw him and his wife ; his father and mother embraced them both, and there was feasting in the palace for three days and three nights.

Then they set out to see her father. The old king nearly went out of his mind with joy at beholding his daughter again. When she had told him all her adventures, he said to her :

" Did not I tell you that I was quite sure that that creature who wooed and won you as his wife had not been born a pig ? You see, my child, how wise you were in doing what I told you."

And as the king was old and had no heirs, he put them on the throne in his place. And they ruled as only kings rule who have suffered many things. And if they are not dead they are still living and ruling happily.

THE RATCATCHER

By CH. MARELLES.

VERY long time ago the town of Hamel in Germany was invaded by bands of rats, the like of which had never been seen before nor will ever be again.

They were great black creatures that ran boldly in broad daylight through the streets, and swarmed so, all over the houses, that people at last could not put their hand or foot down anywhere without touching one. When dressing in the morning they found them in their breeches and petticoats, in their pockets and in their boots; and when they wanted a morsel to eat, the voracious horde had swept away everything from cellar to garret. The night was even worse. As soon as the lights were out, these untiring nibblers set to work. And everywhere, in the ceilings, in the floors, in the cupboards, at the doors, there was a chase and a rummage, and so furious a noise of gimlets, pinchers, and saws that a deaf man could not have rested for one hour together.

Neither cats nor dogs, nor poison nor traps, nor prayers nor candles burned to all the saints — nothing would do anything. The more they killed the more came. And the inhabitants of Hamel began to go to

the dogs (not that *they* were of much use), when one Friday there arrived in the town a man with a queer face, who played the bagpipes and sang this refrain:

"Who lives shall see:
This is he,
The ratcatcher."

He was a great gawky fellow, dry and bronzed, with a crooked nose, a long rat-tail mustache, two great yellow piercing and mocking eyes, under a large felt hat set off by a scarlet cock's feather. He was dressed in a red jacket with a leather belt and green breeches, and on his feet were sandals fastened by thongs passed round his legs in the gipsy fashion.

That is how he may be seen to this day, painted on a window of the cathedral of Hamel.

He stopped on the great market-place before the town hall, turned his back on the church, and went on with his music, singing:

"Who lives shall see:
This is he,
The ratcatcher."

The town council had just assembled to consider once more this plague of Egypt, from which no one could save the town.

The stranger sent word to the counsellors that, if they would make it worth his while, he would rid them of all their rats before night, down to the very last.

"Then he is a sorcerer!" cried the citizens with one voice; "we must beware of him."

The town counsellor, who was considered clever, reassured them.

He said: "Sorcerer or no, if this bagpiper speaks the truth, it was he who sent us this horrible vermin that he wants to rid us of to-day for money. Well, we must learn to catch the devil in his own snares. You leave it to me."

"Leave it to the town counsellor," said the citizens one to another.

And the stranger was brought before them.

"Before night," said he, "I shall have dispatched all the rats in Hamel if you will but pay me a *gros* a head."

"A *gros* a head!" cried the citizens, "but that will come to millions of florins!"

The town counsellor simply shrugged his shoulders and said to the stranger:

"A bargain! To work; the rats will be paid for, one *gros* a head as you ask."

The bagpiper announced that he would operate that very evening when the moon rose. He added that the inhabitants should at that hour leave the streets free, and content themselves with looking out of their windows at what was passing, and that it would be a pleasant spectacle. When the people of Hamel heard of the bargain, they too exclaimed: "A *gros* a head! but this will cost us a deal of money!"

"Leave it to the town counsellor," said the town council with a malicious air. And the good people of Hamel repeated with their counsellors, "Leave it to the town counsellor."

Toward nine at night the bagpiper reappeared on the market-place. He turned, as at first, his back to the church, and the moment the moon rose on the horizon, "Trarira trari!" the bagpipes resounded.

It was first a slow, caressing sound, then more and more lively and urgent, and so sonorous and piercing that it penetrated as far as the farthest alleys and retreats of the town.

Soon from the bottom of the cellars, the top of the garrets, from under all the furniture, from all the nooks and corners of the houses, out come the rats, search for the door, fling themselves into the street, and trip, trip, trip, begin to run in file toward the front of the town hall, so squeezed together that they covered the pavement like the waves of a flooded torrent.

When the square was quite full the bagpiper faced about, and, still playing briskly, turned toward the river that runs at the foot of the walls of Hamel.

Arrived there he turned round; the rats were following.

"Hop! hop!" he cried, pointing with his finger to the middle of the stream, where the water whirled and was drawn down as if through a funnel. And hop! hop! without hesitating, the rats took the leap, swam straight to the funnel, plunged in head foremost and disappeared.

The plunging continued thus without ceasing till midnight.

At last, dragging himself with difficulty, came a big rat, white with age, and stopped on the bank.

It was the king of the band.

"Are they all there, friend Blanchet?" asked the bagpiper.

"They are all there," replied friend Blanchet.

"And how many were they?"

"Nine hundred and ninety thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine."

"Well reckoned?"

"Well reckoned."

"Then go and join them, old sire, and *au revoir*."

Then the old white rat sprang in his turn into the river, swam to the whirlpool and disappeared.

When the bagpiper had thus concluded his business he went to bed at his inn. And for the first time during three months the people of Hamel slept quietly through the night.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the bagpiper repaired to the town hall, where the town council awaited him.

"All your rats took a jump into the river yesterday," said he to the counsellors, "and I guarantee that not one of them comes back. They were nine hundred and ninety thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, at one *gros* a head. Reckon!"

"Let us reckon the heads first. One *gros* a head is one head the *gros*. Where are the heads?"

The ratcatcher did not expect this treacherous stroke. He paled with anger and his eyes flashed fire.

"The heads!" cried he; "if you care about them, go and find them in the river."

"So," replied the town counsellor, "you refuse to hold to the terms of your agreement? We ourselves could refuse you all payment. But you have been of use to us, and we will not let you go without a recompense," and he offered him fifty crowns.

"Keep your recompense for yourself," replied the ratcatcher proudly. "If you do not pay me I will be paid by your heirs."

Thereupon he pulled his hat down over his eyes,

"From all nooks and corners of the Houses, out came the Rats."

went hastily out of the hall, and left the town without speaking to a soul.

When the Hamel people heard how the affair had ended they rubbed their hands, and with no more scruple than their town counsellor, they laughed over the ratcatcher, who, they said, was caught in his own trap. But what made them laugh above all was his threat of getting himself paid by their heirs. Ha! they wished that they only had such creditors for the rest of their lives.

Next day, which was a Sunday, they all went gayly to church, thinking that after mass they would at last be able to eat some good thing that the rats had not tasted before them.

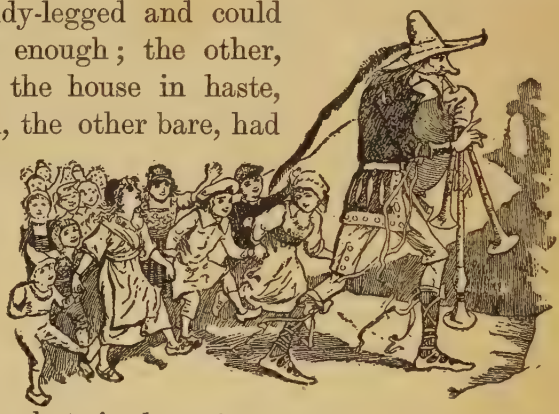
They never suspected the terrible surprise that awaited them on their return home. No children anywhere, they had all disappeared!

"Our children! where are our poor children?" was the cry that was soon heard in all the streets.

Then through the east door of the town came three little boys, who cried and wept, and this is what they told:

While the parents were at church a wonderful music had resounded. Soon all the little boys and all the little girls that had been left at home had gone out, attracted by the magic sounds, and had rushed to the great market-place. There they found the ratcatcher playing his bagpipes at the same spot as the evening before. Then the stranger had begun to walk quickly, and they had followed, running, singing, and dancing to the sound of the music, as far as the foot of the mountain which one sees on entering Hamel. At their

approach the mountain had opened a little, and the bagpiper had gone in with them, after which it had closed again. Only the three little ones who told the adventure had remained outside, as if by a miracle. One was bandy-legged and could not run fast enough; the other, who had left the house in haste, one foot shod, the other bare, had hurt himself against a big stone and could not walk without difficulty; the third had arrived in time, but in hurrying to go in with the others had struck so violently against the wall of the mountain that he fell backward at the moment it closed upon his comrades.



At this story the parents redoubled their lamentations. They ran with pikes and mattocks to the mountain, and searched till evening to find the opening by which their children had disappeared, without being able to find it. At last, the night falling, they returned desolate to Hamel.

But the most unhappy of all was the town counsellor, for he lost three little boys and two pretty little girls, and to crown all, the people of Hamel overwhelmed him with reproaches, forgetting that the evening before they had all agreed with him.

What had become of all these unfortunate children? The parents always hoped they were not dead, and

that the ratcatcher, who certainly must have come out of the mountain, would have taken them with him to his country. That is why for several years they sent in search of them to different countries, but no one ever came on the trace of the poor little ones.

It was not till much later that anything was to be heard of them.

About one hundred and fifty years after the event, when there was no longer one left of the fathers, mothers, brothers or sisters of that day, there arrived one evening in Hamel some merchants of Bremen returning from the East, who asked to speak with the citizens. They told that they, in crossing Hungary, had sojourned in a mountainous country called Transylvania, where the inhabitants only spoke German, while all around them nothing was spoken but Hungarian. These people also declared that they came from Germany, but they did not know how they chanced to be in this strange country. "Now," said the merchants of Bremen, "these Germans cannot be other than the descendants of the lost children of Hamel."

The people of Hamel did not doubt it; and since that day they regard it as certain that the Transylvanians of Hungary are their country folk, whose ancestors, as children, were brought there by the ratcatcher. There are more difficult things to believe than that.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS

By JOHN RUSKIN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the

clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley; and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas which used to sing all summer in the lime-trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out-of-doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known

that they had given as much as a penny or a crust in charity. They never went to mass, grumbled perpetually at paying tithes, and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealing, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what

they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and, what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition

that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight and forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed, without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing, he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in!"

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold; and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and, as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable — never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but — really, sir — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take a longer time to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we have nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather? said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman, to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good-morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz,

coming, half frightened out of the corner — but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! — howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their

door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out

of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: —

South-west Wind Esquire.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Proceeding of the Three Brothers After the Visit of South-West Wind, Esquire; and How Little Gluck Had an Interview with the King of the Golden River.

OUTH-WEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone; and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good

knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal; and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but

the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now, this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times be-

hind him; but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again; "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up-stairs and down-stairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace and looked

in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again; "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic

colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf convulsively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little; and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry, "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first

can succeed in his second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords

and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for a constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison; and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good-morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed

again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprung from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden

River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This,

however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much

more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it; and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing, from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam.

Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

POOR little Gluck waited anxiously alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now, when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to

manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes; and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the

thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

Two Black Stones.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

HEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little King looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed

for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no man could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come be-

fore," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf: "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light: he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant

as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were

cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

NOTES

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN, one of the greatest story-tellers in the world. Born, at Odense in Denmark. Died, 1875. Besides his fairy tales (1861) he wrote many other books, all of which are famous. See his "Story of My Life" (1855). The darling of the children in his lifetime, he has the surest immortality in the hearts of the children of the civilized world.

ASBJORNSEN, P. C., born Christiania, Norway, 1812; died, 1885. Was a busy scientific man, but found time to write down the tales current among his people, who were always famous story-tellers. His Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales, of which there are three series, have been translated into most European tongues. Jorgen Möë, afterwards Bishop of Christiansund, worked a great deal with him.

CAYLUS, COMTE DE, born in Paris, France, 1692; died, 1765. Was famous as warrior, traveller, and antiquarian. His "Collection of Etruscan, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Gallic Antiquities" is a famous book. His stories, from which "Sylvain and Jocosa" is taken, in their expurgated form are much admired.

DEULIN, C., born in 1827. A French journalist and author. He has made fairy lore his special study; and some of his versions of the old fairy tales current in Europe, as well as his own original fairy stories, are very popular.

GRIMM, THE BROTHERS. J. L. K. Grimm, born in Germany, 1785; died, 1863. W. K. Grimm, born in Germany, 1786; died, 1859. The elder was a famous philologist, and formulated what is known as Grimm's law, according to which changes take place in the consonants in certain languages. His brother worked with him; and in the course of their researches into early German literature, they came across the beautiful fairy tales which they retold, and thus gained for themselves an immortality in the affection of the children of the civilized world.

HAUFF, W. Born in Germany, 1802; died, 1827. Famous for his fairy tales, and his verses. The former have been translated into English. "The Story of the Little Glass Man" is one of his best known.

KINGSLEY, C., English clergyman and author, born, 1819; died, 1875. Wrote "Westward Ho," which every boy should read, "Hypatia," "Alton Locke," "Hereward the Wake," etc., and a charming book of travel, entitled, "At Last." His "Water Babies" is exceedingly popular, and his "Heroes" is a book much appreciated by the boys and girls alike.

KLETKE, HERMANN, a German author, who wrote many fairy and folk tales for children during the first half of the nineteenth century.

KREMNITZ, MARIE, a German writer, born, 1852; died, 1897. Was a great friend of Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, whose life she wrote. The story in this volume is taken from a book of Roumanian fairy tales, which she published in 1882.

MARELLES, CHARLES, is a professor of literature in France. He made a collection of fairy stories in 1888, from which the story in this volume is taken.

RUSKIN, J., a famous English writer on art and kindred subjects, born, 1819; died, 1900. Besides "The King of the Golden River," he wrote much that young people, in whom he took a great interest, may read with advantage, such as "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "The Queen of the Air," "Ethics of the Dust." His most famous works are "The Stones of Venice" and "Modern Painters."

FAIRY TALES

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Fairy Tales
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

New Fairy Tales
CLEMENS BRENTANO

Adventures in Fairyland
DAVID H. BREWER

In No-Man's Land
ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning
JOHN THACKRAY BUNCE

The Story of the Rhinegold
ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World
JEREMIAH CURTIN

The Crock of Gold
S. BARING-GOULD

Fairy Tales
THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Bric-a-brac Stories
Old Fashioned Fairy Book
MRS. BURTON HARRISON

Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic
THOMAS W. HIGGINSON

Fairy Lore
CARRIE NORRIS HORWITZ.

Puss-Cat Mew
E. H. KNATCHBALL-HUGESSEN

Word Magic
RICHARD JEFFERIES

Stories of Long Ago
GRACE H. KUPFER

Baron Trump's Marvellous Underground Journey
INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD

Princess Girlikin and Other Fairy Tales
IDA PRESTON NICHOLS

A Christmas Gift from Fairyland
JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse
W. J. ROLFE

A Real Queen's Fairy Tales
CARMEN SYLVA

Swedish Fairy Tales
ANNA WAHLENBERG

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